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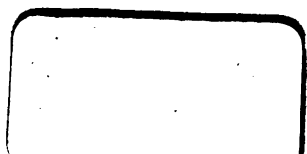
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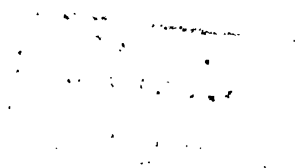
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REV. AND MRS. D. C. EBY

AT THE MERCY OF TURKISH BRIGANDS

1968
A True Story

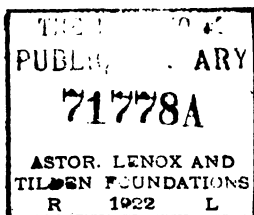
By
MRS. D. C. EBY
(Missionary to Turkey)

Introduction by
REV. J. A. HUFFMAN, A.B., D.D.

"Thou hast covered my head in the day of battle."
Psa. 140. 7

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✓



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Dedicatory

TO MY DEVOTED AND FAITHFUL HUSBAND, D. C. EBY, WHO
SHARED WITH ME ALL THE EXPERIENCES BUT FAINTLY
DEPICTED HEREIN;

To the four women—Miss Cold, Miss Bredemus, Miss Clark,
and Miss Super—who made up the rest of the American
party whose destinies hung in the balance with
our own, during those indescribable
days;

To the three hundred Armenians of the mission compound, the
tragedies of whose lives have never been, and never
can be, fully related;

To all the other Armenians who passed through that furnace of
affliction, and whose sufferings have been infinitely
greater than mine;

THIS VOLUME IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

221. Nov. 122



Introduction

OF ALL the peoples known to Modern History, Armenia is the martyr nation. The decree which made Armenia nominally Christian antedated the declaration of Constantine, which made the Roman Empire professedly so, by more than a score of years. Her martyrdom is not the result of a single stroke; but a long-drawn-out series of massacres, lasting for centuries, during which time the nation has been reduced, by the Moslem sword in the hand of the Turk, from a population of thirty-five millions to—God only knows how many—perhaps a million and a half, or two millions, principally orphans, widows, and cripples, with no place or spot on earth which they dare call their very own. The fate of the "Armenian Republic," whose boundaries were tentatively provided for by the Treaty of Versailles, is yet in the balance.

Four things may be enumerated as causes for Turkish jealousy and hatred of the Armenians: their ability to acquire education, their aptness in business, their ambition for a national existence, and their religion. The latter, in particular, gave cause for repeated massacres, while the pretext, in some instances, was something else. Thus Moslem zeal, hate, and fanaticism took their toll of Armenian Christians.

It is in the interior of this land of Turkish tyranny that the plot of this book is laid—not the plot of a fictitious story, but the geography of the tragic, historical events described.

INTRODUCTION

The author of this volume, Mrs. D. C. Eby, who appears in the narrative in the third person as the "Married One," so named by the Turk brigands, together with her husband whom the Turks called "Meudir Effendi," and four American ladies: Miss Cold, Miss Bredemus, Miss Clark, and Miss Super, were caught in the siege of Hadjin, where for almost three months they lived between life and death, facing the latter often, and, humanly speaking, never certain of the former.

The heroes and heroines of the story are so many that it would be impossible to single out one exclusively as such. The Americans conducted themselves so bravely and diplomatically, while surrounded by a blood-thirsty mob of brigands ever seeking to bring suspicion and charge against them, that the reader is made to marvel. They ministered so tenderly and successfully to the wounded of friend and foe, alike, as to awaken admiration. While crushed in body and spirit for the poor, suffering Armenians, the people of their adoption, they bore up with courage and strength nothing less than miraculous. Cut off from the city, captured by the brigands, disappointed in the promised deliverance by the French, recaptured by the Armenians, robbed and rescued by the brigands—all this and much more constitutes the part played by the heroic Americans in this awful tragedy.

The Armenians, whose names are too many to mention, but typified by Menas Effendi, who for generations back have known little but hardship and affliction, but who had at this particular time occasion to at least hope that a new day was dawning for them,

INTRODUCTION

faced the indescribable deportations and the long-drawn-out ordeal of the siege with a courage almost unbelievable, and gave to the world a fresh example of a martyr faith. When the city of Hadjin, after four more months of the siege which was increasingly horrible and cruel, was entered and massacred, many more names were entered in the book of faith heroes, which God, and not man, keeps.

This volume is, at once, one of the most interesting, thrilling, adventurous, tragic, and pathetic true-stories ever written. It is more gripping than fiction, but with the added interest of real history. The reader lives over, with the writer and her companions, these eventful days and weeks so crowded with unthinkable things and obtains glimpses of reality—awful realities—never dreamed of, and then comes back from a land of affliction, want, and bloodshed with a sense of gratitude never before realized for the privilege of living in a land of Christian freedom. May God speed it on its enlightening and inspiring mission!

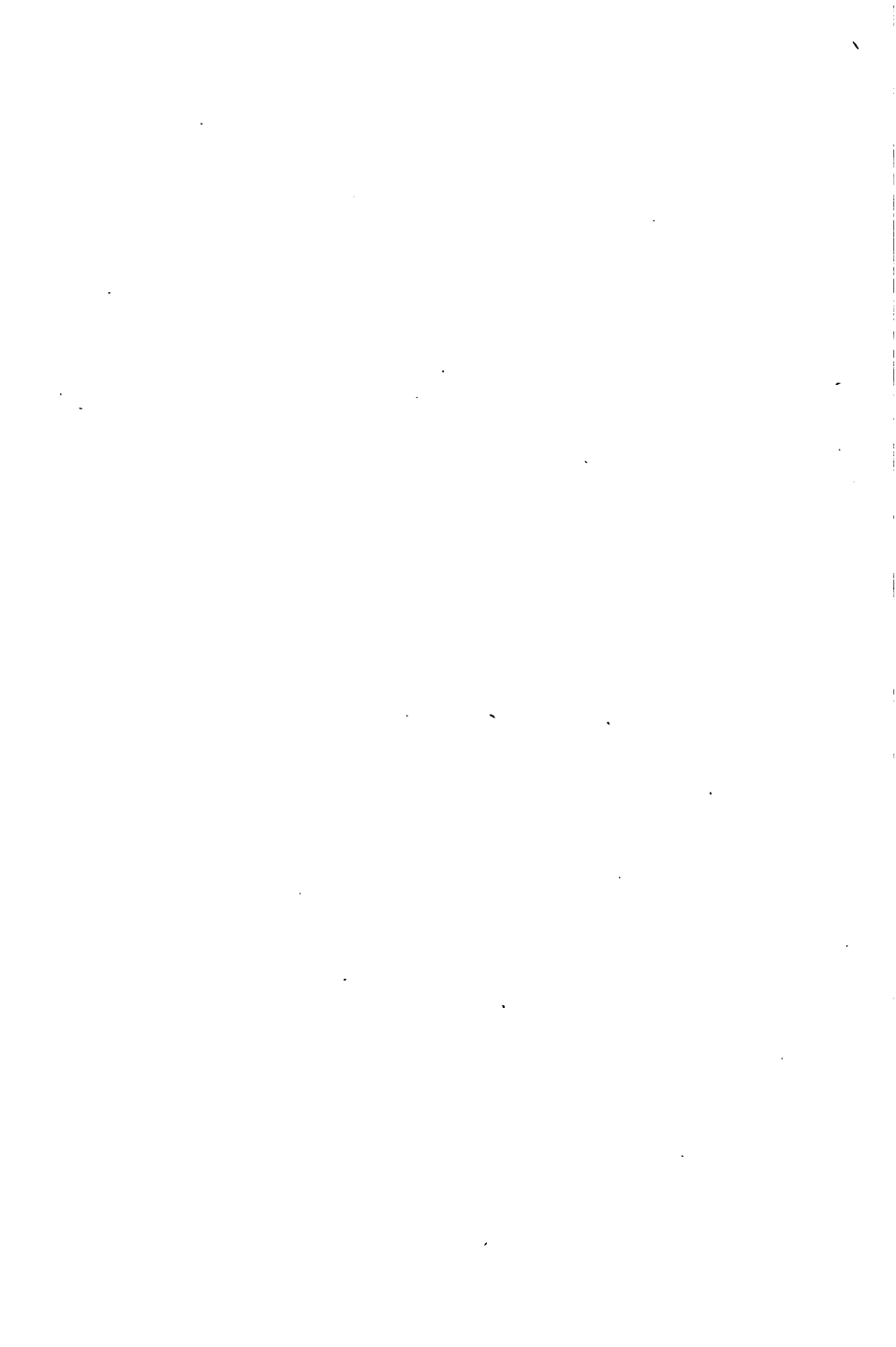
Very sincerely,

J. A. HUFFMAN.



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At the Mercy of Turkish Brigands

CHAPTER I

Gathering Clouds

IT WAS harvest time in Turkey. The afternoon sun, a blazing ball of fire, beat down upon the parched earth. Menas Effendi (Effendi is a Turkish word meaning Mr., and is used *after* the Christian name. As Peter, James, and John were used in Bible times, so today the surname is seldom mentioned.) sat in the office of the missionary compound at Hadjin. The laughing voices of sun-browned orphans at play floated in to him through the open door.

He tried to think, but his brain refused to work as it often does when one comes face to face with that which one believed could never be. Yesterday he had been happy, content with all the world. He was steward for the mission station. He felt that God had been good to him: He had given him health; He had given him sons. He loved the missionaries. He loved his work, and he and his family were content.

Suddenly it came upon them—so suddenly that it was hard to believe. He looked up at the sky. It was clear and blue as usual: not a cloud upon its surface. War? A world war? Oh, no! It could not be! Surely God would not permit a thing so terrible to

AT THE MERCY OF TURKISH BRIGANDS

come upon the earth. So thought this poor Armenian. So thought countless thousands of other people.

The Armenian city of Hadjin, with its population of twenty-five thousand, was situated a little over one hundred miles northeast of Tarsus, the birthplace of St. Paul. Round about, the encircling mountains thrust their bald peaks far up into the sky, closing in about the city, which lay sheltered at their base. The Taurus Mountain Range, at this point, forms such a deep and narrow valley that Hadjin has been called "The city that was built in a well."

The mission compound lay on a spur of a mountain a little above the city. Here the missionaries had their school and cared for hundreds of Armenian orphans who had lost their parents in the cruel Turkish massacres. Wild rumors came up from the city below. Amazed, helpless, they listened. Surely the devil had been let loose upon the earth and the world was going mad. War! What a monster! It meant but one thing to countless thousands—it meant *death!*

In the city all was confusion. Orders had come from—God knew where—and men were being rushed to—God knew where. It all seemed so unreal, so horribly unreal: this confused rushing of armed men through the streets. Could nothing be done to stop it—this cruel, relentless, onward movement?

Menas Effendi raised his head. His wife, Markareet Hanum (Hanum is a Turkish word meaning Mrs., and is used *after* the Christian name of a married woman) stood in the open door, her eyes wide with fear. She pressed the babe in her arms close to her

GATHERING CLOUDS

throbbing heart, while a little dark-eyed girl of three pulled at her skirts and whimpered.

"Is there not something you can do to save my husband?" she cried after voicing an agonized appeal. The missionaries gazed at each other in the wordless language of despair. Outside, the laughing voices of the children gradually hushed. They gathered in little groups here and there, and spoke in awed whispers. To them, also, had come the realization that all was not well.

"Oh God," moaned the stricken wife. "Oh God, have mercy!" The shadows of night began to fall, and with them an uneasy hush of trouble settled on the compound. Menas Effendi rose dizzily to his feet. His face was white and haggard, and he felt sick all over. Deep within him, and within the hearts of all Armenians, was a feeling they could not suppress—the cold, terrifying realization of horrible things to come.

"Our nation is doomed," he declared, miserably. "God warned me of it in a dream two nights ago. I saw an immense, dark cloud of trouble in the south-east. It was moving slowly westward over the Mesopotamian plains. When it reached Adana it rested for a time over our native church there. Then slowly, but surely, it moved northward up to our dear Hadjin. It closed down about us here, shutting out all the light and joy of life. Our Armenian nation is doomed. New tortures await us: new agonies to be endured. It seems that our mission in life is to suffer, but, oh God, have mercy!" The words trailed off in a sob as he turned away motioning Markareet Hanum to follow. The soft lamplight, from the open

AT THE MERCY OF TURKISH BRIGANDS

doorway, followed them a little way into the blackness. Then, with unseeing eyes and breaking hearts, they stumbled off in the darkness toward their isolated quarters.

Haiganoosh, a lovely young teacher who had grown up with the missionaries, now spoke. "How long is this to go on?" she asked brokenly. "Our poor nation! So often we have felt that the climax of horror and suffering had been reached. Is the terrific struggle still to go on, making more orphans, more widows, more desolate homes with unspeakable misery and death?"

Khatoon, another bright young teacher who had had special training in the college of the missionaries at Marash, joined in the conversation. "We are the oldest Christian nation," she said. "Armenia was the first state in the world to adopt Christianity as a national religion. Our country originally occupied the region around Mt. Ararat, and was quite extensive, reaching from the Black and Caspian Seas on the north and stretching far away beyond these Taurus mountains to the Mediterranean Sea on the south. But for six hundred years we have been persecuted by the Turks. Now there is no real Armenia. Our people have been widely scattered over the Turkish Empire. Our history has been a long record of one massacre after another. It is only his fear of civilized countries that keeps the Turk from annihilating our whole nation. So now, if Europe goes to war, the Turk will have his long-wished-for opportunity, and what will become of us?"

"Do Christian nations really fight each other?" asked Miriam, a third teacher who was present. "I

GATHERING CLOUDS

had not believed such a thing possible, after the teaching we have received from the missionaries."

True, Christ taught his followers how to live and how to teach others to live. Now Christendom was to be drenched in blood—what a spectacle for the eyes of heathen lands! Was the world going back to the Dark Ages? Ignorant to a great extent of what was taking place beyond the narrow horizon of their mountain fastness, it was hard to accept this war as a horrible fact. All still-cherished a faint hope, that in some way the danger might be averted.

Meanwhile the Turks were wrestling with an old, old problem—how to get rid of the Armenians. At last they felt that they had hit upon a solution of the difficulty. When the Young Turk party came into power the streets of Constantinople were overrun with ownerless dogs. They wanted to be modern and up-to-date, and called themselves "The Union and Progress Party." So the situation embarrassed them, for they felt that these miserable wolf-like creatures were a disgrace to their beautiful "Stamboul."

Something must be done! These starving dogs must no longer be an eyesore on the landscape. Something must be done; yes, but what? That was the question. They could not kill the dogs. That was out of the question. It would be contrary to the will of Allah. The holy Koran taught that life was never to be destroyed uselessly. Kill an Armenian Christian; yes, they could do that. But kill a dog? Never! That would be a sin. A curse might fall upon them. Some of their children might die. According to the Turkish mind, something awful would be sure to happen. Some other way must be thought of: some

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other plan devised to rid themselves of the thousands of dogs that roamed the city streets. This was truly a dilemma—a real Turkish problem which was to be worked out in true Turkish style.

They hit, at last, upon a plan. The dogs were collected and taken in boats to a desert island in the Sea of Marmora. Pieces of meat were placed on the island to coax the dogs ashore, but that was the last meal those dogs ever ate. They soon died of starvation. Thus one Turkish problem was solved!

Now that the Great War was well under way, Enver Bey, the Turkish War Lord, with Talaat and their friends in office, felt that they had another very perplexing problem before them. This time it was: "What shall we do to rid our country of these Armenian dogs?" They had tried the massacre method on them over and over in the past, but the problem had never been worked out satisfactorily. There had always been a remainder—some Armenians left over. These multiplied rapidly, and the Turks soon had the same old problem on their hands again.

Surely about this time they must have remembered this desert island and how successful they had been in ridding themselves of those undesirable dogs. If the Armenians could only be sent to some desert place to starve! Why not use the present favorable opportunity to strike a blow that would never need repetition? For the first time in two hundred years the Turks had the Armenians entirely at their mercy. At last they could rid themselves of them and have "Turkey for the Turks." Such a scheme meant nothing less than the extermination of the entire Armenian population within the Ottoman Empire.

GATHERING CLOUDS

The Turk thinks that he is superior to all other races. He feels a contempt for a Christian, and the term he applies to him is "dog." He frequently speaks of the Armenians as "swine." Though brave and tenacious fighters, the Turks are lacking in civilization, books, poetry, art, and architecture, and know little of modern agriculture and the various industries. In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries they overran many peaceful and prosperous nations. In a few years the lands they conquered fell into neglect: Mesopotamia became barren: the cities of Asia Minor were reduced to misery, and the peoples subject to them became slaves. Since that time the history of the Armenians has been one unending martyrdom.

CHAPTER II

The Breaking of the Storm

THE day was Indian summer in quality. The world seemed calm and peaceful: the sky a dreamy blue. A soft autumnal haze lay over the narrow valley. It was the last day of school. All unconscious of this fact, little dark heads and brown, sun-kissed faces bent busily over their tasks.

For months there had been a tension in the air—that queer, taut feeling that something was going to happen. Occasionally a troubled and almost fearful look came into the eyes of Haiganoosh, the head teacher: as if some disturbing thought in the background of her mind inspired the strongest dread. She raised her eyes as the door opened and one of the missionaries entered. The old sickening fear stabbed again like a knife at her heart. Here and there a child lifted a head and stole an anxious, surreptitious glance across the room to where they stood. How passionately these children loved the mission home and school! A great, desolate hurt gripped at the heart of the missionary, for she was on her way to tell them that all this must end: that the great War-machine had not spared even them.

"The cablegram we feared has come," she said with a look of unutterable sadness on her face, and an unpleasant, contracted feeling in her throat. Britain was at war with Turkey, and, since several of the mis-

THE BREAKING OF THE STORM

sionarès were Canadians, their Mission Board thought best to call them home to America.

A moment of dead silence fell. The children stared vacantly, piteously. Haiganoosh stood silent, the color draining slowly out of cheeks and lips, while on her face was stricken terror. The bright atmosphere of the day had become suddenly clouded. The golden prospects of the future had become dark and chaotic. God alone knew what lay ahead of them. The dusky pallor that stole across the children's faces revealed some of the weight of their forebodings.

"Let the children stand and sing: 'God will take care of you,'" said the missionary. She and Haiganoosh had translated this hymn together, and taught it to the children only a few days before.

"No matter what may be the test,
God will take care of you—"

they sang. Pathetic little figures struggled bravely with their tears, while some of the comfort of the hymn sank deep into their sore, little hearts.

"When dangers fierce your path assail,
God will take care of you."

What fierce and terrible dangers were awaiting them! How young they were to have their faith so tested! They were to be driven out from home, and from their beloved city. Yet neither they nor the missionaries suspected it as yet. No one but a Turk had ever thought of such a thing as deportation and exile.

The following spring the evil day arrived. A proclamation for the deportation of all Armenians was sent out by the Turkish Government, and was

AT THE MERCY OF TURKISH BRIGANDS

read publicly. From the Sea of Marmora on the west to the frontiers of Persia on the east, the Armenians were to be uprooted, entire families, systematically, from their homes, and driven off to an unknown destination. It was an order of banishment. Who can describe the reign of terror that ensued? It struck at the hearts of two or three million Armenians, and left them in a state of helplessness and despair impossible to describe.

Menas Effendi realized that he and his family could no longer expect to remain in their little home in Hadjin. Since the day when he had been called to go as a soldier he had lived in a state of alternate hope and fear. Again and again he received orders to leave on a certain day, but always when the day arrived—no doubt owing to his advanced age—he was told that he must hold himself in readiness to go with the next draft.

The fear that had so long haunted him, that something worse was going to happen to him and his, grew and intensified. Yet the thought of his wife, Markareet Hanum, with her babe in arms, Zelia, his little three-year-old girl, and his three boys, Panus, Yegvart, and Jevan, being deported to a desert place, never occurred to him. Now he was suddenly confronted with this proclamation by which Enver Bey, the Turkish war lord, was planning to rid the world of more Armenians in a few months than the terrible Abdul Hamid had done in all his cruel reign.

A rush of emotions swept over him, leaving him half dazed. For a time everything went blank and meaningless before him. He was facing the destruction of years of labor. Their little home, that they

THE BREAKING OF THE STORM

had worked so hard to earn, was to be broken up, their household effects seized, and they themselves driven out to wander in the wilderness, homeless, penniless, and starving. His dream of the ominous black cloud had come true. The last hope had gone. Yet he straightened his shoulders resolutely. Somehow the future must be faced, and with grim, uncomplaining resignation. They must live on—heaven only knew how—in the face of misery past describing.

There was one way of escape: the usual loophole—to give up Jesus. They could save themselves by denying their faith and becoming Moslems. But such a thought was not entertained for a moment. *Give up Jesus?* Never! Secure life for the body at the price of the soul? Never! Banish the thought! Menas Effendi set his jaw grimly. If they quietly obeyed the command of the Turkish Government and went into exile there was a chance, a very slim chance, that they might survive the hardships. On the other hand, if they rebelled, their earthly careers were finished, absolutely. There was no longer the hope that some way would be provided to tide them over this crisis. Bewildered and disheartened beyond measure, they began collecting in little bundles the few articles that they were allowed to take with them.

Their farewell to their native city was full of touching pathos. The beauty of the day seemed a mockery to them, for its hours led them away from all they loved best. They were going out into the wilderness. The present was dark, and the future more unpromising, yet they cherished the thought that they were not alone, not unloved, not forgotten.

AT THE MERCY OF TURKISH BRIGANDS

In Jesus Christ they found sustaining strength for their misfortunes. They went forth in helpless weakness, yet possessing the strongest strength there is. They looked up into the face of God, trusting as a little child, and said, "Our Father." Has the world yet discovered any better philosophy? Can it provide us with anything more sustaining in the hour of bitter trial and anguish? God was real to them. They never doubted His word, and He had said, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

CHAPTER III

The Trail of Death

ROUND about the city rose the great mountains, their tops blanketed with filmy clouds. The morning sun was just kissing the peaks and turning all into rose vapour. The city, nestling in the narrow valley at their base, still lay in shadow. But the minds of the inhabitants were filled with gloomier shadows than those cast by the mountains.

The spur of one mountain penetrated into the narrow valley, and the city rambled part way up this. There were thousands of little bee-hive houses, perched and clinging, and numberless narrow streets, steep and perilous, zigzagged up the mountainside. At the foot of this mountain spur the canyon began to narrow and here, before the government buildings, hundreds of Armenian families were lined up. From time to time, a few days apart, they were being sent out in parties of about one thousand each.

What a heart-rending scene it was! The faces of the younger men were white and set as chiselled marble. Dumb distress twisted the weatherbeaten features of the middle-aged, while their tones carried all the inflections of despair. The weeping of the children and the wailing of the women mingled with the shouts of the soldiers, the creaking of the oxcarts, and the cruel blows from the whips of the gendarmes.

Poor little orphans from the mission were among the number. Their hearts were chilled with fear.

AT THE MERCY OF TURKISH BRIGANDS

Here and there a girl, losing control of her overburdened heart, gave way to the strong tide of her feelings sobbing out, "Oh, I am so anxious and fearful about the future." The women and girls veiled themselves that they might escape the gaze of their brutal guards. They were in an agonizing state of apprehension, for they feared that the men would all be killed, and they themselves kidnapped along the way. Blank despair was in their faces, and a terrible hopelessness sounded in the broken, quivering tones of their farewell.

In describing it to the writer, the Vartabed, the Armenian Bishop of Hadjin, said: "What a sad and black Friday that was! It was the day of Hadjin's ruin; a day of suffering and agony to my unfortunate people; a day of barbaric Turkish atrocities which no power of man's language can describe. Two hundred soldiers formed up on each side of the road to guard the exiles on their journey. They started out with slow, unsteady step, turning to take a last look at their deserted homes, and to cast a last glance upon the graves of their fathers, while the unmerciful soldiers were terrorizing them to make them move faster. As they crossed the bridge outside the city, a peculiar feeling took possession of them. They wondered if they would ever return over that bridge again, or whether they were marching to a distant graveyard in the desert of Horan, or in the River Euphrates. No pen will ever be able to describe the diabolical horrors committed by a government existing in this glorious, civilized (?) century."

The same evening this Vartabed received the following letter from one of the exiles:

THE TRAIL OF DEATH

"Shar-shar, June 4th, 1915.

"My Dear Bishop:—

"We are now in Shar-shar, which, as you know, is only a distance of ten kilometers from Hadjin. Yet it seems more than ten thousand kilometers away as we have no longer hope to live or to be able to return to our homes.

"In traveling this short distance many are ill and exhausted. What will be the final result? How many of us will ever reach our destination? We are simply marching to our graves. Our party is guarded by twenty-five soldiers in front, twenty-five in our rear; seventy-five on our right, and seventy-five on our left. The ever-ready lash is at hand to scourge all who get out of line.

"In this short distance we have buried a child, and we expect, as we proceed on our journey, a great many more of our number will collapse. Nevertheless, our banishment is even a relief, for at least we are free from the brutal Commandant who made life a misery for us during our last months in Hadjin. It would be a still greater relief if the soldiers were not accompanying us. Our women are so terrified at their conduct. They act more like fiends than human beings.

"Farewell, our dear father Bishop. We beg of you to remember us in your prayers to the merciful Father above, and we pray that you may have His help in your lonely situation.

"Your transported and unhappy flock."

Most of the Armenians lived in the highlands of Anatolia and Cilicia. To be driven down into the

AT THE MERCY OF TURKISH BRIGANDS

Mesopotamian plain, with its semi-tropical climate, meant terrible suffering for these mountaineers. It also meant suffering for the Turks who were left behind, for the greater part of the trade and commerce carried on in the interior had been in the hands of the Armenians, who have a high intellect and superior business ability. If the Turk were not so envious he could see that they are really a great blessing to his country. They were the carpenters, the tanners, the weavers, the shoemakers, the merchants, the blacksmiths of the country; and in driving them out the Turks failed to see that they were leaving themselves in a helpless state. The following winter many of them had to go without shoes, as they did not know how to make them. Their clothing fell into rags, and there were no Armenians to weave cloth for new garments.

It was this remarkable talent for business that excited the envy of the Turks, for many Armenians, by their industry, had become people of property. The deportations now gave the Turk the opportunity of gaining possession of this property. To the Turk's way of thinking this was not stealing, for were not the Moslems the chosen ones of Allah, and had Allah himself not given them this opportunity?

Yet, while it is true that the Turk usually had no regard either for the life or property of the Armenian, there were a few instances, though only few, where they respected both. Some Moslems did try to save their Christian neighbors, offering them shelter in their own homes, though in vain. The uniform commands from Constantinople were carried out with scrupulous exactitude on the part of the local authori-

THE TRAIL OF DEATH

ties all over the country. In many cases the time allowed was too short to permit them to dispose of their possessions at even a small per cent of their value. Some were not allowed to make any provision at all for the journey. Others were dragged out of bed without even sufficient clothing. The women of one village, who were at the washtub when the order came, were compelled to leave their clothes in the wash and start out just as they were, barefoot and half-clad.

Under the hot summer sun many a caravan proceeded through the Taurus Mountains, and out over the burning Cilician plain. Those who have had no experience of travel in Turkey cannot imagine the suffering and fatigue entailed by such a journey. Many died on the way from starvation, thirst, or abuse. Bands of Kurd brigands and Moslem peasants from villages along the route fraternized with the gendarmes and were allowed to plunder the exiles. Even the clothes were stolen from the backs of many, and some, women among the number, were compelled to travel absolutely naked under the burning sun. Powerless to prevent it, fathers and mothers witnessed the violation of their daughters. Women, girls, and children were carried off to be enslaved into a life of degradation.

Among the great company was a prominent family, the Manasajians from Hadjin. Mehron, the youngest of the four brothers, had taught for years in the mission school. Later he had gone to the American College at Beyrout and had learned to be a druggist. On his return he had opened a drug store in Hadjin, and, with his newly-acquired knowledge and his store

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of medicines, he was ever ready to assist the missionaries in caring for any of the orphans who fell ill.

He had married a refined young teacher from the mission whose father, a native pastor, had been killed in a previous massacre. They had one child, an exceptionally bright and attractive baby boy.

The sun shone down on them with fierce, merciless rays. All day long they had marched over the desolate, sun-baked plain. Not a living thing was in sight: not a tree or a blade of grass. The exiles were weak from hunger, frantic with thirst, and had reached the stage where their lips were dry and cracking open, tongues swollen, throats parched, and brains on fire with misery. Life had become so excruciating that it is small wonder that a few were bereft of their reason. Many dropped by the way, glad that for them the awful nightmare of suffering was over. The great vultures hovered above their heads, flapping their wings impatient to devour their prey.

Toward the evening the caravan reached a valley where there was flowing water, and camped for the night a short distance from the spring. What agonies of thirst they had endured during the long day on the dusty plains! Now they heard the gurgling music of sweet water as it rippled over the pebbles just across the narrow valley. How it sparkled and flowed in copious abundance before their aching eyes! The baby stretched out its little hands toward it and cooed in glee.

But these poor people were treated worse than cattle by their brutal guards, who took a fiendish delight in keeping them without water.

"Have mercy on our children," cried Manoog, the

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eldest of the Manasajian brothers. "We will forego the privilege, desperate as our need is, if only you will allow our little ones to drink of this water." But the murderous gendarmes were deaf to this and every piteous plea from the parents. They laughed at all their supplications during the evening, utterly unmoved by the tears of the children, and no one was allowed to drink water there. As a result death soon robbed Mehron of his beautiful boy, and many another parent mourned the loss of little ones.

The miseries with which the exiles were afflicted are indescribable. The result was seen in the line of corpses that marked each caravan route. And what a cry of agony went up from the survivors, especially from the women. Under cover of the night unthinkable deeds were committed by the gendarmes, and many women died as a result of these outrages.

The soldiers meant to complete the work of annihilation, and few of these exiles would ever return. Wild Arab bands were allowed to sweep down upon them, and again and again awful scenes of loot and massacre ensued. Many were trampled to death, while others were slaughtered with merciless ruthlessness. "Where is your Christ now?" the pitiless captors would jeer. "Why does He not come and save you?"

Girls were sold along the route, or carried away by force. What prospect of a decent life was there for these beautiful young women? What hope of an honorable marriage in the distant future? In this struggle for life and honor many a girl was forced to make her decision: she must either go into a harem or commit suicide. No other choice lay before her.

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Some of the women threw themselves down from the rocks into the Euphrates to save their honor—some of these were young mothers with infants in their arms. Others carried poison in their pockets to use if necessary.

No attempt will be made here to mention in detail the awful atrocities committed by the inhuman guards during the exile. They are too horrible. The reader would not care to hear them. It has frequently been said that the gloomy reports of the sufferings of the Armenians must be grossly exaggerated. But those of us who have lived in Turkey know that the half has never been told. The refinements of physical cruelties practiced on the Armenians could not be printed; they are so revolting that they would not be read if printed.

CHAPTER IV

The Desert Life

A SCORCHING sun blazed down on the vast, shadowless plain. There was nothing in sight to cheer the traveler or inspire him with fresh hope. No tree relieved the weary monotony, no sheltering rock, no sparkling brook—nothing but a dreary desert waste under a burning sky.

The survivors were still being remorselessly driven on to a lingering death. After crossing the Cilician plain they had reached Aleppo, a city which lies in an oasis of the desert. The malarial swamps beyond the city were given to the first comers. But soon the place did not suffice for the caravans that continued to arrive week after week. Orders were then given for them to proceed to Der-el-Zor, a place six days' journey to the southeast in the Arabian desert.

Among the survivors was Menas Effendi. His family was still intact. This was probably due in part to the fact that the missionaries had given him some money. With this he had been able at times to purchase food and water at exorbitant prices. They had also given him their Midily (a Turkish word used for a small pony) and his wife, Markareet Hanum, with the baby and smaller children, had been able to ride part of the time.

They found the melancholy of the vast plains oppressive. It lay like a weight on their hearts, and Menas Effendi was experiencing a dreariness of spirit

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that was rare in him. In a few days they would reach Der-el-Zor, and he was filled with strange forebodings of coming evil. It was already a well-known fact that few exiles who were sent to Der-el-Zor ever returned. The caravan was now on its way to this terrible place of death. One man was heard to say, "If anything further happens to us I shall say there is no God."

"How can you speak thus?" asked Menas Effendi. "I do not feel that way about our sufferings. For my part I shall never finish telling of the many, many times God has delivered us already. If I do not survive, I shall believe that God knows best, and shall say, 'The will of the Lord be done.'" Undergirded by the omnipotent hand of God, Menas Effendi found rest of mind and heart in His will during these months, which must have tested every atom of faith in his being.

When the warm tints of sunset were flooding the western sky, they saw a large party of Arabs approaching. Seeing the exiles, the Arabs rejoiced, for it afforded them one more opportunity to rob and carry away plunder.

Uttering frightful yells, the Arabs attacked the exiles and began carrying off women and girls. Markareet Hanum slipped on Menas Effendi's long cape so the Arabs would not know that she was a woman, and began burying all their money—two gold pounds—under a shrub.

Menas Effendi did what he could to resist the Arabs, and was able to rescue five women. All the exiles who could, had run away, after first putting their money in saddlebags and giving it to Menas

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Effendi, asking him to bring it later if he escaped. He now drew off to one side in the bushes and knelt to pray.

"Rise up and take a long stick from these bushes in your hand," he heard a voice saying to him. He answered: "But, Lord, the Arabs number four hundred, and I am only one man. What good would a stick be in this case? They would think I meant to beat them with it, and that would make them angry."

But, in spite of his protests the voice persisted. He rose, and taking a long stick in his hand he marched out toward the Arabs, who were still busy gathering up the plunder. To his intense surprise, when they saw him coming, they took to their heels and fled.

The ten exiles, who alone remained, gazed in awe at the fleeing enemy. The Arabs, though they had revolvers which they had been firing off from time to time, had no rifles among them. When they saw Menas Effendi approaching them in the dusk, they thought the long stick in his hand was a rifle, and ran in fear for their lives. "It was then," remarked Menas Effendi afterward, "that I first began to understand the verse, 'One shall chase a thousand.' I realized afresh what a wonderful privilege it was to have God himself deal with a situation which was altogether beyond human strength."

Next morning he spent two or three hours gathering up the goods, which the Arabs had dropped in their hasty flight, and loading them on the animals. Later in the day he overtook the Armenians who had escaped, and handed their possessions over to them.

"You might have kept some of these things," said

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one. "We would have been none the wiser, for we would have thought that the Arabs took them."

"That is true," said Menas Effendi in reply. "But if I had, my heart would have been full of greed and covetousness. I could not have prayed, and God would not have delivered us."

In a few days they reached Der-el-Zor. "This," said Menas Effendi, in relating the story to the author afterward, "was the most dreaded place of all. Eighty thousand Armenians lost their lives in the horrors that were enacted here. Let me relate the one about the Death Pit to you."

"I do not know," he began, "how this awful pit happened to be there. It looked as though some immense body had fallen from the sky, making a deep hole in the ground. The pit was one hundred and fifty feet deep.

"Imagine the scene if you can. A great field with tents scattered all over it. In these tents at that time there were over one thousand exiles in the last stages of sorrow and anguish of mind. On one side flowed the River Euphrates, and beside it was this strange pit.

"The Moslem soldiers—Turks, Kurds, Arabs, and Circassians—were going about among the tents giving orders for the people to prepare themselves. At the appointed time the soldiers would come, gather together one hundred of the exiles and escort them down to this pit, where they threw them in one by one. They then returned for the second hundred, and threw them in also. Back and forth they went all day at this awful task, until the pit was filled right up to the top.

"Those underneath soon smothered. Those on top

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lived a long time: some lived ten days. The soldiers, who were guarding the mouth of the pit that none be allowed to escape, were sitting around eating and drinking day after day. To them it was sport to tantalize the people in the pit by showing them the food, and calling out: 'See! Here is food. We are eating. Here is water. We are drinking.'

"The poor creatures in the pit got to such a desperate strait at length that some ate their own children. Dreadful as this was, some even quarreled with their neighbors over these gruesome meals. At this time one of the children said to her mother, 'Mother, when my turn comes, and you eat me, please do not give any of my body to that stingy woman, who refused to give you some of her child today.'

"Only one person is known to have escaped from that pit of death. With the clothes already torn from her body, one godly woman, whose home was in Marash, and whom I know well, managed to crawl out at night and, skilfully evading the soldiers, fled away in the darkness."

When the caravan, in which Menas Effendi and his family were, reached Der-el-Zor they found the place filled with refugees. So many thousands could not be disposed of even by death pits. They were, therefore, sent on to wander again in the deserts until such time as those vast regions of death should claim them.

A few days elapsed before the order for them to start out was given. Typhus was raging among the exiles here, and Markareet Hanum, prompted by her kind, generous heart, had gone from tent to tent, during the time of their waiting in Der-el-Zor, ministering to the suffering ones.

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As a result she contracted the disease herself, and was feeling ill when the caravan started out. Her husband, Menas Effendi, placed her tenderly upon the Midily (pony) and did what he could to ease her suffering.

It was a huge caravan of eleven thousand souls. Mosul, situated on the Tigris River, near the ancient ruins of Nineveh, was their destination. It was ordinarily a journey of ten days across the desert that lies between the Euphrates and Tigris Rivers.

Owing to his superior intellect and business ability, Menas Effendi had been given charge of the records and the accounts for this great caravan. It seems that though the meager rations doled out at times to the exiles was not enough to sustain life, yet the government kept strict account of it; also a record of the number of exiles that left with each caravan, and the number of survivors that reached each new destination. In this way they were able to ascertain, from time to time, how the murder of the Armenian nation was progressing, and how much the process was costing the Ottoman Government.

Markareet Hanum looked out over the immense desolation before them: the white, dust-filled road, the glaring sun, the bodies of the fallen, and the great birds of prey hovering in the vault above them. A cloud of dust floated back from the caravan and faded away in the hazy distance behind them. They were passing through a region of silence and death. The borders of the road were strewn with bleached bones—mute witnesses of the sufferings of those who had already passed this way and succumbed to starvation, thirst, and fatigue.

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"I shall not recover from this illness," she said, at last, to her husband. "I feel that I am going to die. You must not worry, for it is better so. Think of the endless miseries I shall escape, and remember that heaven is awaiting me. There is only one thing that keeps troubling me." Here her voice broke in a sob. "How can I leave my baby? She is weak and ailing. I wish that she might be buried in the same grave with me."

Markareet Hanum grew steadily worse, and when the caravan halted for the night it was evident that she could not last long. While she could yet speak, she called those whom she knew to her side, and, giving them godly counsel and advice, urged them to be true to Jesus, their Lord, to the very end.

Through the night Menas Effendi ministered tenderly to his dying wife, and toward morning she passed away. Crushing down his grief, he set about digging a grave for the form of his loved one. As the caravan was about to start out, he sought and obtained permission from the gendarmes to remain behind one hour in order to bury his wife. Placing the body in the hastily dug grave, he uttered a prayer from his bleeding heart to his All-wise and Ever-kind Father, who had done all things well. No man could lose a loved companion and bend his head more submissively to the blow than Menas Effendi.

His work was not more than half finished when a band of wild Arabs, uttering fiendish yells, swept down upon him. He was, therefore, compelled to flee for his life, leaving the grave only half filled in. Alas, what tragedies, more cruel than any recorded in books, entered the lives of these exiles!

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The caravan was soon swallowed up in the immense desert spaces. Journeying on without any definite aim, they felt as though they were vowed to some eternal pilgrimage over the vast solitudes and wastes of earth. Though they were far out on the desert, yet in the dim distance, on the left, stretched a range of mountains. In and out, round about, up through the edge of the mountains and back over the desert they were dragged, again and again, by their cruel executioners.

In the intense pain of this wandering life, they lived and moved as one in a dream. There was nothing to look forward to: nothing but a lingering death. They had no opportunity to bathe even their hands and face, no change of clothing, and little to eat. In his heart Menas Effendi was thanking God for taking Markareet and sparing her the tortures of this final trip.

Now and then a cry of despair swept moaningly across the desert waste. The exiles were dying by the thousand along the route. In agony of soul a mother, as many another had done, watched her child reel and stumble from hunger and exhaustion. She placed it beside a withered shrub, hoping that it would be content to remain there, peacefully, until its soul passed away. But, as the caravan receded in the distance, the child with an agonized wail over being left behind, struggled weakly to its feet, and staggered after its mother, falling ever and anon, but rising again in a last vain attempt to follow.

There was a wild look in the eyes of the mother as she listened to the despairing cry of the deserted one. She, like many others, was compelled to abandon her

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child because it could walk no farther, and she never knew whether it died of hunger, whether some kind-hearted Moslem traveler, in passing that way soon after, took pity on it and carried it home with him, or whether it was devoured that night by the wild beasts.

Thus, from time to time, both children and adults were left by the roadside, too feeble to move on. Agonized mothers, almost demented with grief, threw their infants away, unable to carry them farther. Women, in the last stages of pregnancy, were driven along under the lash. Many were delivered on the road, and, being hurried along without mercy, died of hemorrhage soon after.

The gendarmes had appointed Menas Effendi to superintend the cooking of their meals. One, who was somewhat charitably inclined, became his friend. After all, these soldiers were only obeying orders from Constantinople, and occasionally one was found who took no pleasure in this death-dealing job. This gendarme, who became his friend, sold him some water and some food, secretly, every night. He had to pay eighty cents for each cupful of water. It was filthy and impure, but Menas Effendi strained it through his handkerchief and boiled it under cover of the darkness while he cooked the soldiers' food. He was trying desperately to keep his children alive, especially the baby, and in some way—God only knows how—he managed to do it.

He knew that the lives of these little ones had long been hanging on a slender thread. If the burning thirst and fatigue of the day should take his year-old baby Florence and little three-year-old Zelia—that was the fear that haunted him each day. He knew

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the uncertainty of life, even for a day. Yet he kept his firm trust in God, his brave reliance on the Unseen amid all the terrors and horrors of the seen. His faith in God never failed him. Through it all a strange hopefulness inspired him, and he was able to cheer many another fainting heart, encouraging them with his own brave trust in God.

A few more weeks of indescribable agony passed, and the morning of the forty-fourth day dawned. Far away like an ocean the sandy desert still stretched on every hand. The sun rose fiery red, like a ball of molten metal, over the vast lonely sweep. The long forenoon passed.

Surely, thought the exiles, they must be nearing Mosul! Eyes scanned the horizon with desperate gaze, searching for a cool, green oasis, but there was none in sight—nothing but burning stretches of sand. With no breeze to temper the heat during the day, the sun's rays fell on their heads like a blast from a furnace. The awfulness of the desolation: the horror of the distances over which, it seemed, they must march endlessly, lay like a pall on their spirits.

Now, as they looked out across the boundless expanse, they saw what appeared to be a green oasis. It remained there, for some time, before their tired eyes with tantalizing distinctness. In their imagination a vision rose: a vision of the surcease of sorrow, and sweet forgetfulness in some haven of rest and safety.

Hope put new energy into their lagging footsteps. They were hastening joyously toward it when suddenly it disappeared. The thing, which they were so ardently following after, like so many of the things

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in our world today, was a mirage—an empty nothing: a radiantly beautiful, attractive, alluring *nothing*.

Many of the exiles cried aloud and wept in their bitter disappointment. The unsympathetic soldiers laughed and jeered. The sun seemed to have renewed its fierceness as it blistered their skin and scorched their eyeballs: even it seemed to laugh and mock at them also in its burning fury, telling them that before another day their bones would be added to the number already whitening the desert waste.

Yet the Armenians are a hardy race, with extraordinary vitality, and some survived. Toward the close of the following day—the forty-fifth day—the Mesopotamian desert town of Mosul came into view. The weary exiles saw its many mosques standing out in bold relief against the horizon. The vegetation of this oasis was unutterably refreshing to their eyes after the heat and glare of the waterless regions.

As the caravan completed its long death-route it presented a pitiable aspect. The fleshless bodies of the exiles were so thin that the bones could be seen beneath the brown skin. Only a patchwork of rags covered their bodies. Out of that great company of eleven thousand souls only twenty-five hundred remained alive to enter Mosul.

Menas Effendi went at once to give his report to the Vali (the Governor of the province), who was filled with rage when he heard that so many had survived the terrible zig-zag journey from Der-el-Zor. He gave orders that the caravan turn back at once and return to Der-el-Zor.

"Have mercy, Your Excellency!" begged Menas Effendi. "Why prolong our misery further? The

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Tigris flows conveniently by. Take us out here and throw us into the river. It were so much kinder than to send us back again."

Pleading long with the Governor for mercy, the best Menas Effendi could do was to secure a compromise. The fainting exiles obtained a few days' respite, and then were forced to move onward to a place six days' journey farther on.

Something about the bearing of Menas Effendi must have commended itself to the authorities, for, greatly to his surprise, he and his family were commanded to remain in Mosul. No doubt they thought he might be useful to them.

During the next three years the exiles who survived the deportations, which have been but faintly described in this narrative, dragged out a miserable existence. Thousands died of dysentery, typhus, and cholera. Every conceivable form of unmentionable atrocities were committed, with violent brutality and cruel heartlessness, by their tormentors. Many were put to the most awful forms of torture that the ingenious Moslem mind could devise.

Knowing that they would be robbed of everything that they possessed, the poor exiles, in desperation, sometimes swallowed their money in order to save it. But alas, the Turks soon discovered this and it led to further scenes of revolting hideousness. The poor victims were disembowelled while still alive: not by chance, but ripped with careful precision and their bowels searched for any gold or silver pieces which might have been swallowed. One of the Hadjin orphans, Vartavar, a young man of exceptionally fine

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physique, who was Athletic Instructor to the younger boys, was killed in this way.

There is no desire on the part of the writer to prolong this tale of agony. The narrative has therefore been confined to the more ordinary horrors, while the exceedingly hideous and appalling physical cruelties—refinements of Turkish atrocities so revolting that one cannot even bear to hear them mentioned—have been purposely avoided.

The bitter, undying hatred of the Turk for all Christians is born of religious fanaticism. No amount of education or civilization will ever rid him of this feeling. He is precisely the same as when the wild hordes swept over Asia Minor from Central Asia conquering Egypt, Arabia, Northern Africa, and the Balkan States. Five hundred years of contact with the civilization of Europe, since that time, has not changed the Turk. And no change can be expected until there is a change in his religion. The change must begin in his heart. He must accept the religion he so despises—the religion of Jesus Christ. That is the only remedy.

Turkey's eastern war zone ran through ancient Armenia, where, perhaps, half of the Armenians of the Turkish Empire were living. There was no need to deport these to get rid of them, for it was here that the Turkish and Russian battle lines swayed to and fro for so long, bringing death and destruction. Great numbers were massacred. Thousands of others fled across the Russian frontier.

The sufferings of these war refugees was terrible, and often equaled that of their brethren from Ana-

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tolia and Cilicia. Yet they were sustained by the thought that they were fleeing toward life and liberty while the exiles, even after reaching their destination, were never sure of food and shelter for several years.

Menas Effendi worked for a Moslem who gave him no wages, and did not always give him enough to eat. His three boys were constantly on the alert for odd jobs in the market place, in order to earn a few pennies. At times they were forced to gather grass for food. During the first year, Esther Mangurian, the Bible Woman, took care of his baby. Later she, like many others, succumbed to starvation.

Menas Effendi related many incidents of God's loving care for him during the exile. After his wife had been dead a little over a year he was living in a tent with his two youngest children, Zelia and Florence. One morning his master told him he must go away for the day on business, but he did not offer him any food for the journey. Both he and the children were very hungry. It grieved his father-heart to go away thus, so he went quietly into the tent and prayed for food for his hungry little ones.

Suddenly he felt very thirsty. He rose and decided that he would go down to the river for water. He started off, and when he reached the river he saw a large loaf of bread lying on the bank. No doubt it had dropped from the loads of some villagers who had passed that way with their donkeys.

Some may think all this happened accidentally, but Menas Effendi does not think so. Seizing the loaf, he hurried home with a heart that was well-nigh bursting with gratitude. To his hungry little girls he said: "See, little ones, God has sent us a loaf

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of bread from heaven. The God who fed Elijah—in the story I told you recently—still lives and is caring for us also.”

The second year passed by. Menas Effendi was able to secure work from a Moslem citizen, who paid him a trifle for it. Each day, on his way to work, he was obliged to pass the home of a wealthy man. A poor woman came every day to this home to beg. Menas Effendi, who frequently overheard her pleading, felt like helping her, but he was scarcely earning enough to keep his own family alive. The rich man paid no heed to the woman, and finally she was on the verge of starvation. Menas Effendi could stand it no longer.

“I must help this poor creature, even if my little girls go hungry tonight,” he said to himself, giving her all the money he had. As he continued on his way homeward he was wondering whether there was still sufficient time before dark for him to go outside the city and gather grass for food for their evening meal. Soon the children came running to meet him.

“Oh, Baba,” cried Zelia, her eyes shining with the good news, “what do you think happened today? This afternoon we had a visitor who left us several loaves of bread.” Jubilantly they took him by the hand and led him into their home.

“That is much more bread than my money would have bought,” said Menas Effendi, gratefully, as he told the children the story of the poor starving woman. “You see, my darlings, how God takes care of His children when they obey His voice and sacrifice for others.”

One more incident will suffice to show God’s care

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for them in exile. It was during the third year. Zelia and Florence were crying. There was nothing to eat in the house, and Menas Effendi could find no work.

"Have patience, children. God will send us some food soon," he said. He did not know where the food was to come from, but he said it to give them comfort.

"But when, Baba, when will He send it? I am so hungry," cried Zelia in piteous tones that wrung the father's heart.

"Do not worry," he said, putting his arm about her comfortingly, "God will not forget."

Evening came and still no food. The children waited expectantly and Menas Effendi prayed silently, for he did not want them to lose their faith in God. One hour after another passed. The children were finding it hard to wait so long.

At last, after eight o'clock, there was a rap at the door, and a rich woman from the Protestant congregation appeared. In one hand she carried a bag of cracked wheat, and in the other hand a basket containing a piece of fresh meat and a loaf of bread.

She asked kindly whether they had any food in the house, but Menas Effendi, being a sensitive soul, evaded her question. She then began talking to the children, and from their innocent prattle soon discovered that they had been two days without food.

"Three days ago," she explained, "I felt impressed that I should call here with some food, but I did not do so. But tonight the call came so insistently that I felt I must come and see your condition for myself. Now I feel deeply grieved that I was so slow in obeying the Lord."

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That night Menas Effendi and his family went to bed with renewed trust in the God who cares for His own.

The third year of exile passed slowly, amid indescribable hardships, for the Armenians. "When, oh when, will the Allies win the war and set us free?" was the constant thought of each. They could find little work in their wandering life among the peoples of a strange land. They longed to return to their former homes and occupations.

Many a family had been separated during the deportation days, the husband being marched off in one direction and the wife in another. Children were often sold or carried off along the way. Their only hope for reunion, or finding each other again, was to return to the old home town and await there the coming of loved ones who might, or might not, return. For this reason the Armenians prayed earnestly for the coming of the Allies. In those days the Turks used to say that one could easily tell how the war was progressing by watching the tell-tale faces of the Armenians.

The Armenian men were conscripted as soldiers, not to carry arms, but to work on the construction of roads and other manual labor. Menas Effendi and his eldest son, Panus, were made to work on the railroad. Even little Zelia, at her tender age, had to earn her own living by carrying small bags of earth on her back for the construction of the new road.

When at last the Allies were victorious in Mesopotamia, the joy of the exiles knew no bounds. As the conquering armies entered each city the Armenians strewed their pathways with flowers and

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greeted them with the wildest enthusiasm. The British soldiers seemed to them like angels from heaven come to open for them the door to liberty and freedom.

Many were sent to Egypt to be cared for in large concentration camps. Others remained in the towns occupied by the Allies. Relief workers now came and distributed food and clothing, and a new life opened up before the Armenian exiles.

Menas Effendi's second son, Yegvart, by his limited knowledge of English gained in the Hadjin mission school, attracted the attention of the British General, who engaged him as his cook. As he learned to open cans of beef and jams, and prepare meals from tinned goods, as well as ride by the general's side in an automobile—things which he had never seen before—he felt as though he were living in a happy dream.

CHAPTER V

The Return From Exile

WORDS fail to convey to our imagination the actuality of what had happened to the Armenian nation. It is altogether beyond our experience in this land of Christian freedom. The Turkish Administration, calling themselves: The Committee of Union and Progress, instigated the tortures inflicted on the Armenians. This Committee, led by the Turkish statesmen, Talaat and Enver, spent nights planning the deportations, discussing new methods of inflicting pain and devising new tortures—even delving into the old records of the Spanish Inquisition. Everything possible was done to rid themselves of the Armenian nation. Talaat Bey had said, "After this there will be no Armenian Question for fifty years." To blot out a nation was their aim.

Yet they did not wholly succeed. Relief work served to keep alive great numbers. The whole nation was not extinct, for the seed of a future Armenian race still survived. The British soldiers had come and prevented further massacre. The Allies had won the war and there was now the hope of gathering up the unfortunate remnants of this ancient race and establishing them once more in their old homes.

Some of the orphan girls from the Hadjin mission had been cared for in exile by a Swiss missionary. Others had been spared to nurse the Turkish wounded in the hospitals. One day a number of them were dis-

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cussing the serious problem of getting back to Hadjin. A long journey lay before them, and they had no money for their traveling expenses.

"I am going to write to the English General," declared Gulezar, a teacher who in former days had been assistant to the matron of the orphanage. "I am going to ask him to help us."

"Oh, you would not dare!" breathed the other girls in awe-stricken chorus. "Think of an orphan girl writing to a great English general—it would be presumption!"

"Well, why shouldn't I?" defended Gulezar. Deep down in her heart she was afraid to do it, but, being the eldest, she put on a brave front before the girls. "Some of our missionaries are Canadians, and we are their adopted children. Why should I not write?"

So the letter was written and sent. The girls waited in suspense, alternating between hope and fear. After a brief interval the kind general sent for Gulezar.

"How is it that you know English, and where did you learn to write like this?" he asked, expressing his surprise.

"Your Excellency," replied Gulezar, every nerve in her body tingling with hope and fear, "God has been good to us. We were brought up in a mission orphanage in Hadjin. The missionaries gave us the very best of training and taught us English."

The conversation continued for a time and the general's heart was won. He engaged a special train for the Armenian exiles and sent them by rail to Adana, Cilicia. Wishing to show special favor to the Hadjin orphan girls, he commanded that they travel first class—a great honor in that eastern land. So it

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came to pass that these girls had their first ride on a railway train, a free ride with the compliments of a great general.

Leaving the railroad at Adana, it was four days' journey on horseback to Hadjin: two days over the plains and two days through the Taurus Mountains. Refugees were returning each week from Egypt, where they had been sent for safety by the British during the war, and long caravan lines of camels could be seen dotting the great plain. The English had supplied them with food and animals for the journey, had given them three gold pounds each, and they were very happy.

The British soldiers had forced the Moslems of Turkey to release thousands of Armenian women and children. Many of the children thus set free from Arab homes were tattooed, either on the hands or on the face: the skin punctured and the spots stained with disfiguring pictures, signs, or figures.

For years these children had not been permitted to speak in Armenian. Their names had been changed and they had been given Moslem names. Everything had been done to make them forget that they ever were Armenians. Now they were happily chattering away to each other in Arabic.

Warm tints of sunset flooded the evening sky. Nature herself rose up and sang to the returning exiles. They felt it in the lavender and rose-colored glory of the sunset, in the purple distances of the plain, in the silver leaves of the young poplars shimmering in the breeze, and in all things comprising the great panorama which glowed with color and magic about them.

They had now covered the last stretch of plain,

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and directly before them loomed the great Taurus range. They had not long to enjoy the soft atmosphere of evening and the dreamy distances, for soon the sunset faded and night came out through a mist of blue.

They camped for the night at Sis, beneath the crumbling walls and ruined arches of an old castle which once crowned the heights above them. The castle had been built of hewn stone, carved and ornamented, showing that the dominion of the past was not of a transitory, but rather of a substantial nature. During the journey from Adana they had passed several of these ruined castles. Each was built on a small mountain that rose abruptly, like a pyramid, from the level of the plain. A tower, pierced with loopholes, crowned the top, making it a distinguishing mark on the landscape. There it stood, in magnificent isolation, and from a distance it looked like a watchman gazing out over the vast plains. In olden times these must have been fortresses threatening the oncoming enemy. But the Turks, whatever else they lacked, possessed military genius and conquered this great country of Asia Minor only to let it fall into ruin and neglect.

Next morning the exiles were early astir and were soon on the trail again. How different were their feelings now from what they had been four years before! Then they were passing on the way to a life of slavery. Now they were free! What unspeakable thankfulness filled their hearts! A skylark rose nearby and burst into joyous song as it soared straight up into the heavens, dropping its silvery notes of melody down upon them long after it had disappeared

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in the zenith. The great winds blew across the wide horizon. What freedom of space there was about them, and what freedom, what joy was in their hearts!

They soon entered the mountains where the beauty of line and color upon wall and ridge delighted their homesick souls. Rolling forests covered the mountainsides while fleecy clouds blanketed the great towering peaks. The returning exiles drew in long, delicious breaths of the forest air.

There was so much about them that appealed to the senses: the dreamy stillness of uninhabited places, the mystery that overhung the valleys, enshrouding and softening everything, and the enchantment of deep-cut gorges, rippling streams and sparkling waterfalls. The mountains, in their beckoning distances, were whispering to the exiles of unseen things that lay beyond: of new homes to be founded in the dear, old Hadjin valley, and of a happy future under the benign and peaceful reign of the Allies. The wretched wilderness experience was over. The persecuted, downtrodden, and disheartened Armenians were seeing a rainbow of hope. On their faces was the smile of those who view the dawn after a long and bitter nightmare.

Along with the many caravans that passed week after week came a Red Cross nurse, a relief worker, and four missionaries. They each, in turn, felt the spell of the mountains, the sweetness and purity of untouched wilderness, gripping them as the caravan wound its way in and out through the deep gorges. Oftimes the way, on their left, was flanked with huge boulders and towering granite walls, while on their

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right was many a steep precipice. As they clung to the narrow and perilous path, at this dizzy height, they could look down upon the dashing, boiling torrent roaring hundreds of feet below in a riot of rapids and whirlpools. The grandeur of these mountain canyons revived their drooping spirits after the hot and dusty plains, and they, too, beheld a rainbow of hope for the future.

At noon each day the muleteers unloaded the pack animals, while the Americans unpacked the food box. In a brief time the roadside was transformed into a dining-room, and lunch was ready. Here, among the children of the land of Islam, they sat cross-legged on mother-earth eating their simple meal. Far from civilization, with its hollow shams and distorted views of life, they were now in a different sort of world, and began a simple, free life, unshackled by the conventionalities.

The Turk has simplified life to a great extent, and there are lessons to be learned from these primitive people. He dispenses with a multitude of our so-called necessities. He has little need for furniture. "What possible use have we for chairs and tables?" he asks. "We are a simple people, living mostly in the open." As for knives and forks, he prefers to use his fingers, "for," says he, "you know that your fingers are clean, but you can never tell who washed the knives and forks." He despises the yoke we bear of complicated modern life with all its artificiality.

"What a fuss you make, and what time you spend on the trifles of civilization," he exclaims with a superior smile. "How many little, unnecessary things

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you have become accustomed to! We Ottomans prefer the simple life."

What would life simplified to this extent mean to the people of America? Surely it might at least be simplified to some extent. It would mean more time to use for better things. This lesson might be learned from the Turk.

When the west was aglow with crimson, and the mountains tinged with the orange and gold of sunset a halt was made. In their new mode of life hotels were not classed among the necessary things. They selected an open, level spot near a stream as a camping place for the night. After the horses were picketed nearby, and fed, a tiny three-cornered stove was rudely constructed from pieces of stones; sticks were gathered and a small fire built. Soon several savory things were sizzling in the skillet and sending forth an aroma that would tempt the most hesitant of appetites. Cups and granite-ware plates were produced from the food box, and the steaming feast was spread upon the grass.

Supper over, their camp beds were set up under the open heavens, and they retired for the night. The big moon of the East came up red, and slowly changed to silver, shining clear and white over all. A few of the brightest stars came out and took their places one by one. The river, with its muffled murmur, seemed like a phantom-form gliding by. Everywhere was the indefinable sweetness of the uninhabited wilderness. Occasionally a cricket, a tree toad, or the distant cry of a jackal broke the stillness of the night. They felt the joy of living close to nature, and sleeping at night

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under a star-splashed sky. They felt alone in the hands of God. The heavens bent down protectingly over them, and He seemed very near.

Long before the first faint streaks of dawn appeared they were up packing their bedding, dishes, and food box ready for the load animals, for these things had to be balanced on either side of the horses' backs. They started off single file, the mountain paths being too narrow to permit two persons to ride abreast.

The morning air was invigorating. Even the horses seemed to share the optimistic mood of the drivers, and they made good time. The Armenian soldier, who escorted them, sang all day long the mournful songs of exile, but he sang them with a cheerful air. The pine trees were calling and spilling their fragrance enticingly upon the bracing air. The scenery was wildly beautiful. Listening to the sounds of the forests while they climbed the dizzy heights, and the murmur of the river as they threaded their way down again into the deep gorges, they felt all the varied sensations of joy and gladness in the purity and simplicity of untouched nature; sensations such as no city dweller experiences. Never, in all their travels, had they seen mountain scenery that surpassed the beauty of the Taurus.

"Do you not tire of walking all day long, Garabed?" asked one of the missionaries of one of the drivers after they had reached the top of an unusually long climb. For answer he ran on ahead, turned a few somersaults, and came back laughing.

"Whence this optimism?" asked the missionary. "I expected to find the Armenian race in the depths

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of gloom, with never a smile for a long time to come."

"Oh, but you see," replied Garabed, straightening the saddle-bags that were slipping to one side of her horse, "we are under the British and French rule now. We shall have freedom just like you people in America have it. We are so happy we just sing all the day long." With a gay lilt in his voice he started off on another song.

"But your wife, and your little ones?" asked the missionary in a hesitating tone. "Are you not alone now?"

A shadow fell across his face. "Yes," he replied slowly, "I lost them all—died of starvation one by one. Ten of my nearest relatives are no more." A brief account of the death of each followed. "But," he added, brightening up, "that can never happen again. We are a free people now. So I have married again, and, with my young bride, I am beginning life anew."

Far ahead, along the white winding road, which grew wider as they neared Hadjin, they spied a party of men approaching. Old friends of former years: a few Armenian merchants, tradesmen, and teachers who had survived the deportations, were coming to meet them. Without slackening speed, they galloped up, and, deftly wheeling their horses in a narrow circle, were soon beside the missionaries shaking their hands, murmuring words of warmest welcome, a genuine delight shining in their pathetic, brown eyes.

A few more twists and turns in the road, and then Hadjin came into view. It was not the same city that the exiles had left, for the greater part of it now

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lay in ruins. Only the fringe remained, the rest having been burned during the deportations. The Turks hoped in this way to make sure that the Armenians, who might survive, would never return.

The joy of reunion with loved ones was mingled with the sorrow of seeing the heaps of ruins of their former homes. The strain was too great on one old lady. Her heart gave way, and she fell dead from her camel as the caravan entered the city.

During the exile the houses that formed the fringe of the city were occupied by Moslems. Hearing early in the year of 1919 that the Armenians were being sent back by the British and French to their old homes, these people fled in fear of their lives. They feared to meet the Armenians, for the tables were turned now, and they remembered the wrongs that had been committed against them. Packing up hurriedly, they left during the night, taking with them all the cooking utensils, copper dishes, bedding, and other things that had formerly belonged to the exiles.

One brave missionary had remained alone in Hadjin during the years of exile. This lady was permitted to keep a few girls with her. One boy, Hagop, she kept by hiding him in the orphanage, and during those years he grew from a boy into a man.

She maintained diplomatic relations with the Turkish officials, and built a wall of defence around the girls and teachers that she was allowed to keep with her. She managed to get back the buildings which the Government had seized early in the war.

She found plenty to do, for the Turks had filled the

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town with Roumelian refugees from the Balkan States, a people who had been wandering homeless for two years. She healed their sick, fed the hungry, and was a living gospel message to all in the city during those sad years.

CHAPTER VI

Relief Work

EVERY week the exiles returned in large numbers until, out of the former population of twenty-five thousand, eight or ten thousand had returned. It was said that, being inured to hardship, more of the Hadjin people survived than from any other city. The missionaries were at their wit's end to know what to do with them. Where they were going to live, and what they were going to eat was the problem. Food was scarce and hard to obtain. The people were living, fifteen and sixteen, crowded into each small room of every house. To make matters worse, the French had passed a law forbidding anyone to cut down a single tree on the mountains, without a special permit, which it was almost impossible to obtain. How these poor people were to rebuild their homes remained an unsolved problem.

One evening six boys arrived at the mission, after many days of seemingly endless tramping. Their condition of filth and rags was indescribable, yet they were boys, young and likable. It was hard to turn them away, but the orphanage was already filled to overflowing.

Next morning, as the sun slid up behind the eastern peaks, these boys were found sleeping in the doorway. "How is this?" asked the missionary in charge. "Were you boys not told that there was no room here

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for you at present? You cannot remain here and sleep on the ground."

"Oh, Effendim," they replied in chorus, "we have slept on the ground for four years. We do not mind that. But we thought we would like a change: we thought we would like to sleep for once on American ground." What could anyone with half a heart say to such cheerful optimism as that? The boys, needless to say, won their case, and the triumphant six remained in the orphanage.

The missionaries found the problem of feeding, clothing, and trying to re-establish these people in their homes, appalling. The scenes of the first six months in relief work made pictures in their minds that they will never be able to get rid of: the hungry-eyed, eager crowd, the emaciated forms, the outstretched hands, and the anxious supplication which, when unheeded, turned to desperate, wolfish entreaty.

Distributing relief is so different from what most people are apt to think. Many picture the missionary, sitting peacefully under a fig-tree, handing out money and food to the needy, who shower thanks bountifully upon his serene head. Instead, to give anything away was to start a small riot. When the missionary's heart was specially touched, to give a blanket away to a particularly needy case was to have the compound surrounded in two hours' time with a feverish mob, demanding blankets.

No sooner did the missionary show himself outside the door than the yard was in a turmoil of moving limbs and tattered garments. Everyone was calling out, leaping, struggling to reach him, and grabbing at him. He was made, at once, to feel that he was in

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a barbarous world. On him was poured a torrent of vehement Armenian, mixed with the native dialect and Turkish, all accompanied with fierce excitement and violent gestures.

The heat and smell of dirty, perspiring humanity almost stifled him. Completely hemmed in by the crowd of shrilly beseeching ones, it looked as if he would either be severely mauled or suffocated. Setting his shoulders against the wild mob, he was compelled to force his way out of the whirlpool of humanity. It was during this time that one perplexed relief worker wrote these lines to another: "When the day was over it was a great relief to be able to report—No casualties."

Yet all were not the unreasoning kind described above. There was also the half-dazed, apathetic kind who could think of little else but their sufferings: those with an utterly hopeless outlook on life. Then there was a third kind: the gentle, refined class, who never appeared with the howling mob, but came alone asking, not for help, but for work.

It is hard to find words with which to describe this vast throng of sufferers—the stooped shoulders, the skeleton forms, the puffed-out abdomens caused by eating grass. The house was surrounded all day, and every day, by the numbers who refused to leave without getting something. Often, when the missionaries thought they had sent the last one away, some filthy, whimpering creature would thrust a pitiful face with a ghastly smile into their dining-room window, taking the keen edge from their appetites.

They came in all stages of physical distress with all kinds of communicable diseases among them. Each

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longed to pour into sympathetic ears his, or her, own tale of woe. The stories the missionaries had to listen to, day after day, and month after month, troubled their minds so that, though they sat down to a table with plenty of food on it, their appetites were frequently spoiled by the memories of the preceding hours. No wonder it has been said, that anyone who works in direct contact with the Armenians in distributing relief runs the risk of losing his mind.

The most interesting part of the work, and that which always gives the best results in the long run, was the work among the children. Clad in rags, hundreds of them were roaming the streets, searching for food in the heaps of refuse. One day the relief worker saw several half-savage looking little creatures trying to cook something on a dirty piece of sheet iron, which they had placed over a few sticks of fire. Drawing nearer he saw that it was the uncleaned entrails of an animal. These hungry children were trying to prepare for themselves a hot meal.

The large Girls' Orphanage, which had covered an entire block, had been burned when the Turks burned the greater part of the city. To meet the need, a new building had to be erected. Even in normal times, in Turkey, building has its problems, but now they were greatly multiplied. With mud and stones, a new Girls' Orphanage was erected in the summer compound, south of the city, and a flat, mud roof placed on it. Some logs were obtained from a native, who had some hidden, and these were sawed by hand into lumber for a floor in the upstairs. Downstairs they were forced to be content with a hard, mud floor.

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School was opened with no slates, no pencils, no pens, no ink, and little prospects of getting any of these. A week later, when passing along a mountain road, one of the missionaries observed some pieces of slate sticking out of a bank. Immediately the idea of securing some pieces large enough for slates presented itself. With the aid of the interested teachers, the slates were dug out and presented in due time to a schoolroom of appreciative children. Tiny pieces of the rock were also secured for pencils.

Many of these orphans had not been in school for four years. Some had never been in school. So with a sense of the desperate need, and a very few books, they began. The children, naturally clever, were anxious to learn, and made rapid strides, studying in three languages, Armenian, Turkish, and English.

The walls were very dirty, for the school building had been used by the Turkish soldiers, but there was no brush in the city with which to whitewash them. A wild boar was shot in the mountains by a man who brought it to the summer compound for sale. The bristles were taken from its back and made into a whitewash brush.

Soap was scarce and the price almost prohibitive, so that, when the washing was done, the native method of putting ashes in the water first, and then draining the water off, was used. This made the clothes clean, and saved the soap. For washing their heads they used "keel," a very soft soapstone which is found in certain mountain regions there; and, strange to say, this compulsory use of "keel" seemed to promote the growth of the hair.

The missionaries were at a loss to know what to do

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for stoves, for all their former ones had disappeared during the exile. In the autumn, when the weather grew cold, they began to look about them for something that might be made into stoves. They took the galvanized roofing off of one of the smaller outbuildings, called a tinsmith out from the city, and the required number of stoves was made. These were so light in weight that they could be picked up and carried in one hand. All the stovepipes for these had to be made as well.

Tools had to be made. A lime kiln had to be built. The ruins were searched for old nails. Cotton was stretched over the windows in place of glass. A calendar was made to keep track of the days and months; and a sun-dial, with which to tell the time, was also a necessity. Such were some of the many problems to be met and solved in those days.

Unless absolutely necessary, they did not hand out money to the poor without any return. Yet how to provide work with their limited means, lack of room and proper buildings to use as workshops and factories for the different industries started was one of the most trying problems. A booth was closed in and divided into two rooms, one for the sewing women, who were making quilts, dresses, underwear, and other garments; the other for those who were combing goats' hair for the sackcloth industry. An old carpenter shop was transformed into a rug factory for the making of Kurdish rugs. For this industry poor women were employed to wash, card, and spin, as well as dye, the wool for the rugs.

A weaving factory, which had been opened in the city, employed men, women, and children, turning

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out thousands of yards of strong cotton cloth each week for the orphans' clothing, underwear, sheets, towels, and pillows. What was not needed for the orphans was used to supply the city and the surrounding villages, for the people were all in rags, Turks and Kurds as well as Armenians.

This country was now the largest orphan center in the world. The workers found themselves face to face with overwhelming conditions of starvation, nakedness, and destitution. Yet they kept on, undaunted, for there was always the encouraging thought of a brighter future. These sad, emaciated, naked, and diseased little ones, who often acted more like wild animals than human beings, were taken in month after month, and the transformation after a few weeks was almost miraculous. In a brief period of time marks of disease and malnutrition disappeared, sad eyes brightened: sunken cheeks became plump and rosy, and these children learned to play again after four years of suffering.

Many others, in indescribable rags, still wandered about the streets. One day a neighbor took pity on one of these and brought him to the orphanage door. Lack of sufficient funds and proper housing conditions caused the missionaries to turn him away. Not willing to take him back to the number of children already in the city streets, the woman left little Sarkis on the mountainside. After dark this little six-year-old lad came back to the summer compound, and, sobbing wildly, flung himself down outside the door. He felt that he was not wanted by anyone in all the whole world; he was hungry, and it was—oh, so lonesome out in the dark and cold night.

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It was at times like this, when seeing the need all about them, that the missionaries feared they might go insane. When many a poor woman came with a number of children, pleading for help, it was not easy to say no. Perhaps only one or two of these were her own. Frequently the others belonged to her murdered brothers and sisters. "You are the sole barrier between us and starvation," they would cry piteously. Hanging on to the last spark of life, they clung to the relief worker as their only chance of survival.

Among these came one woman, Neuritsa Hanum, a sister of the Bible woman who died of starvation in exile. There had been eight sisters. These women, with their husbands and children, had been driven into exile, suffered untold agonies until only one sister, Neuritsa, the youngest, remained.

Before the war they had all been in comfortable circumstances. The husbands had been able to hide sixty pounds on their persons, and, before they died, they gave these gold pieces, with the children who survived, to Neuritsa Hanum. Though robbed of this money not long afterward, this brave woman gathered up the remnants of these eight large families and brought them back with her to Hadjin. There were eleven children, the eldest not yet old enough to earn a living. The Turk had done his work quite thoroughly and only these twelve souls remained alive out of a former relationship of about one hundred.

Seeing the pile of ruins that had once been her comfortable home, Neuritsa Hanum turned with her family to her garden lot on the outskirts of the city. Here she erected a booth, put in a garden, and during

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the summer they managed to exist in a miserable fashion.

They had no beds, no furniture, and very little clothing. When the cold, penetrating rains of autumn set in, the condition of this family, exposed as they were in the open booth, was such as made the very marrow of the missionaries' bones to shiver. Neuritsa, with a few of the youngest children, was taken in. She was afterwards hired as the orphans' cook, and became a real mother to them.

The orphans were in an awful condition, physically, caused by malnutrition, eating grass and unclean foods. "Does it not make you think," asked the missionary who assisted the Red Cross nurse in this work, "of Isaiah's 'wounds, bruises, and putrifying sores,' for from the sole of the foot even unto the head there seems to be no soundness."

One girl, Marie, had twenty sores around her right knee. Her left hip was another mass of sores almost joining one another. One boy, Peelib, the son of a former servant, had forty-seven of these sores on one hip and leg. Besides this, like most of the children, his body was covered with scabies. Noticing the mute appeal in his sad, brown eyes, the missionary who was treating his wounds said: "Well, Peelib, your body is healing up nicely; your skin is getting clear again, and you will soon be clean enough to be kissed."

The blood mounted swiftly to Peelib's face and tinged even the little ears with red. Slowly the big brown eyes filled with tears, and two big salty drops splashed down into the can of sulphur ointment the missionary held in her hand. Surprised at the result

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of a few kind words and a smile, she asked, "Why, Peelib, what is the matter?"

"Oh, I do not know," he replied. "I feel so sad and so queer inside sometimes." Poor little lad, whose hungry heart ached for the touch of a parent's hand. Peelib really loved to come in to the "Doctor Lady's" room, and have her care for him. Even wounds brought their compensations.

The whole city was reeking with disease. The Red Cross nurse was at work early and late, day after day, until completely exhausted. People were crowded into booths and dilapidated houses with insufficient food and clothing. Many were sleeping on the floor with absolutely no bedding, and dirt floors are not conducive to warmth. During the winter they could expect at least six weeks of snow and cold weather. As a matter of economy, the homes usually sheltered both the family and the live stock, for the animal warmth raised the temperature of the interior of the dwellings.

Notwithstanding all efforts, great misery still existed in the city. Work was given to as many as possible as the cold days came on. The people were exceedingly responsive to, and appreciative of kindness, and would work like Trojans when given an opportunity.

One of the washwomen, when paid at the end of a week, handed back one day's wages, asking the missionaries to use it for the orphans. Others brought a few eggs, a handful of tomatoes, some egg-plants or other vegetables from their gardens. For them it meant real sacrifice to give these things, and the

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hearts of the relief workers were touched again and again.

Although the Armenians were the great majority of the suffering ones, there were many Kurd refugees in Hadjin. They had been forced, by the war and famine, to seek new homes for themselves in more quiet regions. Hearing of some of these who were living in caves, the relief worker wound his way, one day, through the ruins up the mountainside. Urging his horse up the steep path, he came to the mouth of a dark cave under a great rock. Before him, on the floor of the cave, lay a very sick man. It was evident that destitution and prolonged underfeeding was the cause of his illness. Under him was the remains of an old mattress, and over him a piece of ragged quilt.

Beside him on the ground, trying to keep warm, was his little six or seven-year-old son, Mohammed, with his wee, cold feet under an edge of the quilt. A pool of water lay on the right, and the cave was open to the cold, north winds and the chill autumn rains. Behind them, on a ledge of rock, perched an owl.

The missionary gave him some food and a blanket, and the day following he visited the cave again. "I want you to let me take your little boy," he said to the father. "He needs care that you are unable to give him, and neither of you can live through the winter in this open place."

"No, oh no!" replied the father quickly. "I could not let you have Mohammed. If I did so, I would starve to death here alone. It is Mohammed who supports me now by begging from door to door, and in the market-place."

The missionary determined to see if a more suit-

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able home could not be found for the father among the Kurd refugees. Approaching Yousef, a Kurd who had been employed on the new orphanage building, he asked him to take the sick man in.

"But it is impossible," answered Yousef, "we have no room for him."

"Oh, surely you can crowd in one more," urged the missionary, telling him of the sick man's desperate need.

"I am sorry," he replied, "but truly we have no room. Ten of us are now living in a stable. Come with me and see for yourself."

The missionary accompanied him to the place Yousef called home. It was a dark, ill-smelling abode that had formerly been a stable. It had neither fireplace nor windows. "It is so small," said Yousef; "that we cannot all lie down at once at night; we have to take turns at sleeping."

The missionary then visited the other Kurd refugees. They were all crowded into narrow quarters. There was only one home where he thought the sick man might be taken in. Mustafa, whose wife was dead, lived with a daughter who was old enough to do the work. He offered to take Mohammed's father in.

Torus, the baker, lent his donkey, and the missionary and Mustafa brought the sick man over. "This, at least," said the missionary, "is several degrees better than the cave, and there may be a chance for his recovery." Mustafa and his daughter sat up most of the night delousing the old man. His remnant of a mattress was also put through the same process.

Next day, when the missionary visited him, the sick man said: "All right, Effendi, you may now have

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Mohammed. Take the boy, if you want him. He shall be yours for the future, no matter what he may become. If he should be only a beggar, he is yours; and if, by the will of Allah, he becomes a prince among men, he shall still be yours."

The missionary was greatly pleased over this speech, for it is very unusual for a Moslem to give his child to a Christian. Placing Mohammed on his horse, he started for the orphanage in the summer compound outside the city. They arrived just at dusk in a heavy snowstorm, the first of the season.

"Here he is," said the missionary to the American ladies, who came out on the veranda to see Mohammed; "the first Moslem child we have ever had the privilege of taking into the orphanage." Sitting on the missionary's horse, his sad, little eyes peering out at them under unusually long, black lashes on which the great snow-flakes caught and hung a moment ere they melted, Mohammed was a pathetic little figure, and their hearts warmed to him at once.

One of the ladies took charge of him, and he was soon scrubbed, deloused, and in his new, clean clothes. He was then placed in a room with many other little orphan boys. When the missionary visited him, after supper, he saw that something was still lacking. Mohammed's face wore a look of woe.

"What is the trouble, Mohammed?" he asked, coaxingly. "Are you not comfortable in your new home?"

"Yes, Effendi," came the answer in a sad, little voice.

"Do you like your nice new clothes?"

"Very much, Effendi," said Mohammed, a brave little smile quivering on his lips.

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"Is this not a nice warm house?" continued his interrogator, "and did the cook not give you a nice warm supper?"

"Yes, Effendi, everything is very nice," said the child, while one of the big tears that had been gathering in his eyes now rolled down his cheek and splashed on his new zeboon (gown).

"Why, Mohammed," asked the missionary, putting an arm about him comfortingly, "are you not happy here with the other boys?"

"Yes, but my Baba (father) is hungry," wailed the lad, the tears now flowing copiously.

"But what could a little fellow like you do for your father anyhow?" asked Haratune, one of the Armenian boys. Mohammed was silent a moment, swallowing hard at the lumps in his throat.

"Well," he answered defensively, "I could at least bring him a drink of water."

The next morning Mohammed went across the yard to the Missionary Home and asked to see the Americans. Entering the dining-room where they sat at breakfast, he addressed himself to the one he knew best.

"My-Father-Who-Wears-A-Hat," he piped in his shrill, little voice, "when are you going to take me to see my Kurd father?"

"Why do you wish to go, Mohammed?" asked his missionary friend.

"Well," he answered with a persuasive smile, "if I could go once and see for myself that Baba is not hungry any more, then I could stay here and play with your little boys."

Mohammed was thin to emaciation. His features

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were narrow and peaked. His body was slender and tall; his hair thick and black; his large, plaintive eyes a soft brown, shaded by curling lashes; and his manner of expressing himself, together with the princely way in which he held himself, forced one to believe that there must have been some noted Aghas (principal men of a place) among his ancestors. One of the ladies handed him half a slice of bread.

"Did you ever see white bread like this before, Mohammed?" she asked. "Is it not nice?"

"Yes," he answered slowly, examining it cautiously. "It is a nice piece of bread, and," he added, with mournful emphasis, "it is also a very small piece of bread."

The missionaries laughed heartily while Mohammed soon disposed of the bread, his bright little eyes taking in every detail of the room. He noticed some oranges, and the temptation, presently, became too strong for him.

"I am your son now," he remarked, as if stating an undisputed fact.

"Yes, Mohammed," came the reply, accompanied by an encouraging nod.

"Well, then," he continued, speaking in a careful, polite little voice, and bestowing on the interested listeners his most winning smile, "may *your* son have an orange?" Mohammed secured the coveted prize.

He liked to be with the missionaries even more than to play with the orphan children. Of his own accord he called at least once a day on each of them, always keeping an eye out for anything to eat that might be in evidence. He was always hungry, and never seemed to get filled up. One afternoon, while making

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one of these visits, a poor woman brought her two little girls and begged the missionary to take them. After she had departed, Mohammed said:

"Effendi, I once had a sweet little sister. Oh, but she was beautiful! If she were only alive now, and you could cast your eyes on her, I know you would take her into the orphanage."

"Did you have brothers and sisters, Mohammed?" asked the missionary, eager for a glimpse into his past life.

"Yes, there were six of us when we lived in the Kurd country, before the war. They are all dead now."

"And your mother, Mohammed? Do you remember her?"

"Oh, yes, Effendi, I remember my mother; but she also died."

"How did she die, Mohammed? Was it from starvation?"

"Oh, no!" said Mohammed, not fully understanding the word, and not liking the sound of it. "She did not die of starvation: she just had no bread to eat, and she died."

During the cold weather that followed, this frail, little lad took pneumonia. He was brought into the Missionary Home and was nursed back to health. His father, however, was too far gone when discovered, and, though everything possible was done for him, he died.

Mohammed was now the sole survivor of a family of eight. He had one burning desire, which, as yet, he had not voiced. Being now in the convalescent stage, and thinking the time favorable, he said:

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"My-Father-Who-Wears-A-Hat, it is true that my Kurd father is dead, is it not?"

"Yes, Mohammed," replied the missionary

"You are my father now, Effendi, are you not?"

"Yes, my boy, I am your father now," said the missionary, feeling touched by the wistfulness of Mohammed's eyes, and wondering what was coming.

"I am your son, now, am I not?" the boy insisted, still more wistfully.

"Why, yes, Mohammed," answered his friend, looking at him inquiringly.

A most plaintive expression now overspread Mohammed's face. "Well," he went on appealingly. "I think it would be a most suitable thing if your son possessed a jack-knife." Needless to relate, Mohammed, ere long, became the proud possessor of a jack-knife.

He attended the Children's Services, held every morning before school. Being a Moslem child, the missionaries often wondered how much he was taking in while he sat listening. One morning after the service he remarked, "My Kurd father has gone to be with Jesus, now, has he not?" The seed of the Gospel was taking root in his young heart.

The Armenian orphans were also hearing the Gospel stories for the first time. When they came to the orphanage they did not know a single hymn. Now, instead of the wild, weird chant of former days, they could be heard singing the sweet Gospel songs.

The hymn, "Come to Jesus," seemed to be their favorite. They would gather in groups in the evenings and sing it with great vigor and enthusiasm, putting special emphasis on the words, "He is ready:

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He is willing: He will save you just now." This song had such a melting effect on their primitive little hearts that the evening frequently ended in a prayer meeting with little souls seeking Jesus.

Another song, "There's a stranger at the door; let Him in," seemed to make a profound impression on their childish minds. Seeing this, one of the missionaries gave them a sermonette on "Jesus at the heart's door knocking," showing them a picture to illustrate the same. One night, a week later, one of the largest girls wakened the others with her sobbing.

"What is the matter, Zarohe?" asked Neuritsa Hanum, the cook, who slept in the same room.

"Oh," sobbed the girl, "Jesus is outside in the cold. I want to let Him in, but I do not know how. Last week, when the missionary talked to us about letting Jesus in, I told Him: 'Not now—just wait three days longer.' He has been outside the door waiting all that time. He is out there now. Oh! Oh! What shall I do?" she sobbed convulsively.

A group of girls gathered around her in sympathy. Those who had already found the Saviour bowed their heads in silent prayer. Others looked on fearfully from a distance, while several of the smallest girls began to cry.

"Last week," Zarohe continued brokenly, "in the children's service an opportunity was given for us to pray aloud. I wanted to pray. I wanted to let Jesus in right then, but I did not. I did not know how to pray. Then the missionaries went away so sorrowfully. After they had gone we all sat so silent and still. We felt so wretched. We should have let Jesus in then. Oh, girls," she cried, turning to the older

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ones who were her friends, "we must let Jesus come in. I'm going to let Him in right now!" Rising to her feet, a radiant smile lighting up her whole face, she cried: "Oh, I have let Him in; I have let Him in." Over and over she repeated this, with shining face, as one by one she embraced the girls in her new-found joy.

The results of the spiritual work among the orphans were very gratifying. Before many months had passed nearly all the children had given themselves to the Lord.

CHAPTER VII

Memories

THE welcome release from exile was attended by crowding memories of the past—memories that haunted and tormented. Many were struggling hard to forget, and to obliterate from their minds all recollection of past horrors. But how difficult it was to efface the past! Could they forget in time? Could memory be obliterated—washed clean as a slate? This was the desire of the missionaries: to banish—if possible—all thought and recollection of the deportations and exile life.

"If only I could close my inner eyes," said Aghavni Hanum, the pastor's wife, with unutterable pathos in her tone. "If I could only shut out the hateful visions that rise before me! Sometimes I feel that I shall never forget: that the exile has left its imprint on me forever, spoiling all that is pleasant in life."

"We will help you to forget," replied the missionary, with great gentleness, "and the coming days will bring you other, and brighter, things to remember."

Aghavpi Hanum lifted her eyes with a flash of gratitude. "You have done so much already," she answered, "and I shall try—I must try—but memory is a thing so beyond one's control. It slips to my side at night with visions of the injured, murdered ones," she went on in a stifled voice, an involuntary shudder creeping over her. "Their faces come to me out of the darkness, with pleading on their lips and agony in their eyes."

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"But you must not allow your mind to dwell on those things," urged the missionary, with a look of pity. "The Turks are not ruling here any more. We are now under the British and French. You must forget the past and begin life anew. God will help you."

The words seemed to inspire her with new courage; a little color came into her wan face, while a note of hope crept into her voice. "Yes, things should be different now and, though half of our children died from hardship and exposure, I hope the three boys that are left to us will be permitted to grow up in safety."

Among the many who could not forget was the Bible woman, Miriam Kulafjian. She, too, opened her heart one day to the sympathetic missionaries.

"I sometimes wonder," she said brokenly, "what sort of a mother I am, that I can still go on living, knowing, as I do, that my little girl is in a Turk's harem. My sweet little Vartanoosh!

"I had placed her in an orphanage when I saw that I could no longer protect her. When I returned for her a year later I was told that she had been taken by force from this place of safety. A Turkish Bey (prince or lord) had come one day to the orphanage, and stood watching the children at play in the yard. Seeing that Vartanoosh was a very pretty and promising child, he took her away with him. That was four years ago. She would now be twelve years old. I tried to find his house, but they told me that he had moved away to some place near Stamboul (Constantinople). Where my darling is today I do not know. Yet I eat and drink, and I still go on living. What sort of mother am I?" she repeated.

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She was a woman of beautiful countenance and refined manner. She had a sublime faith in God and in prayer. On this occasion she requested the missionary to write and ask the Christian women of Canada and United States to pray unitedly with her, that her daughter might be released and returned to her. This mother could not forget.

Some had all their children taken from them, being exiled in one direction and the children in another. One of these, after weeks of wandering, came one day to a place where there was a caravan of children. Thinking that her own precious ones might be among the number, she began a hurried search.

Yes, strange to relate, they were there. The mother threw her arms about them, kissing them over and over, while they clung to her, uttering little cries of joy. But alas, in a very short time all these children were thrown into the river and drowned. How can that mother ever forget that scene? It is engraved on the tablet of her memory never to be erased.

Even the children found it difficult to forget. Visions of desert scenes came back vividly, in distorted dreams and horrible nightmares from which the children awoke with piercing screams of agony.

"Why do you sob and scream so every night?" asked the missionary of a frail, little lad, Hatchair.

"Oh, I dream about the Turks," he replied. "I think that they are after me. I hide in the bushes and behind big rocks, but they always find me. I cannot run fast enough to get away from them, and then I scream."

Little Haratune Bogazian was another orphan boy

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who could not forget. His life, even before the exile, had not been full of sunshine. During the massacre of 1909, while he was still a babe, his father had been burned to death on a pile of wood together with other men of his native village, Baiboort.

Haratune was exiled in 1915 with his mother and grandmother. They were herded, eventually, on the banks of the Murad River, where many Armenians were to meet their death. Slowly the sun rose over the rim of the world lighting up a new day—the last that most of the party were to see.

A band of Turkish outlaws surrounded them. They were informed that those who had no money with which to buy themselves off would be thrown into the river. One of them picked up little Haratune and, swinging him high in the air, was about to dispose of him in this manner, when his grandmother quickly produced five piasters (twenty cents), and saved his life.

She, however, had scarcely time to draw a breath of relief at the narrow escape of her grandson, when her own turn came. Since she had no more money to give them, she was thrown into the river. The other brigands, during this time, were engaged in the same terrible work. Haratune's mother, knowing that ere long her turn would come, seized Haratune by the hand, and, in the wild confusion that now prevailed, darted with him into some bushes that grew along the river bank.

Losing themselves quickly in these, they came at length to a field of barley and crept into it. All day long they lay in this grainfield in an agony of apprehension and fright. Towards evening they crept

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slowly, on all fours, through one field after another, halting in tense fear at the slightest sound. Stiff, sore, and hungry, they stumbled at dusk on the camp of some friendly shepherds, who ministered to their needs. "There was a baby in the camp," said Haratune, "and every time it cried my mother put her hand over its mouth. She was afraid it would attract attention to our hiding-place." This day's experience left an indelible impression on his young mind. He dreams it all over again by night; "and in my dreams, though my mother's hand muffles the sound of the baby's crying, yet some Turks always hear the noise and discover us," said Haratune.

Nowhere in history is there a record of suffering on so extensive a scale. No wonder the Armenians could not forget. The wonder is that more of them did not go insane. It is therefore not surprising that some were changed and hardened by the tragedies of the past; that some became cynical, embittered, and despairing men, who looked in sore perplexity at the dark, unsolved problems of their lives. Healing years of peace were needed to help them to become normal again.

During the exile the churches had been closed, destroyed, or taken for the use of the soldiers. The pastors of the land had been exiled, and general evangelistic work had ceased. In Hadjin the largest church had been burned, but the smaller church remained, the government having used it for storing grain.

Few possessed even a Bible or a hymnbook, for these also had been taken from them in exile. For those who loved the house of God it was now their

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greatest comfort that they could have their church services again. They gathered eagerly to hear the Word read, and to sing together the songs they loved. So many came that the church could not accommodate them all. There were four or five hundred children alone who sat in front around the altar.

Sunday was the sweetest of all days to them, and yet painful, for memory brought back the past more forcibly, reminding them of the absent ones. Many a silent tear fell as they listened to the sermon. There was no beauty of architecture to the building; there was no great comfort in sitting packed together on the floor, or on one of the hard and few benches. They could not sit comfortably in a pew and enjoy a service such as decades of civilization have given to people of America. But they, nevertheless, felt a profound reverence for the house of God; they remembered that the King of Kings was in their midst, and they caught a vision of Him.

CHAPTER VIII

The Bright Outlook of 1919

THOUGH the Armenian nation had once more passed through the furnace of affliction, yet, as time passed, their wounds were healing, and there was always before them the hope of a better time to come. Though they well knew that the Turk was but bidding his time to fall upon them again, yet this helpless people had the utmost confidence that the Allies would come to their assistance.

The Christian world had risen generously to the opportunity for service. Canada and United States especially had rallied nobly to the cry of this stricken people. The Near-East Relief organization had done wonders. They had placed in the hands of thousands the means to begin life anew, putting those aided on a self-supporting basis. The Armenians were normally industrious and thrifty, and it was to be expected that they would soon be upon their feet again. With this help had come the resolution to take up life anew and go on with courage for the future.

True, they had come home to find their houses burned, or torn down, their fields and vineyards choked with weeds, their fruit trees and grapevines untrimmed. The Turks had cut down many an orchard to use as firewood. The terraced mountainsides of the gardens and vineyards were tumbling down. All looked in hopeless ruin. Foodstuffs were being sold at unheard-of prices. They had no money

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to buy seed grain and garden seeds. Everywhere there was want and misery, and, owing to this, their vitality was at its lowest ebb. Yet these deeply-afflicted and heroic people exclaimed, "No matter how dark the present, if only the future looks bright, we can get along."

The optimism, patience, and endurance of this nation seemed incredible. "I would never have believed that human beings could survive and endure what I have personally seen tens of thousands of Armenians suffer in patiently waiting for help," said Dr. James L. Barton, of the American Board, who visited the field at this time.

The eyes of all Armenians were turned toward America. Their adoration of that country was pathetic. They had no doubt but that she would take the Mandatory over Armenia, for at this time all the world was hailing America as the saviour of the weak. A young man, Bedros Kurkyasharian, who had been reared in the Hadjin Boys' Home and later attended the Theological Seminary at Marsavan, from which place he had been drafted into the Turkish army just as he was about to enter on a life-work of evangelism among his own people, wrote to the missionaries about this. He had been captured by the British at the fall of Jerusalem, on December 9, 1917. After spending six months as a prisoner of war, Bedros was employed as interpreter in the British army in Egypt. He had seen the Turks humbled under the British, and was full of high hopes for the future. He wrote:

"It was very strange for me to see the Turkish division to which I myself belonged eight or nine

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months ago when I was in the Turkish army, captured prisoners of war. I saw the Turkish generals, officers, and soldiers humbled, bowing down their heads. I suppose that my division alone, composed of British and Indian cavalry, captured more than thirty-five thousand Turkish prisoners. Besides these, there were so many that it was impossible to count them.

"When they saw me they shouted, 'Bedros is here!' To show a kind temperament, and the difference between a Christian and a Turk, I gave them some beef and some biscuits. They became as sheep, as if they had never killed or massacred the innocent without mercy. Surely their pride was trampled under the strong feet of the Almighty! God was using Great Britain as his stick to give a severe chastisement to the cruel and proud Turk. Here they have neither the means nor the chance to do evil. They have no rifles, no knives, swords, or even stones to perform their evil deeds. We firmly believe they shall not be able to do any more harm to God's most persecuted people.

"The Armenians and all Christians should be released from the Turkish yoke. First of all, we need security of life, and a large Armenian state which will be independent. And oh, what a glorious thing it will be if America takes the mandate over Armenia! Surely it would be a splendid thing, and highly appreciated. May God touch the hearts of the American people to realize their duty to Armenia! You have saved the remnants of my race from starvation, and now we want to keep what you have given us. We need you in our state. We want you to take our mandate, for we need you to be our protector."

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Considering the devastation that greeted the relief workers on their arrival in Hadjin, the things accomplished during this year were truly wonderful. Under the blessing of God the scattered fragments of a once prosperous mission station were being gathered together and built upon until the future looked pregnant with possibilities.

Menas Effendi was on hand to help, and had a large share in the work accomplished. He was again steward for the missionaries in the summer compound, and one of the busiest and happiest men in the city. One day he had an experience which he related as follows:

"I was bringing one hundred and fifty liras from Hadjin out to Sourp Sarkis (the name of the spur of the mountain on which the summer compound stood). I had been informed that five or six outlaws were lying in wait for me just outside the city. Before leaving the factory buildings, I drew aside into the office there and prayed. Strengthened, I then started out. When I passed the Government buildings and came to the bridge, that is on the outskirts of the city, six brigands moved out from under the bridge and stood before me threateningly. Rows of bullets were strung about their bodies, and they were armed with weapons of every description.

"Are you the Menas Effendi that we are looking for?" asked the leader? I feared greatly because, if they wished, they were at liberty to take this large sum of money, for they were six, and I was only one. But after talking to me for a time the leader said:

"Hiday (hurry), let us go!" Turning to me, as the other outlaws moved away, he explained: 'I intended

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to take this money from you, Menas Effendi: that was our purpose in coming here. But my conscience has become so uncomfortable that I cannot do it. So I shall not rob you, but if God had not touched my heart I would have.'

"I thanked him and said: 'Shall I tell you the reason why you could not take this money? I should like you to know. This money was given by men of faith and prayer. It was given by those who pray about the money they send out here for missions. It is because this money has been prayed for that you cannot touch it.'

"I took a new step in faith that day," said Menas Effendi, when he had finished relating this to the missionaries. "From this experience, I decided that never again would I be afraid to carry the mission money. God is able to take care of it."

This was a year of good cheer to the Armenians. Gradually they were coming back to normal life once more. They began to marry, and to give in marriage the few sons and daughters that remained to them. In honor of an occasion of this kind, Torus, the carpenter, invited the six Americans to a wedding supper. According to their custom, instead of sitting down with the guests in the honored seats, the bride and groom stood and served the meal.

To entertain the Americans with his fund of stories, Mehron Effendi, the druggist who lost his beautiful boy in exile, was called in. The missionaries had been discussing, with Bodville Khatchadurian, the native pastor who was also present, whether they should keep Easter the coming spring with the rest of the outside world or have it on the old Armenian date.

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Mehron Effendi saw an opportunity to get in one of his stories here.

"Did you ever hear how an Armenian village priest found Easter—the story of the priest and the peas?" he asked with a twinkle in his eye. The Americans had not heard, and he related with evident relish the following tale:

A priest in one of the villages knew nothing of dates and calendars. He was troubled, for it was his duty to inform his people when Easter Sunday arrived.

One day a man came from a distant city and announced that in three days the fast would begin. "Now," thought the priest, "I know that in seven weeks from that date it will be Easter. I must keep count of the days." Hitting on a bright idea, he took fifty peas and put them in his coat pocket. His plan was to eat one every day, and when the peas were all gone he could announce Easter.

The days passed by, and the plan was working out nicely. But one morning he took off his coat and went outside to do some work. His housekeeper, who was washing that day, happened to go inside just then to get his handkerchief. Discovering the peas, she remarked to herself: "Our poor priest must be very fond of peas. I will slip a handful more in his pocket, so that he may eat them whenever his soul desires."

Time passed. The unsuspecting priest went on faithfully eating his peas at the rate of one each day. Easter seemed long in coming that year. The people made all their preparations and finished all the work they had planned to do. The new clothes they had bought were all made up and ready. Surely Easter

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was never so long in coming before! Still the priest kept silent.

Easter came and went. Becoming impatient, the people finally came to the priest to protest. "Priest," they entreated, "when is this Easter going to come anyway? The seven weeks have surely long since gone by."

"Well," replied the puzzled man, "according to your work, and according to your clothes, it seems that Easter is here; but, according to the peas, it looks as though Easter might not come for nearly a year yet."

The missionaries felt that they could sympathize with this poor priest, for they had been without a calendar since their arrival, and had been forced to make one of their own. They were much pleased that Mehron Effendi was able to tell a humorous story again, and that those present could forget the sorrows of exile and laugh once more.

The next day, Manoog Agha, the eldest brother of Mehron Effendi, visited the compound. The missionaries had long taken a keen interest in the four brothers of the Manasajian family. Their honesty, their frank simplicity, and their open affection for one another had developed a feeling of respect and admiration, and the missionaries had put Manoog Agha in charge of the weaving industry. He was assisted by the second brother, Krekor, who was also a weaver by trade.

After speaking of the many who were happily employed in the factory, he talked of the possible bright future for them under the French rule, until gradually all the worn, haggard look disappeared from his face.

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"We have been happy now for eight months," he remarked, a pathetic smile lighting up his weather-beaten countenance. "Think of it! Happy for eight whole months." He looked away to the protecting mountains, murmuring in a half-audible voice: "Oh God, what freedom! How we thank Thee!"

There was a confident gleam in the old man's eyes, and he spoke with an enthusiasm that was contagious. The months of freedom had put new firmness into his step: a healthful color was dawning in his face: the old heartiness was returning to his voice, and something of the old, indomitable grit and courage began to actuate him. He little knew then that, true to the trust the missionaries had placed in him, before many months would pass, he was to give his life to guard the factory and its relief goods.

Those were days of perfect happiness and hope. The autumn had been wonderful. Never had the mountains, with their gorgeous October colorings, seemed so dear. The reddish golden browns that tinted the shrubs on the mountainsides had remained longer than usual, for winter was slow in coming that year. Nature herself seemed to sympathize with the Armenians, and in late November and early December the soft, warm haze of Indian summer still overspread the valleys. All the world seemed strangely at peace.

CHAPTER IX

Shadows of Fear

EARLY in nineteen twenty, before the new year had scarce begun, there came eerie whisperings of disturbances among the villages. Could it be that for the Armenians there was another dark chapter ahead? The thought nauseated Menas Effendi, as he sat in his office, busy with accounts as he had been on a similar and unforgettable occasion five years before.

It could not be! The shock would be too great for them to bear. Surely God would not allow them to be subjected to a repetition of past horrors; not so soon anyhow, and surely not before their physical strength had returned! If it did happen, they would feel like giving up in black despair.

He sat silent, his eyes misty with unshed tears. After a time he roused himself with a painful effort. He must not give way like that. He must do something to combat the awful fear in his heart. Yet it seemed like fighting a shadow, for there was nothing clear, nothing tangible as yet, only the lurking terror and darkness on all sides. He longed, frantically, to go somewhere in search of peace. He was alive with the desire for safety and happiness—for himself and his family, for the missionaries and the orphans, for the city and for his nation.

A nervous atmosphere prevailed in the city—grim uncertain feelings of doubt and insecurity. They thought the Americans must know something of the

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danger that might be menacing them, and were hiding from them their knowledge of impending evil. They sent a woman to see what she could find out.

When she arrived at the mission door she was trembling as with the ague, and her face was like parchment, devoid of color. "Why, what can be the matter?" asked the missionary anxiously.

"Our old enemies, the Turks, are after us again," she replied in husky accents. Seeing her intense agitation, the missionary laid a hand reassuringly on her shoulder, and pushed her gently into a chair.

"Are you not needlessly alarmed?" asked the missionary in a soothing tone. "After all, there is no one who knows for certain that these startling reports are true."

"Then you Americans have no news of it? You are not hiding anything from us?" asked the poor creature, while a bit of eagerness and hope crept into her voice.

"No, indeed, we are expecting that the French will take better care of you than that." was the reply. Satisfied with this, the poor woman went away comforted.

Two weeks passed by. Nothing happened. The people were beginning to feel reassured when the dreaded calamity suddenly presented itself. Two men, traveling by night through the snow and cold and hiding in the daytime, arrived at Hadjin. They were utterly exhausted, but they had managed to make the trip, bringing with them the following telegram from Marash, written February 1, 1920.

SHADOWS OF FEAR

"To the American Consul, Aleppo:

"Situation in Marash extremely desperate. Reign of terror in city since Jan. 21st. Hundreds of men, women, and children massacred daily. No power to stop this, as French are strictly on the defensive. Forces and munitions inadequate. Americans have little hope if French are overpowered, as soldiers defend from our compound. No assurance of help, as large forces bar all roads. Leave nothing undone to relieve situation, as lives of all Christians are seriously threatened. Our auto and flag fired upon repeatedly. Our institutions under fire, and many refugees and orphans wounded. Food short. Notify Arnold and Bristol.

"(Signed)

"Wilson."

This was a roundabout way to send a telegram from Marash to Aleppo, but evidently the men could get out no other way. The message was already ten days old, though under ordinary circumstances the messengers should have made the journey in one-third the time.

This telegram was wired at once to the Americans at Adana, to be re-wired from there to Aleppo. A copy of the same was also wired from Hadjin to Constantinople. The messengers brought also a heart-breaking letter from Asdor Effendi Solakian, pastor at Marash, who had been pastor at Hadjin, when the events of this story began. He stated that ten thousand Armenians had been massacred in Marash, and, among the number, his own wife and two little boys.

Well, it *had* happened again, and this time right

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under the very eyes of the French! It seemed incredible, yet it was true, heartrendingly true. All this time had passed, and no strong Christian nation had taken the mandate over the Armenian people. The ways of international diplomacy seemed circuitous and pitifully slow. While the Allies were making up their minds how best to deal with the situation in the East, these persecuted people were again being massacred.

The room swirled round before Menas Effendi's eyes. He leaned against the office door unsteadily for support. All joy had vanished out of life once more. The teachers and Maritsa Hanum, the missionaries' cook, were also in the room. Maritsa had been one of the most cheerful of all the native workers in spite of her own tragic past. Raised in the orphanage, years before, she had married a splendid Christian man, had seen him and his father massacred before her eyes. They had, at the last moment, been kneeling, praying for their executioners, while she stood by with her baby girl, Peca, in her arms, and hiding as best she could, her little son Taniel under her skirt. She, brave young widow, had raised her children, had seen them both give themselves to the Lord, and she had hoped that in a few years they would be teachers in the mission school. Now she rose heavily to her feet, as though her weight was too much for her limbs. Her lip quivered, "What is to become of us all?" she cried out piteously, and, bursting into tears, she fled from the room.

Marta, a young teacher who had suffered much in exile, sat cold and stiff, staring out of the window. Acobe, another bright young teacher who was happily

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engaged to Hagop, the young man who was hid in the mission compound during the exile, sat as if turned to stone. Future nights would not hold for these young ladies forgetfulness in sleep, but long vigils at the window watching for the appearance of the enemy. On the face of the children's cook, Neuritsa Hanum, the last of the eight sisters, was a look of mingled agony and utter hopelessness, as she sank into a divan and buried her face in her hands. Not only the compound, but the whole city was plunged in deepest gloom.

The world heard of the Marash massacre with a shiver of horror. Hadjin was also a frontier town, and the next in line. But the French, now aware of the real situation, would make adequate preparation, and soon bring order out of the present chaos. So thought the missionaries. The Armenians, however, had lost confidence, and were very fearful.

The orphans were the most cheerful during the weeks of suspense that followed. They trusted in the Americans' ability to save them. They knew not their powerlessness in the face of certain possibilities. School continued as usual, for every day was precious, and not a moment to be wasted. They made the best possible use of the time, not knowing what new and terrible catastrophe might lie in the near future.

CHAPTER X

The Coming of the Brigands

SUNSHINE and cloud shadows were playing over the majestic, snow-bedecked mountains. It was March, and spring was in the air. Anxious eyes swept the mountain peaks—north, east, south, and west. No enemy, as yet, had been discerned. Then Asdor Oosta, the carpenter who was still superintending the work on the new buildings, shot out his hand exclaiming, "Look there!"

The eyes of the missionaries followed the line of his arm. At first they could see nothing save the gray out-cropping rocks above the timber line. But after more minute directions, their eyes, roving slowly up the peaks, discerned a line of black dots moving here and there over the white snow.

It was the Turks! There was no longer any question about it. Many lines of black dots continued to work their way around the peaks and boulders of the highest northwest mountain. They kept moving downward, and moving with intolerable ease and swiftness. Sometimes they disappeared from view among the rocks and trees, only to emerge again farther down.

Evening came on. Warm tints of sunset flooded the sky, deepened, and then faded into mystic twilight. "Listen," cried Yegvart, Menas Effendi's son, holding up his hand. Faintly through the stillness came a weird and awe-inspiring sound, utterly unlike

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anything the Americans had ever heard before. Indescribably bloodcurdling, it could only be compared to some inhuman sound from hell itself.

"Why, what an unearthly sound!" cried one of the missionaries, a look of troubled perplexity dawning in her face. "Whatever can it be?"

"I can tell you," replied Yegvart. "I know well what it is. I heard it too often during the exile ever to forget it. It is the Turks' way of striking terror into the hearts of their enemies. They make that noise by blowing on their rifles."

A friendly Kurd chief from Gaz Bel, a pass in the mountains, had sent a warning message, a month before this, that preparations were being made around Everek and Cæsarea for an attack on Hadjin from the west, as soon as the pass opened sufficiently, in the spring, to allow the troops to cross over.

Hadjin at once sent the Armenian Vartabed (Bishop) and Pastor Khatchadurian to Adana to ask the French to send troops and ammunition without delay. These deputies had been attacked by brigands on the way, and barely escaped with their lives. The roads during the winter had been full of outlaws. The outgoing postman had been attacked, his horse shot from under him, and he himself wounded.

When the exiles had returned to Hadjin the Allies had given them an Armenian Governor, and had appointed Armenians to the different offices. At that time the British had military control, and the French civil control of Cilicia. All was peaceful as long as the British remained, but as soon as they withdrew their troops, the Turks picked up courage to organize an attack against the French. Even as the Germans

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were more bitter in their hatred against the French than against the British, so with the Turks. They could not endure the French in Cilicia, and meant to drive them out. If in so doing a few more thousand Armenians were killed, so much the better, was their inward conviction.

They did not express this feeling, however. Quite the contrary. Putting an old woman on a donkey, they sent her to Hadjin with letters to the city authorities. These letters the missionaries saw with their own eyes. "An organized attempt will be made to drive the French from Cilicia," ran the message, "but the Armenians and other Christians will not be harmed if they remain neutral."

Two days were given for a reply. The Armenians answered: "We have no quarrel with you. We are only protecting our own homes and loved ones. There are no French in Hadjin. Pass down on the further side of the west mountain and we will not attack you. If you wish to confer with us further send two men with a white flag, and we promise to return them safely to you."

After this the French had sent a message to the Armenian Governor saying: "Keep up your courage! In ten days there will not be a resisting Turk within the lines." They had also sent several hundred Algerian soldiers to Sis, the next town in line from Hadjin.

Nevertheless, the villages were panic-stricken. The pastor at Fekka had wired, asking the missionaries for load animals, that he might move into Hadjin. Bodville Sarkis, the pastor at Yerabakan, came into the city to confer about moving his family in.

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Refugees began crowding in from Roomloo, as that village and Shar were being attacked. Armenian volunteers from Hadjin had gone to the assistance of these villages. Hagop, the brother of Geurgy Hanum, one of the Bible women, came in from his farm outside Roomloo, where, he asserted, the bullets were falling like rain.

The Armenians then imprisoned all the Turks in the city, for word had come that the enemy was only an hour and a half distant. Numbers of men employed by the relief workers were digging vineyards and trimming the vines. All dropped work, went into the city, got their guns, and went forth to meet the enemy. Soldiers came up from the city, gathered up the Turks and Kurds, who were at work in the summer compound, and took them to prison as a precautionary measure. Only Asdor Oosta remained—an old man who had worked for the missionaries ever since the opening of the mission. He had been superintending the building of some stone steps outside the school. Tools lay where the men had dropped them, and the work remained half finished.

At that moment an unusual sound was heard on high. A French aeroplane was coming. The children were released from school, and rushed out to gaze in rapt wonder at the first airship that ever came to Hadjin. Maritsa Hanum, the missionaries' cook, dropped her kitchen utensils, and ran outside, clapping her hands in glee and shouting: "A tiara (airship); a tiara!"

It was still at some distance and very high up. Asdor Oosta, who had never seen an aeroplane, looked at it doubtfully. "That is not a *tiara*," he exclaimed distrustfully, "that is only a bird."

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The aeroplane made no attempt to land, but passed on and circled over the villages. That evening an order came from the French that all the women and children, together with the Americans, and the orphans, were to proceed at once to Sis the next town. The males, however, were commanded to remain in Hadjin to defend the city.

If this order had come a month sooner it might have been carried out. But to send helpless women and children alone at this time seemed like sending them into the jaws of death, or, worse still, into the arms of the waiting brigands. The French offered to send a protecting force part way to meet them, but did not offer any food or animals for the journey.

The city sent Mehron Effendi, the druggist, as their representative to confer with the missionaries about the matter. He was looking worn and haggard, and had not slept for nights. "What a responsibility!" he exclaimed, his tone suggesting immeasurable depths of poignant suffering. "We, a committee of twenty Armenians, must decide the fate of Hadjin. We are making history. Future readers will either condemn and blame us, or they will commend and praise us for our decision." His brain, staggered and bewildered, was groping piteously through the turmoil and chaos. One thought followed another so swiftly that all seemed swallowed up in confusion. "What shall we do?" he cried in mental agony.

"How impotent the human brain is at a time like this!" answered the missionary, commiseratingly. "We must look to God."

"We would prefer to remain neutral," continued Mehron Effendi, "but it is all so complicated. If we

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refuse to send our wives and children to Sis, as the French suggest, they may die here. If we send them they may perish of starvation there, even if they do not, as seems probable, fall into the hands of the Turks along the way. If our men remain to fight the Turks they will likely be sacrificed for the cause of the French. To go may mean death, and to remain here may mean the same thing. What shall we decide?"

"We, with our limited knowledge and view of things, cannot decide," replied the missionary. "God alone can decide the matter for us. Let us look to Him for leading."

After the Committee had spent another night discussing the problem, out of the hopeless confusion and mental strife, one idea began to take form and grow clear. If the French would consent to supply food and load animals for the journey, and send an adequate protecting force, they would send their wives and children to Sis. If not, they must remain in Hadjin. If they must die they preferred to die this time in their own homes, for they had seen enough of the corpse-strewn roads of exile.

Only women came to the compound for work after this, for the men were away guarding the roads and the mountain tops. They worked like mere automats: no spring in the body, no light of hope in the eyes. They were miserable, forlorn creatures, driven forward by grim necessity.

The missionaries tried to find work for all, hoping that the tasks given would occupy their minds to the exclusion of undesirable thoughts. Large gardens were dug, and seeds planted. Yet many were the black hours of despair when the future stretched

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away empty and futile. "The orphans will never eat the produce from these gardens," the women kept repeating; "we are merely planting them for the Turks, who will reap the benefit." They would cease work every few minutes to stand and gaze at the mountain tops in search of the oncoming enemy. Though none could be seen, yet the wounded, who continued to come in from the villages, signified that they were disagreeably near.

A week after its first visit the aeroplane came again, dropped a packet of letters and papers, and went on toward the village of Shar. The French, in that official communication, stated that, if Hadjin would prepare a place for them to land, they would return the following day. They wrote most encouragingly of their increased forces, which, they said, were now sufficiently strong to drive back the Turks and settle all disturbances in two weeks' time.

The effect of this message upon the Armenians was electrical. They were beside themselves with joy. Men came out in great numbers to the field in front of the summer compound; cleared and leveled it down for the aeroplane to land. Next morning the whole city turned out to welcome the French. Bringing lunches along, they came prepared to spend the day. How happy they were! How needless had been their fears! The French had promised that very soon all would be quiet and peaceful. They chatted laughingly throughout the forenoon, and every few minutes one would detach himself from the crowd and stand outside in an attitude of listening.

In the afternoon the faint throb-throb of an engine was heard. The sound kept drawing nearer. The

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aeroplane was coming! The people cried aloud their joy, reaching their hands up to it in their mounting excitement. Wild hopes filled their breasts as a picture of a glowing future leaped to their minds. The French were coming! They were not to be deserted after all. They would now be cared for, and all would be well.

Soon a wee doubt crept in. The aeroplane circled high over their heads. It made no attempt to land. Keen disappointment surged over them in the sudden reaction. A great fear welled up in their hearts as they watched it until it was swallowed up in the southern sky, on its homeward way.

Why it had not landed, or dropped some message at least, was inexplicable. They sat for a time stunned in bewilderment. Rainclouds gathered, and came down the valley, blurring the mountains and making them look dark and threatening. The future was no longer the bright future of the sunny morning. It had become the dark, menacing future of a black afternoon. It was now a future, grim and hopeless, peopled with ugly phantoms of fear from which there seemed to be no escape!

Maritsa Hanum entered the kitchen and looked at her beautiful layer cake, which she had made to serve the officers with when they would land from the aeroplane. Not having stoves with ovens, the natives were not able to bake cakes, so that such a thing was practically unknown in the interior. For that reason Maritsa was very proud of her achievement, and had exhibited the cake to her many native friends who called at the back door. She had also made a large dish of *pakhlave*, a delicious and highly esteemed Turk-

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ish sweet. She would have taken a just and gratifying delight in serving the French officers with these choice and substantial proofs of her culinary skill.

Twice before she had made like preparations for the coming of the French officers. This was the third time. The very sight of these dainties seemed now to turn her sick. The French had come and gone without giving a sign of any kind. It seemed too much for her overburdened heart to bear. She thrust the wretched cake and the *pakhlave* into a cupboard out of sight. Who could eat them now with their nauseating memories?

CHAPTER XI

Under Fire

THE missionaries watched the reinforcements of the enemy that came day after day, and wondered how long it would continue. The fighting in the mountains round about had now been going on for some time. It might go on for months to come, during which time they would be confined within the narrow limits of their respective compounds.

Any solution to the problem: any way out had not yet been discovered. Instead, safety seemed farther away than ever. They saw themselves marooned there indefinitely, lost to the world that had formerly known them. A sense of how puny and helpless a human being is in time of war, and how utterly dependent on his Creator swept over them, making them bow their heads in unconditional reliance upon the Great Ruler of the universe.

Rifle bullets from long distance began to buzz and sing like angry bees above their heads. The dark and menacing future of yesterday had become the realistic and terrifying present. The horrible reality of it all fell like a somber pall over the city. There was no use in believing longer that the victorious Allies had brought peace and freedom to the bleeding Armenian nation. Apparently they must continue to bleed as heretofore. They must spur their worn and underfed bodies once more into action. They must somehow summon courage from somewhere to meet the inevitable.

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That the Turks were really there and ready for action, the city had ample proof of next morning. The three missionaries who were living out in the summer compound, on the mountainside, were sleeping on their verandahs, upstairs. They were suddenly awakened, at daybreak, by a fierce battle that began to rage on the western heights, just across a narrow valley from them. An occasional bullet whizzed over the compound, and they began to think it might be time to seek cover.

This was the first battle fought on the inner circle of the mountains. Desperate fighting continued off and on all day, the Turks steadily advancing until they had gained control of the entire western ridge directly above the city. The Armenians, who were forced to retreat, entrenched themselves behind rocks lower down.

Next day Turkish reinforcements attacked from the Adana road on the south side. While this was going on, the Turks on the west slipped down and captured a flock of goats from a shepherd in the valley. This annoyed the Armenians, and they sent out Sarkis, the tailor, with a party of men, who were successful in recapturing the goats.

The third morning more reinforcements appeared—this time on the snowy southeast peak. It seemed as though the Turks meant business. Some of the young untrained Armenians became frightened and, deserting their post on this peak, ran down as far as the summer compound. They were young lads, unused to modern methods of war: they had become panic-stricken and lost their heads.

The motherly heart of Maritsa Hanum, the mis-

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sionaries' cook, knew how tired and hungry they were, and she was feeding them with warm food when the Armenian Commander, Jabejian, strode into the kitchen with a wrathful countenance. He expressed his fierce displeasure in no uncertain tone, and the boys left the first hot meal they had had in a week unfinished. They took the punishment, which was meted out to them in the presence of the missionaries, manfully, and returned to their cold, snowy mountain-top. It was the first day of April, and the gardens were growing, yet the mountain peaks were still covered with snow.

The Americans tried as best they could to carry out the usual program of the day. The children's morning service was not forgotten. What brave little souls they had been! Not a tear or a word of complaint had been heard from any of them. Their trust in God was both touching and beautiful. They were cautioned against standing out in the open, on account of stray bullets, after which one of the missionaries gave them the Jesson of the disciples in the storm at sea. She spoke of how Jesus often tests our faith in Him, by not coming to deliver until the last moment. "But," she concluded, "He always comes: He never fails us." The Bible verse they had learned for the day was, "Some trust in horses and some in chariots, but we will remember the name of the Lord, our God."

Some time was then given for prayer, and the children began, one after another, prayers of remarkable faith and comfort. While these continued, some sobbed away part of the soreness of their hearts. The poor women, who were at work in the rug fac-

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tory, slipped in quietly, one by one, and sat down to listen, while they took to their troubled hearts the consolation of those childlike and heavenly petitions. The service was closed with the singing of the hymn, "God will take care of you."

As the day wore on, the news from the Armenian front became more and more disquieting. Commander Jabejian, who had had two years' experience with Antraneeq Pasha (general) on the Russian front, had been sent to Hadjin, a few weeks before the fighting began, to train the raw recruits. Altogether, his fighting force numbered but six hundred, owing to the fact that the French had sent them only five hundred rifles. They were, as yet, unaware of either the number or the character of their assailants. It was hoped, at first, that it was only a few bands of outlaws, numbering less than three hundred. But the fact that they had been able to drive the Armenians steadily downward from the mountains toward the city—a thing the Turks had never been able to do in the past—showed that they must be present in overwhelming numbers. In the city there was a feeling that the enemy meant to sweep down and annihilate them.

That night, after dark, the Armenian Committee called on the Americans who were in the summer compound, and requested them to move into the city. They feared that in a few days they might be compelled to retreat into the city, and they did not want the food supplies the Americans had on hand to fall into the hands of the enemy. The other three Americans were living in the compound that lay just beyond the city limits on the east. So far, all had been

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peaceful over there on that side; so the six Americans, after holding a council, decided that it would be wisest for them all to come together in one place, bringing the orphans from the summer compound, and also those who were in the factory buildings in the city with them.

For those who had to move, the question was: what should be taken and what should be left? The three missionaries could not consider their personal possessions. Food, clothing, and bedding for orphans must come first. Other things must be sacrificed as only a brief time for retreat remained. What were material things anyhow? A furnished home, dear as it is in a foreign land, was as nothing when the heartache of the Armenian city called for so much sympathy. To keep life in little bodies and to care for their souls was the only consideration worth while now. A look into the face of eternity gives one a glimpse of the true value of things. How empty material things seem then, and how infinitely more precious the things pertaining to the soul!

The road into the city being under fire by day, they waited for the friendly cover of darkness before going in. As night came on, they peered uneasily into the darkening shadows. The last hour had been exceptionally still. The rumble of distant guns had lulled. Would they be able to make the trip in safety without their retreat being discovered? The children were cautioned to creep along quietly without making a sound. Their preparations completed, they were about to leave the compound, when a faint whistling sound came to their ears, grew louder and ended in a deafening crash. The awesome echoes traveling down

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the valleys seemed to hold a blood-curdling message. For days the mountains had echoed and re-echoed with the noise of battle, the roar at times resembling continuous heavy thunder, but the detonation of this was different. The Turks had thrown their first bomb down at the city from an overhanging western peak. The orphans began to sob piteously, and ran back into the compound like frightened lambs, while the shrill voices of the enemy could be heard calling, "Donuz! Donuz!" (pigs! pigs!).

After the missionaries and teachers succeeded in quieting the children the procession started out once more. A few bullets cracked over their heads, then all became still, and the trip was made in safety. After living on the noisy battlefield of the south, how quiet and peaceful it seemed in the pleasant compound of the east!

But they were not to enjoy this tranquility long. During their first night there the Turks came round to that mountainside also, and early next morning opened fire on the city from a point above them. Fifty of the largest orphan boys who lived in the factory buildings were still in the city. It looked as though it might be too late to have them removed. But the second night was still, and these boys were brought over in safety. The orphans and workers, who had been kept in three different compounds, were now all crowded into one, and, owing to the limited space, the missionaries hoped that the siege would not be a long one.

CHAPTER XII

Captured

THE following day was Easter Sunday. The Turks, from their position on the heights above, were now firing directly over the compound at the city beyond. In the middle of the afternoon a strange, swishing sound was heard, like a large, invisible body cutting the air directly overhead. The Americans looked up in puzzled perplexity, for, though they could hear it plainly, they could see nothing. The Turks had turned a machine gun on the city, but, unused to the sounds of modern warfare, the Americans did not know what it was.

At dusk, on the lofty summit behind the compound, they saw the Turkish banner swaying red and ominous in the evening breeze. Uttering fierce yells, the enemy hurled several bombs down towards the compound. That night no one undressed, for they feared the Turks might creep down on them in the darkness.

Next morning the assailants, who had come down close during the night, poured a sharp, decisive volley into the compound. It was the signal that they intended to capture the compound, and that the occupants might surrender if they felt so inclined. But the Americans did not understand it so. They were not fighting, so why should they put up a white flag? Was not the American flag that floated over the compound an expression of their neutrality? Why should the Turks fire upon this flag? It looked to the mis-

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sionaries as though the foe intended to show them no mercy either.

They had barricaded the windows with mattresses and bedding, and, with the workers and children, they sat in groups on the floor awaiting the end. Gulezar, a Greek girl who had been out getting a pail of water when the attack began, had been shot in the leg. Mattios Effendi, the steward for this compound, had helped one of the missionaries carry her inside. With her wounds dressed, she now lay on the couch, her face in her hands, weeping silently. Bullets entered the walls and windows as the Turks continued to fire into the buildings.

Under this frightful tension, the long forenoon passed. Toward noon, they heard the Turks calling: "Voorma! Voorma!" (Don't shoot! Don't shoot!) Opening a window on that side, they called back for them to come on. Soon they saw a man crawling carefully down the narrow gorge, keeping under cover of the rocks. He began to shout: "Posta! Posta!" and they called back encouragingly to him. He then demanded that some one from the compound go out to receive the message. Not knowing but what it might be merely a Turkish trick, the ladies did not like to see the only American man venture out, lest the Turks mistake him for an Armenian and shoot him. However, the messenger was calling impatiently and some one must take the risk, so he and Mattios Effendi went out across the garden to the wall.

Mahmoud, the Kurd messenger, said that if the Americans would write to their Commander, promising that no shots would be fired from the compound, he would send a delegation down to talk peace terms

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with them. This was just what the Americans had long been desiring, an opportunity to talk with the enemy. The desired letter was written and despatched quickly. In reply the Turks sent three Kurd chiefs to talk with the Americans. Apparently, they did not care to risk the lives of any Turks just yet.

It should be remembered that the missionaries did not yet know who these assailants were, nor what their object might be. No news of the Nationalist uprising under Mustafa Kemal had as yet penetrated into the interior. They looked with intense interest, and not a little curiosity, at these brigandish Kurds. As they bade them welcome, the leader could not suppress a short, exultant laugh, while smiles of intense satisfaction played about the mouths of his companions. The compound had surrendered. It was their first easy victory close to the city, and they could scarce contain their jubilant elation.

After drinking coffee and carrying on a conversation of short, excited ejaculations, they took their leave, explaining that they had no power to talk peace terms. Some one higher up in authority must come. Puzzled and anxious, the missionaries sat waiting to see what turn events would take.

Half an hour later two more delegates arrived—Turks this time. One, Brahim, had a most brutal face. Cunning lurked in every line of his dark, evil visage. He kept darting suspicious glances about the salaam room as though he expected an enemy to spring out from some corner upon him, and the gun that lay across his knees he held tightly clutched with both hands. The missionaries' hearts sank within them as they gazed upon his forbidding

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countenance and saw the deadly hatred that lurked within his eyes. There was no use in appealing to this merciless creature to spare the lives of innocent, little children.

They turned hopefully to Ahmet, the other officer. He was a large man with a strong, soldierly face and a rather pleasant cast of countenance. He looked as though he might possibly have a side that could be appealed to. At least they must try him. Probably he had a family of little ones of his own at home. They led him out in conversation, to which he responded with pleasant friendliness.

But Brahim was growing impatient, and, at length, broke into their pleasant discourse with his harsh, discordant voice. He pointed out that they were losing precious time. The house had not yet been searched, and this must be done immediately. He did not say much, but his significant manner was as audible as words. There was a painful pause. Though the missionaries gave no outward sign of the shock that was disturbing their mental poise, they were filled with the keenest apprehensions. They had no doubt but what the Turks wished to see the girls and teachers, and to ascertain what supplies the Americans had on hand. But if they let a band of these marauders inside the wall to search the premises, who knew what might happen?

"Is such a search necessary?" asked the missionaries, deprecatingly. "We assure you on our word of honor that there are no weapons in the compound. We have been entirely non-resistant."

"We cannot take their word for it at a time like this," objected Brahim, the Terrible One, a slow,

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cruel smile wreathing itself about his lips. "Our great Pasha (general) wishes to visit the place this afternoon, and we must take the needed steps for his safety. The place must be thoroughly searched."

"Now you are touching our honor," said one of the missionaries, diplomatically, while she drew herself up and pretended to be very much offended.

Ahmet's sinewy brown arm gripped his rifle nervously. "Never mind," he said, in a conciliatory tone, "we will leave the matter for the present." He rose and politely took his leave, while Brahim, casting a fiendish, greedy look about, glided from the room like a balked panther.

While the missionaries are waiting with feelings of apprehension and dread, the coming of the Turkish Pasha, we would like to introduce the reader to them individually. We shall use the names that the Turks used for them in the days to come. The officers, who visited the compound daily after this, did not trouble to learn their *unpronounciable* (?) American names. They called the male missionary from Alberta, "Meudir Effendi" (Mr. Director). His wife was "The Married One." To the missionary from Ohio, because of her diminutive size, they gave the appellation, "The Little Lady." The relief worker from Illinois they called, "The Tall One." The Red Cross nurse from Pennsylvania was honored by the title, "The Doctor Lady," and, because there were no more, they called the missionary from Indiana, "The Other One." For greater convenience, when speaking of the missionaries henceforth, we shall use these titles.

Word now came that the Pasha and his bodyguard

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were approaching. The Americans had noted that, whenever his name had been mentioned by his followers, it was always in tones of reverent awe. They wondered what sort of man he would be. Though he met them with a half-defiant glint in his eyes, he was considerate enough to come into the salaam room unarmed, accompanied only by his Aide, Yowis Ali. He introduced himself as Jan Bey. Since the word *Jan* simply means soul, a person, or a human being, it was quite evident that he did not wish them to know his real name. He was a small, dark man of fair intelligence. Meudir Effendi asked him to kindly enlighten them as to who they were, and what their purpose might be. He replied that they were not soldiers, but *chetes* (brigands) sent out by the Nationalists to drive out the French.

"For many moons," he continued, "his Excellency Mustafa Kemal—may Allah preserve his life—has planned an expedition against the French. All has been arranged and is now being carried out. Mustering all the strength he can, Mustafa Kemal is moving westward, and his armies are now encamped at various points along the border of the French occupation."

Anxious to ascertain the extent of their knowledge about world conditions in general and Turkey in particular, Jan Bey asked many ingenious questions, and surprised them by asking for a late copy of The London Times. His face then assumed an impenetrable mask, and to all inquiries of the missionaries he gave only vague, evasive answers. They felt puzzled as to what attitude he meant to adopt toward them, for they could not read the message of his dark, in-

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scrutable eyes. Nevertheless, they felt uncomfortable, and aware of a cold, impersonal wall between.

Courteous, but restrained, he insinuated that the Nationalists were in power now, and gave the Americans to understand that they were only there on sufferance. Wishing to make them feel further the insecurity of their position, he said with severe emphasis, "You understand that you Americans are merely the guests of Turkey," adding meaningly, "You will not in any way trespass upon our hospitality."

Yowis Ali stirred uneasily in his chair, reached over and picked up a vase of hyacinths from the table. He had a round, Mongolian type of face, which beamed forth his good-natured disposition. Sensitive to Jan Bey's crisp tone of thinly-veiled antagonism, he was ready to apologize. "But, of course, *we* are *your* guests this afternoon," he said with his disarming smile, "and we thank you very much for your hospitality." Yowis Ali seemed to have some of the instincts of a gentleman. Tactfully smoothing the matter over, he began to speak admiringly of the flowers.

The conversation then turned again upon conditions in Europe. The English were mentioned, but this was a mistake. Jan Bey's voice grew strained: "The English—may Allah confound them—have taken our beautiful Stamboul (the Turk disdains the use of the Christian word Constantinople)," he said, "and have placed cannon on the roofs of the public buildings." Then looking at them with a half-defiant and challenging expression, "I hate the English," he added. The Married One, being a Canadian,

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gave the slightest shade of a start. If the Nationalists discovered this it was hard to say what might happen to her and her husband.

"But the English treated the Turkish prisoners in Egypt very kindly," defended the Little Lady.

"Nevertheless, I hate the English," repeated Jan Bey, a slow, malignant smile wreathing itself about his lips. There was a painful pause, during which the Married One could hear the loud beating of her heart. It was evident that she and Meudir Effendi could expect little mercy from him if he happened to discover what part of America they came from. They steeled themselves not to betray the least sign of fear or nervousness whenever the subject of the English came up, which it frequently did in the months that followed.

During the time Jan Bey spent with the Americans that day, the brigandish hordes on the mountains continued to fire into the wall that enclosed the compound, and into the buildings as well. "Now that we have looked into each other's minds, and have found that we are not enemies, but friends," said the Little Lady, smiling ingratiatingly at Jan Bey, "would it not be well for you to command your troops to cease firing at us?"

Jan Bey looked up quickly: "Why, Hanum Effendi (Mr. Lady)," he exclaimed, affecting surprise, "our men are firing only on the city; they would not fire upon the compound now that we are friends." The Americans knew that this was not true, but it was not for them to express any doubt as to the veracity of Jan Bey's statement. However, the words had scarce left his lips when a bullet, fired by one of the brigands outside, struck the side of the house,

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throwing up fragments of stone and plaster, which spattered the window beside Jan Bey. Pretending great annoyance, he despatched Yowis Ali with an order for the troops to cease firing on the Americans. The truth gleamed in Ali's eyes, as, while passing from the room, he glanced at the two ladies seated near the door. "The *chetes* know that their Pasha is in here," he murmured, "and they keep on firing to make sure that he will be returned safely to them."

CHAPTER XIII

In the Front Lines With the Turks

"WAR has now come home to us," said the Little Lady, gravely, as she watched the Turks throwing up trenches directly in front of the compound. They put them so close, in fact, that one trench ended in the clinic building, which was just outside the wall and occupied now by officers. From there a wall was thrown up, which zigzagged over to the parsonage and protected an open space behind which the brigands did their cooking, took their noonday naps, and held their war dances.

"I never expected to be in the front lines with the enemy, to be able to see right into their first-line trenches, and to watch what goes on," replied the Married One. "If I ever had any desire to see actual warfare I am more than satisfied, and hope never to see or hear it again."

That night was a wild one. To ears unaccustomed to warfare it sounded as though all hell were let loose. Bullets tore through the air in continuous succession, until it sounded like mighty winds blowing, with strong counter-currents. The noise was so absolutely unlike anything they had heard or imagined. The atmosphere was rent and threshed with great violence. The whizzing of sharp-nosed steel bullets kept up without a break in what seemed to them the strangest fashion. It sounded like the endless tearing of a piece of cloth, the shots uniting in one prolonged shriek.

The mission people did not sleep much, but lay still,

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with barricaded windows, listening to the splash of bullets upon the sides of the buildings, and the fragments of rock and plaster spattering against the window-panes. One of the last mails received, before the roads were closed, brought them a Gospel text calendar, and the verse for each day had seemed peculiarly suited to each emergency. The one remembered now seemed particularly appropriate, "Ye that did cleave unto the Lord your God are alive every one of you this day." With a feeling of warm gratitude and confident trust, they felt that God would not fail them.

Intermittent firing kept up during each day. The parsonage roof seemed to be the favorite haunt of the sharpshooters. One of them would crawl across the roof and fire as soon as he reached the ridge. Then, as the answering bark of a rifle, and the plaintive whine of a bullet came from the city, he would duck instantly, hugging the roof below. Several more bullets would follow, sending the mortar flying from the chimney. The Turks in the trenches could be seen crouching back and dropping behind their barricade. After a time another sharpshooter would crawl back to the ridge of the roof and fire. Then shots from the city—a little fusilade—would sound again. As the missionary home, which was occupied by Meudir Effendi, his wife, Mattios Effendi, and a number of the teachers, was directly in line above the parsonage, these showers of bullets from the city came pinging and whistling about them. Each night, at dusk, the Turks would begin an attack, which lasted from one to three hours; and each morning, an hour before daybreak, another special attack was made.

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As would naturally be supposed, the wounded were soon brought into the compound for treatment. At first they regarded the missionaries with looks of subdued antagonism, and were continually breathing out curses upon the Armenians. One Kurd, especially, was extremely bitter in this respect. He had been shot in the foot and was carried to the compound every morning by his comrades. Moaning with pain, and breathing out imprecations, he could be heard in the distance as he made the difficult journey down the mountainside, invoking every evil upon the Armenians, whom he deemed to be the cause of it all. This man did much to disturb the cheerful atmosphere which the missionaries strove to maintain in this morning clinic.

Four of the Americans had overcome most of the difficulties of the language, and could converse freely with the Turks in their own tongue. To act as interpreter, one of these was always in attendance upon the Doctor Lady, who was kept busy bringing medical and surgical supplies from her office to the improvised clinic under some shady trees in the back yard near the well. Each morning brought also a crowd of brigands who came with sore eyes, trachoma, syphilis, fever, scabies, and other Oriental diseases.

"Here comes the Snarling Kurd," remarked the Married One, who was her interpreter that morning.

"Oh," replied the Doctor Lady, deftly probing a wound for bits of rock and steel, "how I dread to see that man appear!"

"He is unusually trying," said the Married One, as she went to unlock the side gate in the north wall to admit him. But the Snarling Kurd was in a silent

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mood this morning. He did not even mention the Armenians. When the Doctor Lady examined his foot she was annoyed to find that he had removed the bandages the day before, and had placed a black rag over the wound. When the Married One translated her indignation the Snarling Kurd looked up in surprise.

"But how should I know that it would infect the wound?" he protested. "I did it to keep the Doctor's nice, white bandages clean. Since she is pulling much trouble in my behalf, I thought it was up to me to help her all I could." This was the first intimation he had given of any feeling of gratitude, and he actually startled them by gazing at them with the faint resemblance of a smile.

Thereafter the change in the man was marvelous. His confidence in them and his smile kept growing, until they scarcely recognized in him the surly creature who had first come to them. In like manner, one after another, many of the Turks, Kurds, and Circassians were won as friends. "We made a mistake in the past," they said, "in not sending our children to your school. We were afraid of the influence of the missionaries, but—if Allah willeth—we shall send you some boys and girls next year."

A Turk woman, from the village of Yagbasan, visited the Americans the week following. She told of how their village had at first refused to help the Nationalists in their attack against Hadjin. But their resistance had been futile, for the brigands shot down two of the villagers, and forced the rest to enlist. Each village farmer who had a flock of goats had to give the Nationalists as many Turkish pounds as he

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had goats. Besides this, each week they had been obliged to provide a certain number of pounds of butter, cheese, yogart (sour milk), meat, and flour.

Now the brigands were again demanding money, and the villagers were at their wits' ends. One village had been asked for a thousand pounds and was only allowed five days in which to raise the money. To make matters worse, a great many of the villagers had already been killed in the attacks on Hadjin. These simple peasants were tired of war. They could not bring their produce into Hadjin to sell, or exchange it for cloth, as formerly. "Our families are in rags; we need the Hadjin merchants, and they need the products from our farms," they would cry in protest. "We do not want this war."

The orphanage food supplies were running low. The Americans had little money on hand, but there were many bolts of relief and factory cloth on hand, and the idea of exchanging these for food presented itself. The villagers were most anxious for the cloth, but the difficulty lay in getting their produce safely through the Turkish lines. The soldiers no sooner discovered a villager approaching with a loaded donkey, than they seized his supplies and beat him soundly for his protestations. The result was that the villagers soon learned to steal through the lines at night under cover of the darkness.

The flour the Americans had on hand was soon finished, but fortunately the Little Lady, who was in charge of this compound, had a large supply of wheat on hand. The children, with one hand mill and two coffee grinders, took turns in grinding day and night, in order that every person in the compound

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might have some bread, at least once a day. Boiled wheat, served in different ways, was eaten three times a day. The children ate it as a thin soup for breakfast. For the noon meal it was simply boiled dry, and, for the sake of a little variety, the cook made it into nice little cakes, spiced with onion, for supper.

The missionaries were also having their food problems. They saved the weeds, that grew in the tiny garden plot, for greens. "I am afraid to help in the garden work," said the Tall One, "lest I pull up some kind of a weed that we might need for food." The large gardens that had been planted at the summer compound were occupied by Turkish troops, who had thrown up a trench directly through the center of one. All that now remained to the missionaries was the small piece of ground inside the compound. They had planted there a lettuce bed for themselves, and onions for the children. As soon as they pulled out any onions they planted others in their places. Their lettuce bed was a wonder! They used from it every day, and yet, like the widow's meal and oil, it got no less, but looked as flourishing as ever next morning. "Surely the Lord feeds us from heaven," said they, "and provides us a table in the presence of our enemies."

The Tall One had charge of the missionaries' kitchen, and the meals that she put up were really quite a work of art, considering that she had to cook without butter, eggs, meat, or potatoes. There were three things, however, that they did have plenty of: beans, rice, and onions. "When I go back to America again," remarked the Tall One, with her humorous

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smile, "I hope my friends will not dare to place any of these on the table before me."

Jan Bey, after a few weeks, disappeared. Some said that he had been killed, others that he had been removed. Jevan Bey, the new Commander-in-chief, came to call on the missionaries. He was a genial fellow, and the first officer whom they felt they might venture to trust a bit. He brought his friend, Enver, the machine-gun commander, with him.

The two men were a strange contrast: Enver, hot-headed and impulsive, Jevan, cool and calm in his judgment. What a strange fate had thrown them together! Jevan, a native of Everek, had been trained in a military school in Adrianople. Enver, an officer in the Turkish army, had been taken prisoner during the Great War, and was only home from Egypt one day when he joined the Nationalists. The Constantinople Government wanted him for some military crime, and had placed a sum of money on his head. This he told to Meudir Effendi in a confidential moment. To put them off the scent, when he heard the government was hunting for him, he persuaded his friend Jevan to place his name in the casualty list.

This done, he began to worry as to the state of his wife's mind when she would hear of it at Nigdeh. He wrote to her telling her that he was alive. She refused to believe it. To prove it, he then sent her his photo, with another letter, telling her to look for a suit of his clothes, which would follow as an evidence. These, according to the workings of the Turkish mind, were to furnish her with conclusive proof.

"It must be," said one of the ladies, much amused

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at Meudir Effendi's recital of Enver's troubles, "that the very fact that one possesses anything in these Nationalist days proves one to be very much alive."

"We have surely learned," said the Other One, "to take joyfully the spoiling of our goods." From the beginning of the siege the brigands had wished to borrow almost everything the Americans possessed. They came for salt, for pepper, for copper kettles in which to cook their food, for dishes of various kinds, and Enver asked for a bedstead. Some came for kerosene and matches, saying, "We shall enter the city tonight—if Allah willeth—and we need these things to burn the city with." The Americans hid the matches, and buried all their kerosene.

They were kept busy entertaining visitors from early morning until dusk each day. The officers came in order to pass the time pleasantly, and the men came out of curiosity. They talked of the most unconventional things, as if they were perfectly natural, and in no way anything to be wondered at, and amazed the missionaries by their extremely personal inquiries.

Among the visitors there was, now and then, a humane man who would have endeavored to give protection to an unfortunate Armenian if the opportunity had come his way. One gray-bearded Circassian told them that he had come to the battleground in order to see if he could save some of his friends who were in the city. Another old man, of patriarchial appearance, with a long gray beard and a large white turban, spent an hour with them. Secretly, in his heart he viewed this attack on the helpless Hadjin people with horror. His sympathies were with the

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defenders, and he would have interfered in their behalf, if possible.

"What a pity! What a pity!" he kept repeating, with genuine tears in his kind, old eyes. "There are my friends, the Manasajians and the Oozoonians. They have such fine wives and such beautiful children. Many a time when in town on business I enjoyed their hospitality."

"But," he concluded, with helpless resignation, "the will of Allah be done." The fatalistic idea that possesses the Turk had him in its grip. "What can we do?" he moaned. "It was pre-ordained to happen, and since it is Allah's will, maybe some good will come out of it yet."

Many, however, were not so compassionate as this old man. "We must exterminate the Armenians," they would cry, angrily. "They have caused us so much trouble in the past that we cannot permit them to live longer. Death only can expiate their crimes."

Massacre a whole city? The thought was unnerving. Where were the French? What were they doing? The Turks were entrenching themselves on every side of the city, building forts, bringing up more cannon and machine-guns. Each day the hearts of the Armenians had quickened with hope, but, as evening came on without bringing the aeroplanes and French troops that they were looking for, their hearts would grow heavy with discouragement.

"The strangest thing about it," remarked the Tall One, "is that the French send no aeroplane, according to their promise. If they would only let us know what the trouble is, or why they do not send relief!"

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"One could easily come and go in a few hours," replied the Other One.

"I have thought," said Meudir Effendi, "that if the French had come and dropped a few bombs it would have saved the situation long ago. If they would come, even yet, and drop a few notes warning the villagers that, if they did not return to their homes within a given time, they would come and bomb their villages, most of these men would clear out over night."

"It is a great blow to the Armenians' faith in the honor of the French," said the Married One, deplorably. "The Armenians have ever looked westward, hoping for some kind power to interfere in their behalf; but thus far they have watched in vain."

"Do you recall the occasion of the French occupation a year ago?" asked the Little Lady of the Tall One.

"Shall I ever forget it?" she responded indignantly. "They came here—the French General with his officers and soldiers—and stayed with us for a week. We were at our wits' end to know how to provide food for such a company. We were also at a loss to know how to entertain them, for I was the only one who could speak French, and even my vocabulary was limited. I mentioned the fact that Hadjin had been occupied previously, and asked the General to explain the significance of this occasion."

"It is true," he replied; "Hadjin was occupied before, but now it is *effectively* occupied." It seemed difficult to see, just then, where the effectiveness came in, and the Americans felt, at that moment, that the Turkish occupation was much more effective.

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"Surely it is an ever-deepening and perplexing mystery," said the Little Lady. "If we could only feel that it was worth while for the Armenians to hold on!"

In the city the spirits of the Armenians were stimulated by the anticipation that, probably in another day or two, the expected French force would appear. Provisions were growing lower. But, search the sky as they might, their eyes could detect no sign of an approaching aeroplane: no offer of help, without which these weeks of watching, waiting, suffering, and dying would be of no avail. Surely it was inexplicable!

"Poor Hadjin! It looks like a city of the dead," said the Married One, as she talked with Menas Effendi and the other men, among whom were the baker, the tailor, the evangelist, and the shepherd who had come up from the cellar for a breath of fresh air. "There is not a sign of life anywhere."

"We were comparing our experiences with those of the children of Israel, as we have so often done in the past," said Menas Effendi. "We have picked out verses, that apply to our situation, from Lamentations. Let me read them to you: 'How doth the city sit solitary, that was full of people! She weepeth sore in the night, and her tears are on her cheeks; she hath none to comfort her. She findeth no rest. All her people sigh, they seek bread. Our persecutors are swifter than the eagles of the heaven: they pursued us upon the mountains, they laid wait for us in the wilderness. They hunt our steps that we cannot go in our streets. There is none that doth deliver us out of their hand. In our watching we have watched for a nation that could not save us.'"

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"Is not that most appropriate?" asked Aghavni Hanum, the pastor's wife. "Those Bible verses sound exactly as if written about us." A sense of futility had swept over the group of native workers. They felt that nowhere was there deliverance to be found. No nation cared enough for them to stretch forth an arm to deliver them. Blank despair was throwing a sable pall over the future.

The Married One saw the appropriateness of these quotations, but, wishing to leave them in a more cheerful frame of mind, she opened her Bible and read also from Lamentations: "It is of the Lord's mercies that we are not consumed. The Lord is my portion; therefore will I hope in Him. The Lord is good unto them that wait for him. It is good that a man should both hope and quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord."

"How comforting those words are," said Josephine, Menas Effendi's niece, a young teacher, who herself had had enough thrilling experiences and narrow escapes in exile to fill a volume; yet through it all had kept her sweet trust in God. "It gives me new strength and courage. I think the Bible must have been written for the Armenians!"

CHAPTER XIV

The Unfriendly Rabble

IT WAS a most extraordinary scene that greeted the eyes of the astonished Americans. The sun had disappeared in a blaze of crimson, and a cooling puff of mountain air, the herald of approaching evening, came down the valley. All the wildness of the world seemed to be concentrated in the dirty, ferocious rabble before their eyes. The copper-colored bodies of these fierce, dark-eyed fellows could be seen here and there through the patchwork of rags that covered them; and in their sinewy hands gleamed long, curved knives.

Whirling their weapons above their heads and shouting prayers to Allah, they became seized with a strange sort of war hysteria, and began swaying backwards and forwards in a rhythmic dance, ever and anon uttering piercing yells.

"What ruffians they are!" cried the Tall One with a shudder, as she watched the wild horde so eager to deal death and spread destruction and desolation on every hand.

"It is the beginning of the fast of Ramadan," said the Other One, apprehensively; "I wonder what they are about to do?"

"Reënforcements came today," explained Meudir Effendi, "and they are probably about to work themselves up into the required frenzy for the terrible work of slaughter. A special attack will be made on

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the Manus Khanu (factory buildings) tonight, I was told."

The men from the different camps on the east had congregated in the shadow of the parsonage. One after another the newcomers joined in this wild waltz. They were led by a grotesque Kurd dancer, who yelled and leaped about in a frenzy, the dust whirling around his stamping, naked feet.

"Ya—Allah! Ya—Allah!" he cried, and the knowledge that the fast was on, a time when Allah would be especially favorable to their enterprises, made them dance with redoubled energy. All were anxious at this auspicious time to strike a blow for the extermination of the hated infidels.

There was a clash of instruments, and a howling chorus of song from the onlookers, who clapped their hands rhythmically together. As darkness came on, the scene became more intensely barbaric. The red light from the huge bonfires shed a lurid glare on the weird scene, which held all the fascinating mystery of the East. There was a fresh torrent of cries from the dancers, as they whirled their bodies in wild abandon, flourishing their weapons above their heads in a tumult of enthusiasm. Their blood leaped, their spirits rose, their bodies clamored for the fray. The wild melody kept repeating itself with savage persistence, changing at times to a shrieking tune with one prolonged note demanding instant action.

From the windows of their unlighted dining-room, just opposite, the missionaries watched with curiosity and helpless wonder. To them, this motley throng seemed almost inhuman; and they watched with a shuddering, shrinking horror, combined with an

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extraordinary fascination. They felt that, in trying to understand these people of the East, they had still very much to learn.

"No wonder men are careless of human life when bred in an atmosphere of this kind," murmured the Married One. "This must be what is called 'the abrupt unveiling of the raw' in the nature of uncivilized man."

"Yes," replied Meudir Effendi, "it is the barbarous manifestation of the savage nature that lies in their hearts."

"And these," added the Little Lady, "are the creatures that we must live among week after week and month after month."

"These," shuddered the Doctor Lady, "are the wild hordes that are demanding our beautiful girls."

"We must continue," said the Other One, "to keep the girls out of sight, even though we have to do all the outside work ourselves. This makes one realize how extremely careful we should be not to do anything to attract the notice or awaken the suspicions of the enemy."

"Surely," concluded the Tall One, "it requires the skill of an accomplished diplomat to live under existing circumstances and guard three hundred souls from the rabble."

What if the savage horde should break into the compound? God forbid! The thought was sickening. The music continued to tingle with barbarity. It gripped these men, and made them feel passionately cruel and revengeful. It created in them a longing for violent things. The bodies of the dancers

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seemed to blaze with an energy that was almost demoniacal.

Suddenly the scene changed. The war-dance was over for the night. The bonfires died down. It was the hour for the evening attack. Roused to this pitch of frenzy, the men departed, ready for the sickening work of slaughter.

With this picture of savage humanity burned forever on the delicate tissues of their brains, the missionaries sought comfort from the Word. The following portions, selected from the Psalms, formed a prayer for them: "Lord, how are they increased that trouble me! Many are they that rise up against me. Save me from bloody men. They run and prepare themselves. They return at evening: they make a noise like a dog, and go round about the city. All this has come upon us; yet have we not forgotten thee. Our heart is not turned back, neither have our steps declined from thy way. Wherefore hidest thou thy face, and forgettest our affliction and our oppression? Our fathers trusted in thee: they trusted and thou didst deliver them. Deliver me from mine enemies. Let them know that God ruleth. Give us help from trouble: for vain is the help of man. Defend the poor and the fatherless. Rid them out of the hand of the wicked. In thee, O Lord, do I put my trust. Thou hast been a shelter for me. I will lay me down in peace and sleep, for thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety. Through God we shall do valiantly, for he it is that shall tread down our enemies. I will not be afraid of ten thousands of people, that have set themselves against me round about."

CHAPTER XV

Under Suspicion

TRULY, theirs was a most unenviable position. Furtive eyes followed their every movement by day, and at night they were watched, even as closely, by unfriendly eyes. From time to time they had startling evidence of this.

The ladies had been taking turns in sleeping with the Kindergarten children. For some of the little ones, who had been ill, a candle was used during the night. This immediately aroused the suspicions of the enemy. "The *Amerikalahs* are signalling Hadjin," they declared. The missionaries sent for Jevan Bey and carefully explained the situation to him. He received their elucidation of the matter in a cool, non-committal manner, and gave them to understand that, in future, lights in the compound would not be tolerated.

The wounded, who came daily for treatment, had been easily won, through kindness, yet they had still to cope with the great, unfriendly rabble outside the wall. Various, and many, were the annoyances from the mob, when they were in a particularly hostile mood. The missionaries could always tell, when suspicion was resting upon them, by these outward signs. The screen was torn from the kindergarten windows, an iron bar removed, and bedding stolen. The brigands shot their hens, several goats, and three cows.

At last, when the rabble began throwing stones and

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smashing the school-room windows, the missionaries sent a letter of protest to Jevan Bey. He replied in a most hostile tone, saying that he was greatly surprised at the unfriendly attitude the Americans were showing toward his men, and that if the missionaries persisted in this he would carry out on them the program that he had arranged for Hadjin, which meant that he would turn the cannon on the compound.

The missionaries were dismayed at this unjustifiable accusation, and utterly at a loss to understand Jevan Bey's unfair attitude. That night, as they groped about in the darkness, learning to feel their way as a blind man, they had the sensation of being very far away from America, and very close to the savage heart of the interior. Never had they been more acutely aware of the untamed nature of these men.

The rising moon, presently, cast long black shadows from the mountains upon the narrow valley. How dark and forbidding the shadows seemed, and how somber the other darkness that lay upon their hearts! There seemed something terrible in the remoteness of the interior that night. Above the braying of the donkeys, the hooting of an owl and other voices of the night, pulsed the barbarous music so suggestive of fatalism. The war-dance that was on at that hour gave ample manifestation of the animal passions of men that fructify in time of war.

"Why are these people created and allowed to behave as they do?" asked the Married One of her husband, who shook his head in puzzled silence. Both felt that these were a people in desperate need of the Gospel, the only thing that can change the savage

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heart of man. The moon now rose on high, and held all things in its shining grip. The shadows ceased to look so black and terrifying. The players prolonged the wailing notes till the screaming of their flutes sounded like the voices of human beings in distress. A motherly sensation of pity for them came over the Married One. "After all," she said, "they are only children of the wilds, and one must forgive them everything." She appeared the next morning at breakfast with the following poem, which she had written on the siege:

BATTLE DAYS

O, Battle days! Oh, grim and gray,
With wailing winds and weeping skies;
And dark despair is in the air,
While o'er us apprehension lies.

Just back from exile! Are they real—
Those crackling noises in the air;
While closer come the brigand bands:
Has God forgotten? Does He care?

The storm has come. A rain of steel,
Whose haunting echoes fill the air;
And wandering o'er each mountain peak,
Awake the echoes sleeping there.

How quiet now the noisy streets!
Deserted, silent, cold and dread;
Thus Hadjin lies before our eyes,
So like a city of the dead.

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The weary days, the weeks drag on.

Oh, God in heaven, hear their cry!

Stretch forth Thine arm: keep them from harm.

Let not this stricken remnant die!

Oh, God, thou knowest all the strain:

The terrors of each day and night.

Take Thou full sway, and speed the day

When right shall triumph over might!

At family worship they read these comforting portions from Isaiah: "Behold the nations are as a drop of a bucket. All nations before him are as nothing; and they are counted to him less than nothing, and vanity. It is he that sitteth upon the circle of the earth, and the inhabitants thereof are as grasshoppers. He giveth power to the faint; and to them that have no might he increaseth strength. They that war against thee shall be as nothing, and as a thing of naught. For I the Lord thy God will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, Fear not; I will help thee."

Little Mohammed felt lost in this war atmosphere, unmistakably and piteously lost. Everyone seemed busy, or worried, with no time for him. He had been so happy in the peaceful days before the siege. Now he was disturbed by the constant firing.

His life, so far, had been one long quest for food and safety. He was anxious, more anxious now, than he had ever been in all his young life. He was sick with anxiety. All this spoke plainly in his appealing, dark eyes. To him, Meudir Effendi was one who had

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stood tragically between him and stark danger. For this, he loved him passionately, and worried constantly, lest the Turks should get his dear father, who wore a hat. This morning he had been crying, and when Meudir Effendi came into the orphanage Mohammed looked apprehensively at his feet.

"Why are you watching my shoes, Mohammed?" asked Meudir Effendi, giving the little dark head a loving pat.

"Oh," cried Mohammed, his voice quivering with a tearful smile, "I saw the Turks take your shoes away from you, and you had to go barefoot. I have been crying about it; but now I believe I must have dreamed it."

Meudir Effendi stopped a few moments to comfort the wee lad, whose brown eyes looked up so anxiously into his face. Those eyes were full of discomfort and piteous appeal. "I'm so tired of this war," he said in pleading, broken tones; "oh, my Father-Who-Wears-A-Hat, won't you please give the brigands a few loaves of bread and let them go?" Mohammed knew that the main incentive for the attack was the amount of loot to be obtained, and he longed, frantically, to have the brigands go and leave the compound once more in peace and safety. His little brain was hard at work, devising some means by which the compound could be rid of these undesirable creatures.

"Yes, indeed, Mohammed," replied Meudir Effendi, "they may have all the bread we have, and they are welcome to my shoes, too, if they will only go and leave us in peace."

But peace at that moment was far away. An evil-looking crowd was rapidly collecting about the com-

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pound, uttering fierce, guttural exclamations of disapproval. "The Armenians here—may Allah never show them mercy—are working for our downfall," they cried. "Already the signals they have given Hadjin have caused our defeat."

The gathering mob murmured its approbation of these sentiments in fierce and angry undertones. They could not conceal their bitter prejudice against all Christians. Spitting on the ground to emphasize their contempt, they exclaimed aloud their disgust, that for so long time one Christian, to say nothing of three hundred of them, should have been permitted to live in their front lines. What else was to be expected, but that their presence would bring evil upon them!

With eyes full of murderous hate, they stood like wild animals ready to spring on their prey. The mob grew exceedingly restless, listening to these inflammatory utterances, and some leaped over the wall with fiercely uttered imprecations. Pointing their guns at Meudir Effendi, "We are going to search these premises," they cried angrily, "and if we find more than three guns here we are going to shoot you."

Undaunted, and outwardly cool at least, Meudir Effendi and the Little Lady faced the savage hordes. Since the Little Lady was in charge of this compound, and Meudir Effendi of the summer compound, these two missionaries always took the lead in dealing with the brigands. Just then, the officers, who meant to search the buildings, came on the scene, and, at the missionaries' request, placed soldiers at the different gates in the walls, to keep the mob at bay.

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Knowing that these men were not to be trusted alone, the Tall One and the Other One went bravely, one to the north wall and the other to the south, to keep the murderous hordes outside. In the meantime the whole unsuspecting household had to be rounded up, and there were only a few minutes in which to do it; minutes that passed quickly while Meudir Effendi and the Little Lady endeavored to detain the officers in conversation at the door.

The Doctor Lady took the two upper floors of the orphanage and gathered up the girls. The Married One went first to the men in the cellar. She had merely time to open the trap door and order them out hurriedly, begging them to trust her to explain all later. "Oh, surely you do not intend to show us to the Turks," they cried in protest, extremely agitated at the thought of what the outcome of such a step might be.

"Yes, yes," she replied in rapid, deprecating tones. "There is no other way. The Turks believe that we have fifty armed men hidden in the buildings, and if they should find you here in the cellar they would surely kill you."

Then she flew over to the school building and searched the rooms of each of the three floors rapidly for the boys. But not a single one was in sight. Catching sight of Althea, the head teacher, who was a Greek, "Where, oh where are the boys?" she cried in fearful suspense. "Do come and help me to find them!"

"They have hidden themselves from the Turks," replied Althea, in an anxious whisper. "They are in the vault under the school."

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"Oh," cried the Married One in distress beyond words; "do come and help me to get them out."

She opened the door of the vault. A damp, musty smell came to her nostrils, but nothing was visible, and no sound could be heard. All was in pitch darkness and as still as the grave.

"Oh, boys," she cried nervously, "do come out of here at once or you will get us in awful trouble. The Turks are going to count the children, and what will we do if you are not in evidence?"

Out the boys tumbled, one by one, headfirst, from the hole in the wall. The Married One and Althea tried to brush off some of the cobwebs while, breathlessly, they hustled those fifty, dusty, panting boys up two flights of stairs and through long passages to where the smaller boys, the men, the teachers, and the girls were assembled in the orphanage dining-room. This was the only room on the compound that could accommodate the entire company. The men had arranged themselves, as inconspicuously as possible, on benches at the back of the room, so that only the tops of their heads were discernible. The boys were just in the niche of time. The officers, led by Brahim, the Terrible One, now entered. In Ahmet's hand was the list of orphans, teachers, and workers received from the missionaries. For some reason, they seemed especially anxious to distinguish the Kurd and Greek children from the Armenian orphans. To spare them later on, perhaps.

But Mohammed did not understand it so. Into his heart a new sickness surged. The great tears welled up and kept coming pathetically fast, but he bit his lips in a brave attempt to hold them back.

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Unfortunately, just at this point, Yowis Ali discovered from the written list that there was a Kurd boy present. Being a Kurd himself, he felt very much pleased at this discovery.

"Is there a Kurd boy here?" he called out. "If so, let him stand forth!"

Poor Mohammed! He was panic-stricken. Here were the brigands, whom he disliked so terribly, right inside the orphanage. It seemed there was no place in all his little world where one could be safe from them. For weeks he had felt that they were after him in particular. Now they had found him. He grew whiter about the lips, and the pupils of his eyes dilated with fear. He stepped forward tensely, gripping his small hands tight at his sides.

"Are you a Kurd?" asked the young chief, looking kindly into Mohammed's tragic face.

But Mohammed was too overpowered with emotion to notice either the kind look, or tone. He only knew that his end had come. He alone, from among hundreds of children, had been the first to be singled out for death. He could not speak. He gave a pathetic little nod of his head, cast one last despairing glance about in search of Meudir Effendi, and burst into a wild paroxysm of weeping.

Meudir Effendi, however, was not in the room. He had gone with Officer Ahmed and Brahim, the Terrible One, who compelled him to go ahead of them into every dark hole and corner of the place. "For fearless outlaws," thought Meudir Effendi, "they seem to be very careful of their own skin." Aloud he remarked, casually: "I have heard of Turks dropping a few guns and bombs, secretly, during a search of this

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kind, and then pretending to discover them. But," he added, diplomatically, "of course, honorable officers like yourselves would not do anything like that." They looked at him half-guiltily and smiled sheepishly.

"Come on," called Meudir Effendi, hurrying them onward, "you have not looked into half the holes and dark places yet. Why do you hesitate to go in before me? Are you afraid an armed man will jump out and throw a bomb at you?" Determined that he would out-tire them at the job, the missionary's cheerful manner and persistent search into hidden places that they had never dreamed existed, soon convinced the Turks that the missionaries had nothing to hide. With murmured apologies, and many assurances of renewed confidence, the Turkish officers took their leave and the mob outside the wall dispersed.

Another danger point had been passed. Still their troubles came too thick and fast to permit of any rest of body or mind. The goats were dying daily. Out of a flock of eighty only fifty now remained. It was the time when the young kids were coming, and they had no hay or straw for them. The horses and donkeys were living on barley alone. The cows and goats were sent out, at great risk, to pasture in the narrow ravine, which was directly behind, and sheltered by the compound from the Hadjin fire.

Yeprim, a fourteen-year-old boy who was guarding them, was shot through the hip and through the hand by a dum-dum bullet which blew off his first knuckle. The Doctor Lady administered chloroform, and stitched up the great, gaping wounds. For the six long weeks before they were completely healed she

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cared for him, assisted nobly by Turfanda, a teacher, and Mary, a high-school girl, both of whom had been in training under the Doctor Lady.

Then another brave boy, Hohannes Satchian, went out with the flock. One of the ladies usually sat on guard on the back wall to see that nothing happened to the boys or the flock. One day some Turks carried off Hohannes. The Little Lady, who happened to be on hand at the time, went out and rescued him from them. Another day, when he ventured to take the flock a little farther up the ravine in search of green grass, a shower of bullets suddenly began to fall about him. He dropped behind a big rock for cover, but the Little Lady, thinking he might be wounded, ran to his help. With bated breath, the gathering missionaries watched them make their way down the ravine and back to the compound, a hail of bullets throwing up the dust all about them. Those were days of hair-breadth escapes.

The two dogs, Patsy of this compound, and Bessie of the summer compound, both so dear to the hearts of the children, had faithfully guarded the premises until both were shot. The children mourned the loss of the dogs and felt badly that they could see the bodies but could not get them to bury them. Maritsa Hanum, concerned for the health of the children, brought lime and managed to throw it over the body that lay nearest the school building, which was built into the southeast corner of the wall that surrounded the compound.

Ahmed Chowish, an old Agha from the village of Yagbasan, together with his men, were now sent to Camp No. 1, which was directly in front of the

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compound. The Turks had taken possession of the goat pen, outside the gate at the northeast corner, and had converted it into Camp No. 2. Just above this, higher up on the mountainside, was Camp No. 3, which contained some of the most unruly outlaws.

Seeing a group of workers boiling wheat in a large kettle, just outside the back door one morning, they fired down upon them. The missionaries reported the matter to Ahmed Chowish, to whom Jevan Bey had told them they might look when in need of protection. There was no uncertainty about his reply. "You must keep all your workers out of sight," he said. "They shot your best cow yesterday, and they would think no more of shooting an Armenian than they did that cow." The brigands pointed their guns at the girls who were carrying water, so after that the missionaries kept all the children and workers out of sight during the day, doing all the necessary outside work themselves. Besides this, they took turns in guarding the wall to keep out the thieving mob, who would leap over whenever no one was in sight.

Little Mohammed never recovered from the fright which he received when the buildings were searched. He was ill in bed next day. The Married One took him over to the missionary home, and, as he had long craved the privilege of sleeping in Meudir Effendi's room, he now had his desire granted. But his heart was still heavy within him. There were worried wrinkles on his forehead.

"Meudir Effendi," he began, while his brow knit more anxiously, "I am your little boy, am I not?" He did so want to belong to someone.

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"Yes, Mohammed, you are my little boy," was the encouraging reply.

"Then you will take care of me, won't you?" he asked in trusting hope, his piping little voice full of quivering notes. It was the cry of the child heart for a parent's love and protection.

"Yes, Mohammed, I'll take good care of you," responded Meudir Effendi, heartily. Reassured on this point, Mohammed nestled down under the covers with a happy sigh.

"I have many fathers," he said presently, a glad note of joy in his voice now. "There is you, Shapkalu Babum (my Father-Who-Wears-A-Hat), and there is my Kurd father in heaven. There is my rich father in America (Mohammed was supported by a man by the name of Rich), who sends the money to keep me in the orphanage. That makes three fathers."

"There is still One that you have forgotten, Mohammed," said Meudir Effendi, gently.

"Who?" asked the child, wonderingly.

"The best One of all," replied Meudir Effendi, "your heavenly Father."

"Oh, yes," he cried happily, while the joy of possession welled big within him and looked out from his speaking eyes. "That is Jesus' Father," he added musingly.

"Yes, and yours, too, Mohammed."

"And is He taking care of me all the time, Shapkalu Babum," he asked with eager questioning in his voice.

"Yes, indeed," Meudir Effendi assured him; "He takes the very best care of all." The child's tragic eyes began to shine happily.

"O na kadar ayee bir shay dir bana (What a fine

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thing that is for me)!" sighed Mohammed, his little heart comforted with the thought of possessing so many fathers.

His whole life had been one tragedy after another, and he was alive with a desire for peace and protection. The Married One nursed him, carrying out the Doctor Lady's instructions carefully, but he grew steadily worse. Pneumonia had developed once more, and his undernourished little body and weak heart could not pull him through.

Whenever a special attack was on he would cry out in his delirium: "Oh, that's enough! That's enough!" He could hear the Turks shouting their war-cry, and would cry out in fear: "Those men are after me; they are after me." How the Married One longed to take him to a place of peace and safety, where he might have had a chance to recover!

During the last night of his life on earth he kept repeating incessantly, "Let me be a sacrifice; let me be a sacrifice." Surely little Mohammed was a sacrifice—on the altar of the god of war! Toward morning he went to be with his heavenly Father, where there is no war to frighten little children.

But it seemed to the missionaries that the Turks gave them no time even to bury their dead. Meudir Effendi had gone outside the wall, taking two of the oldest boys with him, and was digging a grave under a pomegranate tree on the side of the ravine. Looking up, he saw that hostile groups of brigands were rapidly surrounding the compound. Dropping his shovel, he hurried back to ascertain the nature of the new storm that was brewing.

"Is anything the matter?" asked the Married One, a

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line of anxiety between her brows; "what does the gathering mob mean?"

Meudir Effendi turned and spoke rapidly through compressed lips: "They want to search the compound again. God only knows what their underlying motives are. It may be the girls that they are after, though they say it is the men. Nine Turks have signed a protest to the Commander, stating that we have forty armed men hidden in caves under the buildings, and that they know exactly where to find them."

Once more the officers came, and the missionaries, after expressing their surprise, fell into their different roles with an air of seeming cheerfulness. They were in the presence of possible tragedy and death, but they managed to smile and talk with the officers, while their hearts ached. Indignation surged in protest at this second humiliation, but wisdom told them that quiet acquiescence was the only thing, so they made no serious objection.

"I will have nothing whatever to do with this," said Yowis Ali, remaining behind on the stairs that led down into the orphanage dining-room, to talk with the missionaries while the other officers went below to carry on the search. "I am ashamed that you should be needlessly alarmed, and put to so much inconvenience for nothing."

At that moment the door leading to the school opened, revealing the dark, villainous features of Brahim, the Terrible One. In a few determined and mighty strides he reached Yowis Ali's side, "What are you doing here?" he asked in insinuating tones, his repulsive face leering up into the frank, open counte-

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nance of the young chief. Yowis Ali made no reply.

"We have orders to search these buildings. Do you mean to disobey these instructions?" demanded the Terrible One, his brawny arm gripping his gun threateningly. Cowed thus into submission, poor Ali followed the Terrible One in shamed-faced meekness from the room.

A friendly young soldier, Ismail, who was among those left on guard in the dining-room, now began to converse with the missionaries. "I know that white-haired man sitting in the back row there," he remarked presently, pointing to Menas Effendi. "He is a good man. I often had business transactions with him in the market, and I always found him strictly honest and upright in all his dealings."

Casting a furtive look about him to make sure that he was not overheard, he moved closer to the Married One. "You tell Menas Effendi for me," he said in a guarded whisper, "that, if a massacre should occur, I will save him. Tell him his friend Ismail sends him this message." But alas, in the big attack of the day following friend Ismail was killed.

These trying ordeals took their toll in young lives. A bright, affectionate lad of twelve years was lying ill in the school below. Without the knowledge of the missionaries, he was carried up into the dining-room, because some ignorant soldiers demanded that every child be present for inspection. The three hours of that terrible strain was too much for him, as it had been for Mohammed. He caught more cold, developed pneumonia, and two days later this promising boy lay cold in death. A second grave was dug under

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the pomegranate tree outside the back wall, and Bedros was laid to rest beside Mohammed.

The second month was passing, and still no word or sign from the French. The long, drawn-out affair was becoming unbearable. The days were bad enough, but the nights seemed one long nightmare. Though darkness came on, it brought no respite for wearied limbs. Earth and air trembled with the shock of cannon, and in the hurricane of lead that followed they wondered how any human being could live.

About this time Enver Bey was seized with dysentery. He grew steadily worse, until, at last, his friend Jevan was greatly alarmed and feared for his life. He begged the missionaries to take him in and nurse him back to health. They hesitated, fearing that he was already beyond hope. It put them in a difficult position. If they took him in, and he died, as seemed probable, the Turks would say they had poisoned him. If they refused to take him in that would equally bring the wrath of the enemy on their heads.

There was nothing to do but take Enver Bey in, and pray that God would intervene on their behalf and save his life. If he recovered he might be useful later as a friend; and surely they needed a friend in the camp now, for the wild mob was growing beyond all control. But how they wished it might have been Jevan Bey, instead of Enver! But while their destinies were hanging in the balance, God knew that Enver, and not the milder dispositioned Jevan whom they preferred, was the man—and the only man—who could protect them from the mob; for even Jevan could not always command the obedience of the worst outlaws.

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Meudir Effendi accompanied the Doctor Lady to the clinic building just outside the front wall, where Enver Bey was placed, and together they nursed him. For a few days his recovery seemed uncertain; then he took a change for the better, and in ten days he was able to be up. The missionaries rejoiced, for Camp No. 3 was giving them trouble, and they felt the need of Enver's restraining presence. Wild desperadoes as they were in this camp, Enver Bey could be still more desperate and reckless, and thus kept a hold over them, for there was usually some method in his mad recklessness.

But, in spite of his many faults, there was still something likable about Enver Bey. He, too, was a child of the wilds, with a great deal of the savage in him; yet there were times when he could be kindly considerate of his friends. The missionaries had saved his life, and he felt now under obligation to do as much for them if opportunity offered, and, as things looked at present, the opportunity was likely to offer.

The next day Camp No. 3 took things into their own hands. They had been held back long enough. Was it not the wish of Allah that they should sweep the infidels (the Turk calls a Christian an infidel) from off the face of the earth? What was the use in being so long about it? Was not their very presence polluting to the land of Islam? Then, surely he that slayeth a Christian doeth service to Allah, and will receive his reward.

While the thoughts of the wicked outlaws ran thus, brave little Satchian, who had spent the forenoon pasturing the goats in the narrow ravine behind the buildings, thought he would take one of the donkeys

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to water. None of the missionaries knew of his intention, and he did not seem to realize the danger. He rode the donkey to the well in safety, watered the animal, and was returning to the stable when three shots rang out very sharp and close.

Coming out just then upon the scene, the Little Lady saw a sight that made her blood congeal. A misgiving and distinct uneasiness had swept over Meudir Effendi and his wife at the sound of those shots, and they were already hurrying from the missionary home when they heard the Little Lady call. Following the sound of her voice, they soon caught sight of a huddled heap, before which the Little Lady was kneeling, her face ghastly white and her hands gripped together convulsively. She looked up at them in mute agony, and they could not repress a cry of horror as they recognized the features of Hohannes Satchian.

There was no doubt about the skill of the sharpshooters. They had taken deliberate aim at the boy's neck, and two bullets had hit the mark. Hohannes lay as he had fallen from the donkey, a ghastly pool of blood slowly widening under his head. The fact that one of the brigands had used a dum-dum bullet which tore the throat of the victim, seemed to add to the heartless cruelty of the act.

There was need for instant action. Meudir Effendi ran quickly for Enver Bey, while the other Americans gathered round the scene of the tragedy. The reflected glow of the mid-day sky illumined the white face with a ghastly vividness. "I shall never be able to efface this from my memory," said the Tall One; "it will always haunt me."

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"It is an appalling ordeal," said the Little Lady, "but we must make a desperate effort to recover our nerve."

With an audacious air of dare-deviltry mingled with curiosity, the brigands in Camp No. 3 were looking down upon them. The Americans knew that their every move was being watched, and that it might be their turn next. Yet they managed to act as though they were unacquainted with fear, for any symptoms of panic would have encouraged the brigands to sweep down upon the compound. The outlaws were waiting to see what the Americans would do, and they did not know that Enver Bey was able to walk yet.

Meudir Effendi then returned with Enver, who looked very pale and anxious. After looking at the still form he stepped back a few paces in order that Camp No. 3 might get a better view of him. Then, raising a hand to command their attention, he called out an order for them to cease firing. Knowing that his presence was a protection to the Americans, he remained until the preparations for burial were well under way. The Tall One brought relief goods, and she and the Little Lady wrapped the silent form in white cotton sheeting, after the Doctor Lady had sponged away some of the blood. Four boys, with their teacher, Alexan Khoja, brought a ladder on which the body was placed and carried outside the wall.

Three Circassian officers came to watch the burial of Satchian. They, too, were desperadoes, and one, whom the missionaries had named, "The Black Circassian," was feared much by them. They could not help wondering, as they looked upon these men,

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whether they had been participators in the perpetration of the crime.

Prayer was offered at the grave by Meudir Effendi, followed by a petition from Alexan Khoja. The Other One and the Married One were watching from the wall. The Circassians came and sat on the wall near them. The Doctor Lady and Meudir Effendi stepped into the grave and tenderly lowered the body, while the Other One and the Married One wiped away some tears. All this was done under the intensely observant eyes of the outlaws.

"Why do you weep?" asked one of them, wonderingly. "The boy was only the dog of a Christian!"

"What soft hearts these Christians seem to have!" remarked the second in a wonder-struck tone. "That they should weep in sorrow amazes me."

The third, the Black Circassian, had been silently observing the signs of loving care with which the burial was being conducted. His astonishment had been growing by leaps and bounds. "Why," he cried, his voice vibrant with amazement: "*They loved him! They actually loved the boy!*"

Turning to the Married One, he said, "What a pity the chetes (brigands) had not shot another boy instead of the one you loved!"

"Ah, but," she replied softly, "don't you see? We love them all!"

The Black Circassian continued to gaze with puzzled eyes upon the scene. This was something altogether beyond him. He wondered if, after all, they were doing right in waging this war against the infidels, and for the first time a doubt crept into his mind.

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In the days that followed there was a marked change in this wicked man. He came often to visit and talk with them, and they no longer feared him. So different was his attitude toward them that, thereafter, instead of calling him "that awful Black Circassian," they called him "The Lamb." Their enemy had become their friend.

CHAPTER XVI

Arranging An Armistice

How to bring about peace between the Turks and the Armenians—the two bitterly hostile camps—and prevent the carnage that must inevitably ensue, was the problem that had occupied the minds of the missionaries from the beginning. They were anxious to bring together the most able and moderate men of both sides: men who could maintain control over the extremists, and rid the ranks of the ferocious rabble that thirsted for blood and loot. If, in some way, such men could be brought together to talk the matter over, it was possible that some dignified solution might be found.

"Thy mouth uttereth wisdom," replied Jevan Bey, after they had talked on the subject with him for the nth time. "It would be best for the Armenians to come to our terms, for long ere this moon hath run its course they will experience terrible and crushing defeat. When our victorious troops enter the city every inhabitant will be massacred: no one will be spared—not even the women and children."

Dogan Bey, the Nationalist Commander for Cilicia, was then at the Hadjin front. Through Jevan Bey, he sent the Americans the letters, which the French aeroplane brought for Hadjin but dropped by mistake into the Turkish lines. In these letters little hope was expressed that the French would be able to send a force to Hadjin. That explained why the Turks sat

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around regardless of time, and so confident of ultimate victory.

Dogan Bey thought the time now seasonable for a winning move. After presenting the contents of the French communications, he asked that the missionaries go into the city and try to arrange an armistice. He said he would give orders for the Turkish troops not to fire any for a period of five hours, beginning at nine o'clock the next morning. The Hadjin people, however, knew nothing of this, and there was the great danger that they might unsuspectingly fire upon the missionaries long before they approached near enough to be recognized.

"Yes, of course, there is that danger," Jevan Bey had replied to this objection, "but, if you should be killed, you must bear in mind that you are dying for a good cause."

This reply did not fill the missionaries with enthusiasm, especially as they failed to see how it would benefit either side if they did not reach the city. However, they were glad to take any risk that might possibly result in bringing about peace between them, so next morning Meudir Effendi and the Little Lady, bearing a white flag and the Stars and Stripes, started for the city.

Words cannot portray the mental anguish experienced by those who were watching them from the compound. On the trail that led to the city there was deadly peril for the helpless travelers. The breathing of the Married One grew more difficult every moment. She thought of the swift death that flashes through the air in the front lines. She was listening for shots and praying not to hear any. The Turks had

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said that, if they so much as raised a finger above the trenches, the alert Armenian sharpshooters saw it and fired instantly.

Eyes from the compound could follow the road until it reached the little bridge. Just at this point the watchers saw the flag that the Little Lady was bearing aloft swerve slightly to one side. She and Meudir Effendi were passing over No Man's Land and had caught sight just then of the swollen bodies of the Turkish dead that lay decaying in the sun. Steeling themselves against the creeping feeling of horror, they pressed bravely on.

Beyond the bridge the road dipped down toward the city, hiding the messengers from view. But there was no doubt, now, but what the Armenians had already recognized them. The feeling of suspense in the compound lessened a bit. Though they could not see Meudir Effendi and the Little Lady, yet, mentally, they visioned them passing down the incline and taking the sharp curve around the shoulder of the mountain; then along the edge of a steep embankment, and from thence into the heart of the city. The trip was over, and thank God it had been made in safety. Those in the compound breathed easier, and hoped for peace and brighter days to come.

Before the five hours' armistice was over, Meudir Effendi and the Little Lady made the return trip, and the joy of having them once more secure within the compound was somewhat marred by the fact that they were not able to bring the Turks a satisfactory answer from the Armenians. The latter refused to give up their arms, as the Turks demanded. "We have taken them up only in defence of our homes and loved ones;

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and we shall not use them for any other purpose," was their reply.

The Turks were very much disappointed. They had expected that the Americans would be able to deliver the city into their hands. Their losses had been very heavy, and, thus far, they had not been able to get into the city. To get in would mean to sacrifice men in larger numbers, and they were not willing to do this.

Meanwhile the weary weeks dragged by. Enver was so much at home now in his new quarters that he sent over his and his servant's wash weekly. All were kept busy supplying his numerous demands. They never knew what to expect next from Enver.

One day he called Meudir Effendi and informed him that three women had come from a very distant village to inquire for his health. "They heard of my serious illness," he explained, "and I think it was most kind of them to come all that distance to see me."

"Yes," replied Meudir Effendi, knowing that the women must have come for some other purpose, and wondering whither the conversation was leading.

"A few moons ago, when I was campaigning in the district in which they live," Enver went on to explain further, "these women were very kind to me. In fact, they supplied my every need; so I think it would be only what is due them if I should give each of them a present."

Meudir Effendi agreed with these sentiments. "I think, also, that the presents should be fairly handsome ones," Enver ran on, with his charming, enigmatical smile. Meudir Effendi again agreed with him, but it was evident to Enver that he was missing the

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point entirely. Thereupon he proceeded to further enlighten him.

"Meudir Effendi," he said, coming closer and pressing his arm warmly, "being a man, I do not know much about these things. Your ladies will know exactly what to give. Now I think," he concluded with the air of one who was showering favors on humanity, "that it would be a most fitting and proper thing if your ladies would supply the presents." This was typical, Turkish reasoning, for, to Enver's mind, it was the will of Allah that the Americans should share the expense of their campaign.

The women had received their presents and had departed. The shades of night were falling. It was the hour when the cannon was turned upon the city. A glimpse, at that time, into the rooms occupied by the orphans should have moved the heart of the most cruel.

Nearly all had some near relative in the city: a young brother, an aunt, an uncle, or a cousin. What shadows of anguish, what cold shudders of dread crept over them in this dark hour! To them it seemed impossible to believe, that no relative would fall before that storm of bullets. Fear haunted their aching hearts.

Some lay on their mattresses prostrate with the terror of it; literally benumbed with the nightmare of dread. Others sat, their heads buried in their arms, while their breasts heaved with short, convulsive sobs and gasps of prayer. Older girls lay quietly, face downward. Each crash of the cannon sent a convulsive shiver through each prostrate form.

The teachers sat silent; anguish and despair pic-

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tured on their faces. What awful suspense was theirs! Nothing to do but wait till the attack was over, and how long the time seemed! How the hours dragged! "Will this trouble never, never end?" was the question that haunted them daily, and the Tempter was ever on hand to answer in despondent tone: "Never! Never!"

"The little ones bear up best of all," remarked the Other One, on one of these visits. "Their trust in God is so simple. They pray fervently for a time, then listen to the uproar and sigh awhile; after that they turn over and go to sleep." Blessed faith of childhood!

The Turks were again about to ask some great favor. The missionaries could tell this by the outward signs. Dogan Bey sent them with his salaams (greetings) a year-old calf, a large cheese, and a cow's stomach filled with butter.

"What a princely present," exclaimed the Little Lady, in great dismay. "He must be intending to ask us to risk our lives again for the Kemalist cause."

When a Turk sends a present one knows that he means to ask a favor. The magnitude of the favor will be according to the size of the present. One knows this and resents it. Yet to refuse either the present or the favor would be to declare oneself his bitter enemy. Thus the wily Turk holds one in his clutches.

"I am to be implicated in this affair: I have been invited out to dine with the officers," said Meudir Effendi, ruefully. "They have their designs on us again: there is no doubt about that."

For two days the Americans were kept in the dark as to the significance of the presents and the invita-

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tion. Then, toward the close of the second day, Jevan Bey appeared with a written request from Dogan Bey. It contained a very wordy and flowery introduction, after which ran these words: "We know that your purpose in being in our country is to serve humanity. We know equally well that you are ever ready to do this when opportunity offers, even at the sacrifice of your lives. It is my desire that Meudir Effendi pass through the front trenches tonight, as far as the Marash road, to speak my mind to the Hadjin commanders."

Jevan Bey explained that at the point, where their trenches crossed the Marash road, they were nearest the city, and Meudir Effendi's voice could be heard best from thence. Meudir Effendi was to call to Hadjin from there; ask them to cease firing, and then crawl over into No Man's Land and convey Dogan Bey's message, verbally, to the Hadjin Commanders. As a token of their implicit confidence in Meudir Effendi, the Turks told him he might speak in English with the druggist, Mehron Effendi, afterward.

CHAPTER XVII

A Trip To No Man's Land

DARKNESS lay over the land. It filled the room where Meudir Effendi stood with his wife. They had just had prayer, and he was bidding her farewell. "You are not letting this worry you, are you, dear?" he asked, a world of tender concern in his tone.

"No," she whispered, glad that the friendly darkness hid her white face. "I feel that you are doing the right thing. We must do our duty in every crisis, even though it may mean death. Life would not be worth living afterward if we were to fail." Then she swallowed hard at the lumps that came into her throat, while Meudir Effendi murmured: "Don't forget the verse on the calendar for today—'The chariots of the Lord are twenty thousand, and thousands of angels, and the Lord is among them.'"

As he passed through the gate in the wall she saw Enver and Jevan silently join him, with an escort of twenty-five others. The red light from the torches of the servants, who stood by in the shelter of the parsonage, revealed the dark forms of the brigands as they fell into a circle about her husband and moved off with him. Then all was quickly swallowed up in darkness.

A disquieting thought came to haunt her. Perhaps this was merely a Turkish trick to kidnap him. What if he were never allowed to return? But, no, she must not permit herself to think of such a possibility!

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Meudir Effendi had two or three hours, before the moon began to shed her light, in which to accomplish his mission. The Married One dropped by the open window, and gazed into the blackness of the night in silent communion with her Maker. Those three hours seemed an eternity. Every shot that was fired in the meantime sent a quiver through her kneeling form.

Jevan Bey walked ahead, calling to the men in the trenches to cease firing. This trip required that every ounce of nerve and self-possession be brought into play. Yet Jevan Bey moved unconcernedly, as though exposing himself and his companions to the fire of the enemy was nothing unusual. Meudir Effendi followed closely after him. Bullets from Hadjin whizzed by them, passing often within a hand's breadth, and making them realize that the expedition might easily result fatally to each of them.

The escort had dropped behind, and Meudir Effendi was alone with Enver and Jevan. The Marash road was reached in safety, and Enver called out: "Hadjinlees! Send for your Commander! Your friend, Meudir Effendi, has come to talk with you."

Suspecting some trick, the Hadjinlees would not at first believe. Meudir Effendi then called to them. Recognizing his voice, Commander Ogoolookian and Mehron Effendi came on the scene. After giving the Hadjin soldiers orders not to fire for the time being, they crawled out into the center of No Man's Land and conversed with Meudir Effendi there, after which Enver Bey talked with Commander Ogoolookian, while Mehron Effendi and Meudir Effendi carried on a conversation in English.

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Jevan Bey was very much pleased when Meudir Effendi and Enver Bey returned with the reply of the Hadjin Committee, in which it was stated that Hadjin would be very glad to receive the Americans during the following day, and that any Turk officers who cared to accompany them would be courteously received during the proposed armistice.

"It is the first time," said Jevan Bey exultingly, "that we have been able to have a satisfactory talk with them over the trenches. They would not have listened to us if you had not been present, Meudir Effendi."

The Married One still knelt by the window of the unlighted room, gazing out into the impenetrable darkness. Each minute of the long hours had been weighted with suspense. For ought she knew, her husband's life might have been already given in sacrifice, and quivering under the pain of it all, she had repeated the following lines:

"If Thou shouldst ask me to resign
What most I prize—it is not mine:
I only give Thee what is Thine—
My Lord, Thy will be done!"

The peace of perfect submission to the will of God stole into her sorely-tried heart. Meanwhile Meudir Effendi, his feet encased in noiseless Turkish umanies (slippers), was carefully threading his way homeward through the trenches. An indescribable weight was lifted from the heart of the Married One when she saw that he was unhurt. Shots still rang out with crackling clearness on the still night air, but she ceased to

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listen to them. The future was teeming with momentous problems and grave perils. On the morrow Meudir Effendi and the Little Lady would once again make the hazardous trip into the city in the interests of peace. What the outcome would be no one dared to prophesy, but for the remaining hours of the night they tried to banish all misgivings and forboding while they endeavored to snatch a little sleep.

Early next morning the Little Lady, bearing the United States flag, and Meudir Effendi, with a large white flag, left the compound, and started out on the road leading to the city. Outwardly calm and unflinching, they faced the guns of the opposing forces. Jevan and Enver followed a few rods behind them to signify their interest and desire for peace negotiations, but turned back ere they were half way to the little bridge.

The hearts of the fearful onlookers from the compound almost stood still during the time required for the Americans to pass into the city, for they knew that this was no easy task. Besides being a perilous and uncertain venture, it required almost superhuman courage to cross the battleground with the decaying bodies that the Turks had been unable to secure for burial.

It was five weeks since they had gone in the first time, and they found that the Armenians had made good use of the intervening space. It was only with the greatest difficulty that they could get through the wire entanglements and other fortifications. The Armenians had gathered up the shells that had failed to explode when thrown into the city by the Turks, and had used them to place mines all about the out-

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skirts of the town. These they could set off all at once or explode in sections. Without the help of the Armenian guide who met the missionaries and told them where to step in safety it would have been altogether impossible for them to have entered.

The Hadjin Committee gave the missionaries an affectionate welcome. "We feel that the hand of God is upon us," they said, "and it is only due to His mercy that we continue to exist. Our women and children pray all the time. It has been very wonderful about the cannon shells. Thus far they have either exploded in some building where no one happened to be at the time, or they have failed to explode when thrown into a place where our people had congregated. Only the other day, while we were having a council meeting, a shell came through the wall of the room we were occupying, and dropped right in among us, but—praise be to God—it failed to explode."

The missionaries made some remarks about their recent fortifications. "Yes," they replied, "we are better prepared now than when you were here before, but the best of all our preparations is something that is of more importance. You will be pleased to hear that the entire city has had a change of heart. All act very differently now, and to us it seems a miracle of God."

A great change was apparent. Many had returned from exile not believing in God any more. Others had said, if there was a God, He had entirely forgotten the Armenians. Pastor Khatchadourian, the Bible women, and Evangelist Manuel had done splendid work during the year. Great numbers had been converted during revivals. The good work had con-

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tinued, and bore more fruit than ever during the heart-searching months of the siege. The missionaries found that even the Commanders were entirely changed in spirit, and the boasting Gamavoors (volunteers) were silent.

The Hadjin people had great faith in visions. "A little child from our midst," said they, "was given a vision from God. An angel appeared before the child and said, 'Tell the Hadjin people that they must cease swearing.' Whereupon, those in authority immediately passed a law forbidding any man to swear. Any one who disobeyed this law was imprisoned.

In answer to Dogan Bey's demand that they surrender all their arms to him, and allow him to set up a Turkish government in the city, they sent the following reply:

"1. If Dogan Bey would open a road, and guarantee them safe conduct on the way, they would leave all their property to the Turks, and, taking their wives and children with them, they would leave Cilicia.

"2. If Dogan Bey would not permit this, they would make a depot of their arms, which they had merely taken up in self-defense. What they asked for was an extended armistice. They would then become the subjects of whatever nation Cilicia was given to at the World's Peace Conference, and to that nation they would surrender their arms."

With this message, Meudir Effendi and the Little Lady returned safely to the compound. They felt that they had now earned the right to see Dogan Bey in person. They were tired of carrying on such a lengthy correspondence with him all these weeks. There had been times when they had been very much in doubt

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as to whether there really was such a general present at Green Top Camp above, as the Turks declared. If so, they felt that the time had come for them to speak face to face with him, instead of delivering the Hadjin reply to Jevan Bey as usual. They communicated their feeling to the latter.

Jevan made excuses. The compound was under fire. It was not fitting that the general should risk so precious a life in making the trip down to the compound. But the Americans remained firm in their determination to see Dogan Bey. If they could live under fire month by month, surely the great Pasha could stand it for a few hours. If not, they were willing to make the trip to Green Top Camp and visit him at his headquarters.

To the latter proposal Jevan again demurred. The Americans already knew too much, and saw too much of what was going on at the front. It did not seem the part of wisdom to let them into any more of their military secrets. He said he would use his influence to get the general to visit them. That evening, towards sunset, a messenger brought the word that Dogan Bey and his bodyguard were approaching.

"Then they did not lie to us, after all," thought the missionaries, "and there really is such a personage in the ranks of the enemy." When he stood at last in the salaam room door, and waited while Americans honored him by bowing low in the profuse Oriental way of greeting, they saw a tall man of military bearing, with blue eyes of steel and a Kaiser moustache—a typical Turkish officer of the tall, trained type. From his appearance it was evident that, though the Nationalists claimed to be not soldiers but brigands,

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some picked generals had been sent out—who knows, perhaps from Constantinople itself—to organize and carry on this movement against the Allies.

The missionaries, when they had seated him in the best chair in the room and had exchanged numerous and lavish compliments in the Eastern way, asked him for an explanation of this new war. Dogan Bey replied: "The Nationalist movement started because we Turks were tired of waiting seventeen months on the Peace Conference, to do something. We were fearful lest our country be taken from us. Our Stamboul (Constantinople) Government was weak, and put forth no effort to retain a hold on our Ottoman Empire. The leader of the Nationalist movement, Mustafa Kemal Pasha—may Allah preserve his life—has organized to drive out the foreigners, and especially the French from Cilicia."

He thanked them for having gone in to the city once more at his request, and they then talked over the points of the Hadjin reply at some length. The first, he said, was impracticable, and he refused to consider it, even for a moment. The second, he thought, might have possibilities. He asked Meudir Effendi and the Little Lady to go into the city once again, and tell Hadjin that he would like to talk with them further on this point. The French flag was still floating o'er the city, and had been an eyesore to the Turks from the beginning of the siege. "But tell them," said Dogan Bey, firmly, "that they must take down that French flag before I shall talk with them."

Once more the two missionaries made the trip so fraught with danger, and carried Dogan Bey's communication. The time fixed for the armistice for that

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occasion was not long enough for the Americans to wait for the Hadjin reply. Time passed and neither side made any further effort to communicate with each other. The missionaries wished that the two sides might come to some mutual agreement, for the hope of outside help coming was growing more and more remote. The trees between the compound and the city had, by this time, become mere shredded trunks. Each night there was an incredible volume of gunfire. Never in the wildest stretch of their imagination had the missionaries thought it was possible to fire so many guns in such rhythmical succession. Yet the Turks seemed to be able to keep this wild tornado going without a moment's break, for two or three hours each night after darkness came down, and again for the same length of time each morning before day-break. It was evident that the Turks were not lacking in amunition and modern German equipment.

Those in the compound lived through the depths of the Psalms with David. Verses never noticed before in times of peace now became vividly appropriate. "Why standest Thou afar off, O Lord?" they cried with the Psalmist. "Why hidest thou thyself in times of trouble? Thy hand presseth me sore. My soul is full of troubles. Hide me from my deadly enemies who compass me about. He fighting daily oppresseth me. O Lord, consider my trouble which I suffer. But I will hope continually. Thou which hast showed me great and sore troubles shall bring me up again from the depths, and comfort me on every side."

"Five bullets came through our bedroom window last night," remarked Meudir Effendi at breakfast next morning. Since the long, steel-nosed bullets

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came through the walls as though they were made of paper, Meudir Effendi had piled trunks and boxes in front of the window, and placed his bed in front of that. "The bullets buried themselves in the clothing in the trunks, and there was only one thin side of the trunk between us and eternity. Our lives were spared once more by a very narrow margin."

At family worship that morning they derived comfort from the following portions selected from Isaiah: "Who art thou, that thou shouldst be afraid of a man that shall die, and forgettest the Lord thy Maker, that stretched forth the heavens, and laid the foundations of the earth; and hast feared continually every day because of the fury of the oppressor, as if he were ready to destroy? *Where is the fury of the oppressor?* I am the Lord, thy God. I have covered thee in the shadow of mine hand. These two things are come unto thee, desolation and destruction, famine and the sword: by whom shall I comfort thee? Therefore hear now this, thou afflicted: thus saith thy Lord the Lord, and thy God that pleadeth the cause of his people, Behold I have taken out of thine hand the cup of trembling; thou shalt drink no more of it again, but I will put it into the hand of them that afflict thee."

The Americans felt that they had seen quite enough of the strife and turmoil caused by the evil passions of men. They had had a long draught from the cup of trembling. Yet, after all, they felt that their sufferings were as naught when compared with those of the Armenians. How their hearts ached every day for that afflicted people! The missionaries could all remember happy days of childhood, and, if they managed to live through this siege, they could again

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return to their peaceful and loved America. But the Armenians had never known peace and freedom, and their future was still most obscure.

Enver Bey now sent over word that the Nationalist delegation had arrived from Cæsarea. It seemed the Turks had felt so confident of a successful issue to the peace negotiations that they had telegraphed this news, and a delegation of Turk, Kurd, and Circassian Beys had come to take part in the triumphal entry into the city. Jevan and Enver had also asked the missionaries to have suits and caps made for themselves out of the woolen cloth the missionaries had on hand for the orphan boys' coats, and which these officers had seen when the buildings were searched. Enver had even asked whether the Tall One would not be willing to embroider on their caps some Turkish words proclaiming them as victors. But, as things did not seem to be progressing very rapidly towards peace, just then, he did not press the matter.

Jevan and Enver brought the distinguished Beys to call on the Americans, after which they invited Meudir Effendi to accompany them down to the valley below the compound, where the delegation of Beys were going to inspect the newly-arrived troops. Having been imprisoned for so long, Meudir Effendi found it a pleasant change—to walk on the green grass in the sunshine. The orphans, however, were terrified and rushed to tell the Married One that the Turks were carrying off her husband.

Ahmed Chowish, who was in charge of the men in Camp No. 1 directly in front of the compound, was now thoroughly won over to the side of the Americans, and helped the villagers to smuggle in food to them by

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night. He visited the compound next day and told the missionaries that he had discovered a plot to carry off the largest orphan girls. Ahmed became indignant. "One of the brigand chiefs—may Allah never show him mercy—has just stolen a Turk girl from a village," he said. "I know how I would feel if they carried off my daughter, and I know how you feel about it. When the time they have set to carry out the plot comes, you will see—if Allah willeth—what your friend Ahmed can do.

"May Allah guard us in His shadow and disappoint not our hopes," he continued. "If we live through these tumultuous times, I shall take you, Meudir Effendi, and your ladies out to my peaceful village to rest. There, far away from these scenes of blood and war, you shall eat fresh butter and yogart (sour milk) in plenty. I shall feed you with cream, and command my servants to slay a lamb. Ah!" he went on wistfully, as he visioned the green fields of his village farm, "how my soul longs for the taste of yogart! Shall I ever sit at home again and eat it under the shade of my own fig tree? May Allah—whose name be ever praised—guide our footsteps in the paths of peace!"

Among the thousands of prisoners whom the British were releasing from Egypt, and who were being added daily to the Kemalist ranks, Ahmed had a nephew. He brought him over the following day and introduced him proudly.

"You will love our Vallie," he said beamingly, "because he has learned from the British how to speak English." Vallie was a fine, upstanding young man with a pleasant face.

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"Praise be to Allah who hath preserved thee," he greeted the Americans in Turkish. "Plenty warm," he added in English, with his frank, young smile.

"Yes, plenty," agreed the missionaries.

Vallie's gaze wandered about in search of a topic for conversation. "Plenty bad men," he remarked, with a wave of his hand toward Camp No. 3. "Plenty bad—*galipsy*."

"Galipsy?" asked the Married One, puzzled but politely inquiring, "Is that a Turkish word?"

"No, No! English! You no speak *galipsy*?" The Married One shook her head in perplexity, while Vallie looked his disappointment. Suddenly a solution occurred to her. "What is it in Turkish?" she asked, hopefully.

"Chalmak," said Vallie, brightening up; "English—galipsy; Turkish—chalmak (to steal)."

"Well, you see," consoled the Married One, explaining her ignorance, "there is some little difference between my language and English. You know we people who live in America really speak American."

Vallie looked his dignified relief. "I now go," he said, starting off. At the gate he paused long enough to call back: "Come again," thinking he was bidding them farewell. The simple villagers gazed after Vallie in open-mouthed wonder, as the Doctor Lady's deft fingers dressed their wounds. They were filled with admiration for Vallie's accomplishments, and proud that they came from the same village as he. As for Ahmed, his fatherly countenance beamed with a satisfaction he could not conceal.

Vallie determined to show his friendliness in a practical way. Next day he came again, bringing forty

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eggs for the missionaries. "I do not want money for these," he said, "but some day, when this trouble is over you may make me a little present of cloth." Vallie hoped to get married as soon as things settled down, and the Little Lady, who had a piece of bright pink goods on hand, which she thought would make a wedding dress for his bride, laid it aside for this purpose.

"I know the English word for 'little,'" said Vallie, confidently.

"Do you, Vallie? What is it?"

"Pickaninny," he smiled proudly, and wondered why the missionaries laughed.

"Oh, I know," he sighed regretfully; "my English plenty bad." It was evident that the British soldiers in Egypt had had some fun while teaching Vallie.

"I plenty sick: plenty sick here," said Vallie, laying his hand on his breast. Though he looked the picture of health, the missionaries murmured words of sympathy. Were they not also "plenty sick" of the whole long-drawn-out affair?

The Tall One, who had been on guard at the wall, now came off duty, giving a humorous account of her faithfulness in smiling upon all the brigands who passed by. "When I thought of the real cause of my smiles," she said, "it struck me as very amusing. I was really smiling because I did not want to be shot by any of them. It was just as if I were saying, 'Now please don't shoot—please don't.'" The others agreed, and all laughed heartily. "Whatever would we do," asked the Little Lady, "if it were not that occasionally we see the humor in the situation, which helps to relieve the pressure a bit?"

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They retired to rest behind their barricade, for it was deemed the wisest plan to assume a horizontal while the Turks were launching their hurricane of steel against the brave Hadjinlees. But sleep had scarce visited their weary brains, when they were roused by loud and angry voices in the clinic building.

Ahmed's men, who were still faithfully keeping the fast in spite of the heat of the day and their strenuous life in the trenches, had come in after the attack was over to get something to eat. Jevan Bey had happened along just then and found only four men holding a certain trench where twenty men should have been on duty. He reported the matter to Enver Bey.

Hot-headed Enver was engulfed at once by anger. To make matters worse, he had been drinking, and self-control deserted him with a rush. "You dog!" he exploded, grabbing poor, old Ahmed by the collar and shaking him; "what do you mean by deserting the trenches in this way?" His anger suddenly ran into more forceful action. With a quick spring aside, he caught up his rifle and began pounding Ahmed with it.

Next morning Ahmed came into the compound for treatment, displaying a badly swollen arm. "It was a mistake on Enver Bey's part," said the old man. "Not that I cannot overlook it," he added with kindly tolerance, "but my men—they are so angry—I fear they will kill him."

Rage, bitter resentment, and a mad hunger for revenge possessed the men in Camp No. 1, for these were Ahmed's neighbors. Ahmed had almost more than he could do to control them. Each time they thought of the indignity of it, over them swept an

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uncontrollable desire to get their hands on this hot-headed officer who had subjected their venerable village chief to such a humiliation. It seemed that things were fast approaching a climax in more ways than one.

The officers' friendship for the Americans went up and down like a thermometer, and they never knew what to expect. That afternoon Enver called Meudir Effendi over to his rooms. "They have their designs on me," said Meudir Effendi on his return; "for some reason they are growing exceedingly friendly again; I am invited to meet a body of Beys in the clinic building tomorrow afternoon. I wonder what they are planning?"

The following afternoon, when he visited Enver, he found the building full of officers, many of whom he had never seen before. They received him warmly, with the most profuse expressions of friendship. One after another the Beys made long speeches, after which one of them rose and said: "Meudir Effendi is not an Armenian; neither is he an American any longer. He has become a "chete" (brigand), and he is now one of ourselves."

Thereupon Yowis Ali produced a small steel ornament, on which was engraved a red flag with the Turkish star and crescent. Approaching Meudir Effendi solemnly, as though it was an event of great consequence, he pinned the steel flag upon the front of Meudir Effendi's hat, while all the brigand chiefs looked on approvingly. After that they seemed to feel that the ceremony was concluded. A servant then entered bearing a tray with tiny Turkish cups filled with a coffee syrup, and the brigand chiefs all drank

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together with Meudir Effendi to seal the new friendship.

"Behold!" cried Meudir Effendi, humorously, when he returned to the ladies: "I have been made a brigand chief. Do you not see my decoration? It may appear to be of little consequence, but they tell me that without this badge of the Nationalists no man is allowed to travel through the interior."

"And what are you to do in return for this honor, Meudir Effendi?" they asked, knowing well the Turkish mind.

"Crawl over again into No Man's land tonight," he replied, ruefully. "Jevan and Enver have been trying to talk with Hadjin several times of late, over the trenches, but have been most unsuccessful. No sooner had they opened a conversation, than the men from both sides began firing."

"I cannot understand," interrupted one of the teachers at this point, "how the Married One can trust her husband with the Turks this way."

"It is not that she trusts the Turks," replied Menas Effendi, wisely; "it is that she trusts the Lord."

Meudir Effendi made his second risky trip to No Man's Land that night after dark. The Turks demanded that the Armenians come out to the American compound to talk over the peace terms. The Armenians, fearing treachery, refused to come more than half way out. They replied that they thought it very unfair for the Turks to insist on their coming out into the front lines of the enemy.

This was not very satisfactory to the Turks. Dogan Bey asked the missionaries to go once more into the city and try to persuade the Armenian delegates to

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come out to the compound. Meudir Effendi and the Little Lady made the distasteful trip again, but the Armenians were firm. They refused to come more than half way to meet the Turks. They offered, however, to put up a tent for Dogan Bey half way between the opposing forces where the delegates could meet to converse.

When the missionaries returned with this message to Dogan Bey, he refused to even consider it, saying it would be impossible for a man of his standing to meet the Armenians in such an undignified manner.

It seemed very childish to quarrel thus over the place of meeting, and the missionaries felt that Dogan Bey might have been willing to sacrifice his pride in the interests of peace. The following morning Dogan Bey sent the Little Lady and Meudir Effendi into the city again, begging them to exhaust all their powers of persuasion.

Playing upon the strings of affection that existed between the missionaries and the Armenians, they did this, and succeeded, at length, in gaining a reluctant consent. "We do not consider it wise or prudent," they said repeatedly, "but for your sakes we will do it."

Meudir Effendi and the Little Lady, feeling that they had accomplished the impossible, started out joyfully with the two Armenian delegates, Mehron Effendi, the druggist, and Commander Ogoolookian. But alas, their triumph was short-lived. They had gone only as far as the edge of the city when they were fired upon. The bullet passed between the Little Lady and Meudir Effendi, as they were crossing a trench. Striking a stone between them, they were

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both hit with flying fragments of rock, but, fortunately, neither were injured. They jumped round a bend in the road while the two delegates darted for shelter behind a building as several more shots whizzed by.

"What shall we do now?" cried the delegates.

"I suppose you will have to return home," they replied; "there seems to be nothing else to do at present."

Doubtless some of the worst desperadoes, who had been hired with their brigand bands, did not wish to see a peaceful ending to this campaign. They were after loot, and did not want to be disappointed in not being able to enter the city to obtain this plunder. There was little doubt as to where the shots came from.

Meanwhile, tortured with anxiety, the Married One and her companions lived through a lifetime in the interval that elapsed between the firing and the return of the Little Lady and Meudir Effendi. "We left the city in such triumph," said the Little Lady, after she had assured them that they were unharmed by the bullets, "bringing the delegates with us. But in a moment all our hopes were shattered to fragments, and now we come back to you crest-fallen and disheartened."

All felt that, after what had occurred, Dogan Bey would not think of asking them to make the perilous trip into the city again. But not so: again, and yet a second time after this event, they visited the city at his request. Seven times, in all, they had gone in, but matters had now reached a deadlock. The Armenians refused to come more than half way to the

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conference with the Turks, and Dogan Bey refused to talk elsewhere than in the American compound.

The poor villagers, who had been forced into this war, wanted peace so badly. Harvest time was approaching, and they wanted to be at home to gather in their crops. On one of their trips into the city the Little Lady and Meudir Effendi had seen Armenians from one side and these villagers from the other side approach each other and throw their arms about one another in a reconciling embrace. To the missionaries it was a very touching scene, but the Turks, afraid of this demonstration of friendliness from the men on opposite sides, began firing and put an end to the affecting spectacle.

It looked now as though the siege must go on to its terrible conclusion. On the day when the missionaries had made their last two ventures into the city the Little Lady returned, carrying in her hand a bunch of red poppies that a Hadjin friend had inadvertently given her. The suspicious and superstitious Turks, at first sight of the flowers, cried out: "Blood! Blood! She carries the blood flower! It means not peace, but war!"

CHAPTER XVIII

An Ominous Visitor

THOSE were months in which the missionaries keenly felt the ache for civilization. It seemed as though all the world they had formerly known and loved had disappeared into the beyond, leaving them in this isolated and death-stricken bit of universe. The fact that the last mail they had received from America had been dated in January, and it was now nearing the middle of June, made the consciousness of the completeness of their isolation deepen disquietingly.

The hovering mountain peaks seemed to have lost their kindliness. They had become oppressive and menacing, for they seemed to assist the Turk in closing about them and shutting them in. They, too, had become a sinister something from which there seemed to be no escape. Yet the missionaries never gave way to panic, but kept on, doggedly and determinedly, with their work. They continued to conceal their shrinking from the troops, and moved about as though nothing unusual was happening. They curbed the swift terror that shot through them at every fresh discovery of their helplessness. Concealing every thrill of horror, they acted as though the Turks were not against them. In that plan lay their only salvation.

"I have often wondered in the past," said the Other One, "how I would act in times of extreme danger like the present."

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"Yes," replied Meudir Effendi, "but I'll warrant you never visioned yourself as being in the front lines of the enemy. It is a most unusual situation; and you ladies, whatever fears you may have felt, have been most expert in concealing them."

"When I was a child at school," said the Married One, "I was taught a verse which frequently has come to my mind during the siege. It ran something like this:

"The brave man is not he who feels no fear,
For that were foolish and irrational:
But he whose noble soul its fear subdues,
And bravely dares the danger nature shrinks
from."

"There is surely much every day to make us realize life's insecurity," said the Doctor Lady.

"Yes," the Married One confirmed, "Camp No. 3 shot over my head five times while I walked from the missionary home over to the orphanage for dinner today. I pretended not to notice it, for I suppose it amuses them to take their recreation in that way."

"They were shooting over my head, too," said the Tall One, "while I sat on guard at the well today. Time seems to hang heavy on their hands. The weeks drag by without any increased activity on their part. It is the same old watching game. Hoping eventually to starve Hadjin out, they sit around with the Turk's utter disregard for the value of time."

"And also," added the Little Lady, "with the Turk's utter disregard of sanitary precautions. The odors that come to us from over the wall are becoming unendurable. On every side the place is strewn

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with the entrails of the animals they have brought in for food, and now that summer is upon us, one shudders at the thought of possible plague."

The Turks had been very angry when the missionaries had ventured to suggest a general cleaning up of the filth about the clinic building; and they had not dared to mention the matter again, for it took very little to stir up the brigands against them. Some Kurds had come demanding that all the Kurd orphans, and especially the girls, be turned over to them. The refusal of the missionaries angered them greatly. When they saw the ladies out getting water, or gathering onions in the dusk, they threw stones at them in revenge.

Meudir Effendi, who had gone out in response to a knocking on the gate, now returned. "Gizik Douran and his wild band are coming to visit us," he announced, distress in his voice.

"Oh," exclaimed the Little Lady, a look of deep anxiety clouding her face, "how can we endure a visit from that ruffian? The wild beast in him lies so near the surface."

"What in the world shall we find to talk about?" asked Meudir Effendi with a tired smile. "What neutral ground have we in common with that creature?"

"It is my turn to go on duty now," said the Other One, "so I will take my place and guard the wall."

The remaining missionaries looked at each other with a distinct sense of trepidation. The desperate deeds and infamous acts associated with the name of Gizik Douran and his wild band were well known. For years this mountain range had been a hiding-

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place for these murderers, and many were the tales of their audacious dare-deviltry. What a life of mystery, terror, and pillage they led! Even the name, Gizik Douran (one who lies secretly in wait), was significant. Up to this time they had carefully avoided him, for they knew that he desired greatly to possess some of the pretty orphan girls.

There was the sound of shuffling steps mounting the stairs that led to the salaam room. The door opened, and before them stood the desperado of the Taurus mountains. With an air of impudent assurance, he led his men into the room, and looked about him with a loud, defiant laugh.

How the missionaries shrank from contact with this notorious outlaw! Nevertheless, hiding their feelings of repugnance, they forced themselves to meet him fearlessly. They dare not refuse to entertain him. He was not to be angered; such rashness would result in indescribable danger to all the house. So, with as much calmness and cheerfulness of manner as they could muster, they begged him to be seated, and set themselves to the undesirable task of entertaining him.

Tangled impressions came to them as they talked with Gizik Douran. He possessed a certain hypnotic attraction, and cast about him a powerful influence. The Americans felt this fascination, and watched him with mingled feelings of curiosity and wonder. How could a heart become so brutal, so depraved, that robbery, murder, and the most horrible atrocities could be enacted without a single pang of conscience? To such men as these a human life was a mere nothing, a thing of little consequence. What was the signifi-

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cance of this strange visit? This question, and the horrible thought that came in answer to it, refused to leave the minds of the missionaries.

The desperado kept pulling out his watch and commenting on the hour. "The cannon will be fired off three times," he reminded his men; "that will be the signal for the time set."

The obscure meaning of these words brought terror to the hearts of the missionaries. It gripped them till they could scarcely breathe. They knew that the compound lay entirely at the mercy of these ruffians. Armed to the teeth, their bodies were literally covered with rows of bullets. Bombs hung suspended from their belts; revolvers, swords, and long, glistening knives were in evidence. Had they come thus armed with the intention of wiping out the Armenians in the compound? The missionaries shuddered inwardly, while they strove to remain outwardly calm. Must they be the helpless witnesses of such a terrible tragedy? The thought was sickening beyond words.

"It is the time to pray," said the Little Lady, speaking in English to the Married One. "Go to the Other One and tell her that you both will take that part while the rest of us remain here. Prayer is the only thing that can save us now."

While the Married One left the room, Meudir Effendi rose and started the phonograph. "Let us hope it will awaken better feelings, more humane and kind, within their savage hearts," said the Little Lady to the Tall One, who was fumbling nervously with her knitting. The Doctor Lady had been called away to minister to some of her patients.

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In accordance with their hopes, the music had an instant effect upon the brigands. It stirred their pulses, and made them catch their breath, for they were unused to anything of this nature. Gizik Douran, as he sat listening to the phonograph, noticed that the Little Lady was sitting in a very cramped position on the davenport. Motioning to her with the air of one conferring a favor on a small child, he said, "Come over here, Little One, and occupy this chair by my side."

In referring to it afterward the Little Lady said: "There was something humorous in the incongruity of it. At that moment I felt grateful—so intensely grateful—that the privilege of sitting on one of my own chairs was accorded me."

Gizik Douran looked down upon her with his half fierce, half mocking eyes. Her soul was shuddering at the thought of the frightful things that might happen. Her heart was thumping painfully, yet she determined not to betray any nervousness under his intensely observant eyes. Smiling up guilelessly into his eyes, she answered his questions apparently at ease.

After a time, the missionaries noted with relief that the music was having a soothing effect. Gizik Douran no longer gripped his sword with that suggestion of violence. The defiance died out of his eyes. He became friendly, and began to talk of a future visit and more music.

"I wonder what he would say," said the Tall One, when the Little Lady interpreted this to her, "if he knew that he had been listening to the strains of 'God Save the King' and 'The Star-Spangled Banner?'"

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Whatever Gizik Douran had intended to do, it was apparent that he had changed his mind. When the cannon was fired as the signal for the evening attack the missionaries watched him apprehensively, but he rose quietly with his men, and allowed Meudir Effendi to escort him out of the house, across the grounds and out of the gate leading to the Marash road.

Panting and exhausted from the long tension, the Little Lady and the Tall One sank down limply on the davenport. The other missionaries entered, their faces registering varying expressions of relief. As they compared notes on their feelings during the terrible ordeal, they gave vent to their emotions in many a thankful utterance.

"Oh," cried the Little Lady, "what a relief to know that they have gone! No wonder I felt that some of us should go and pray."

"I was watching to see what they would do when they left the salaam room," said the Married One. "I was praying, trusting that they would leave quietly, and yet scarcely daring to hope; I was holding my breath while they crossed the grounds. I shall never forget it!"

"We surely stood on the brink of the grave once more," said the Tall One. "One false move or word, and all the compound might easily have perished as the result."

"I hope, when the men are changed again," said Meudir Effendi, "that he will be sent with his men to the opposite side of the mountain beyond the city."

"We could not endure many of his visits," added the Doctor Lady. "After the siege is over it is very probable that we will all collapse."

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The teachers begged to be permitted to relieve the missionaries of night duty, and took turns in watching the compound from the upper rooms of each building. A horse and a donkey had already been stolen, and this night they saw a man creep up over the wall under the shade of the mulberry trees. The teachers called Meudir Effendi, who ran at once for Enver Bey and Ahmed Chowish. Enver commanded Ahmed's men to circle the walls quickly, but the thief, whoever he was, could not be found.

As they returned from the search about the compound, Enver Bey saw two men running down the mountain towards them, and, in his quick, impulsive way, he immediately fired at them. This was most unfortunate, for they were men who were returning from duty in the trenches. The entire camp was stirred up and, next day, came buzzing about the compound like incensed bees.

Before the missionaries had time to quiet these angry men, Meudir Effendi was called over to the clinic building, where he found Jevan Bey and another trouble brewing. Once more the shadow of suspicion had fallen on the compound.

"These curs of Christians," cried the angry mob! "Why are they kept here under our nose? Their very presence is polluting. They bring bad luck, disaster, and destruction upon us. Let every one of the accursed race die, and may Allah consign them to eternal torment!"

The missionaries asked Jevan Bey for an explanation of the sudden change in his friendship. "I am told," he replied, darkly, "that under your buildings you have a subterranean passage leading into the city,

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and that you permit spies to pass back and forth. The missionaries denied this, but Jevan Bey would not listen to their indignant protests.

"I trusted you Americans, and did not expect deception from you," he said. In his voice there was a strange tone of accusation and in his eyes a look of resentment which made the missionaries feel very uncomfortable. Pressing him as to the source of his information, he grudgingly admitted that it had been obtained from a Kurd boy who had escaped the night before from Hadjin, and had told the Turks that six of the orphan boys, who belonged to the mission, were now in the city.

"It is true that they are our boys, and they did run away from the compound, but that was at the very beginning of the siege," protested Meudir Effendi; "that was some time before you came to Hadjin, Jevan Bey. They went then without our knowledge, but none of the children have attempted to go in since that time. They are all here. You counted them before; you may count them again, and ascertain this for yourself."

The Little Lady corroborated these statements and begged Jevan Bey to count the children again. But a somber cloud had settled on Jevan Bey's face, and he had paid little heed to their assertions. Officers came to search the compound for the underground tunnel, and the children were collected in the large dining-room, and lined up to be counted by Jevan Bey.

"Never shall I forget the sight of that closely-packed assembly," said the Tall One; "the colorless little faces, the small lips unnaturally compressed,

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and the innocent little tots—mere babes—standing bravely in the front line, their eyes constantly searching those of the missionaries for a look of reassurance and sympathy."

"Yes, it is a tragic and pathetic scene," murmured the Married One in reply, "and I hope we shall never again have to stand in front of a body of innocent little children who are facing death!"

"It is true," said the Other One, "that they have escaped over and over before, but one never knows which of these times may be the last."

"Neuritsa Hanum has fainted again," exclaimed the Doctor Lady, hurrying to minister unto her. These occasions were very hard on Neuritsa's heart, which, owing to the hardships of exile life, was still in a very weakened condition. While performing her duties as children's cook at the summer compound, she had had many a sinking spell. Each time the officers entered to search the buildings Neuritsa immediately dropped in a swoon at their feet and lay as one dead.

"Mary Sexsenian's mother has also collapsed," said the Other One, referring to an old lady who had taken refuge in the compound at the beginning of the siege. Mary, her daughter, whom the Doctor Lady had trained for a nurse, was bright and cheerful, and of invaluable assistance to the ailing ones of the household; but her old mother lived in the dismal and disheartening atmosphere of indescribable despondency. It settled down upon her like a great, black cloud shutting out all the sunshine. Even on the comparatively quiet days she brooded over the perilous possibilities of the future. The infinite hopelessness of

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everything had got on her nerves and crushed her fortitude; and she had never learned to cast her burden upon the Lord and let Him bear it for her. As the Turks came in to search the premises she felt that the forebodings that had obsessed her so heavily, being far from groundless, were now taking concrete form. All efforts of the missionaries and teachers to laugh away her fears and cheer her, had been futile. She was lost in the whirlpool of suffering. Life stretched out before her as one unending misery—there was no pause, no inviting shelter, no glad anticipations: nothing but vast, unending sorrows. If only her spiritual eyes had been open to catch a vision of God through her suffering! If only she had learned with the author of the Hebrews that, though “no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous; nevertheless, afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby:” unto the one who submits and purposes to learn his lesson from God: to the one who can forgive and forget, and see, above and beyond the evidence of man’s hostility, the hand and love of his God!

The collapse of these two women naturally made it harder for the missionaries to quiet the fears of the children. The officers entered, armed to the teeth. The children, with wide eyes, ears strained, limbs rigid, and hearts throbbing in fear, watched and waited their doom. A signalling glance passed between Jevan and Osman Bey. Noting this, the whole audience hung breathless, every ear strained to catch the officers’ first words.

“Close the doors,” commanded Osman Bey, sharply. There was an instant of awful expectation;

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and during that brief space the silence of the room seemed to last while centuries rolled past. Then such an agonized cry went up from the hearts of the children: a cry as of heart-strings snapped asunder. They threw their arms convulsively about one another, a smitten-to-death look upon each childish face. The sight was most unnerving.

"Oh God, have pity," groaned the missionaries: "have pity on these innocent darlings!" And God in heaven heard the cry of their agonized hearts. Osman Bey looked ashamed.

"Open the doors," he said with a wave of his hand toward the soldiers, who were standing on that side of the room. It might have been that he was reminded of his own little ones at home; at any rate, the danger point was past, and he turned and spoke a few reassuring words to the children. The missionaries breathed easier while they strove to calm the weeping ones and bring order again out of the confusion.

Yet there was still a critical element in the situation. What, if after the children were counted, it failed to tally with last time? The missionaries could not be positive that every child was in the room. What if a few had hidden themselves in some dark, secreted corner? With bated breath they watched Jevan Bey as his scrutinizing glance sought out every occupant of the room. Would the count fail to come out just right? But no, God was merciful: it came out exactly the same as when he had counted them before. Jevan Bey smiled, and for the time being the threatening atmosphere was relieved.

As an evidence that once more the missionaries

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were reinstated in the friendship of the Turk officers, Enver Bey invited Meudir Effendi to visit him that afternoon in the clinic building. "Come, let us be merry and enjoy ourselves as friends," he said. "Before another moon—if Allah wills—our flag, the Star and Crescent, will be flying o'er the city."

When Meudir Effendi arrived he found Enver in a very communicative mood: "It is not yet many moons since I was a prisoner in Egypt. My experiences are still fresh in my mind. Let me relate some to you."

"While there," he ran on reminiscently, "we were permitted to gaze upon the uncovered faces of European tourist women. We met them in the public gardens, on the streets, and even in the restaurants, and always they were unveiled. We watched them with amazement, for such a thing astoundeth us. You know the daughters of Islam do not bare the face, arms, and chest for the public gaze, but draw their veils and flee modestly upon the approach of strange males."

"You must have noticed that, whenever I brought a party of officers to visit you, I notified you in some manner of our approach, lingering about outside until your ladies had sufficient time to clear the courtyard, halls, and passageways of all unveiled females."

"Yes," murmured Meudir Effendi, "you were very considerate."

Enver Bey's mind now darted to another phase of the subject which interested him. "Why is it, Meudir Effendi," he asked, curiously, "that a man in your position has never taken unto himself more than one wife?"

"Well," replied Meudir Effendi, filled with a sud-

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den embarrassment, "I have always been quite satisfied with this one. Besides," he added, after a pause, "our Holy Book forbids it." Enver expressed his sympathy while he rolled himself a cigarette. As usual, his mind flew quickly from one subject to another. "Why is it that I can never persuade you to smoke with me?" he asked, regretfully.

Ahmed, who was present, now broke into the conversation. "I never use tobacco, either," he said, religiously; "neither do I taste liquor. The Koran, our Holy Book, forbids it. I have noticed, Meudir Effendi, that you also never touch either."

"No," was the quiet reply. "It is also contrary to the teaching of our Holy Book."

"Well, that settles it, of course," said Ahmed with conviction in his tone, and a meaning look toward Enver Bey. "No true believer ever acts contrary to his Book."

This was putting Enver down bluntly as an infidel, and such he was; but Enver only smiled indifferently. He only made use of religion when it suited his purposes. He had not kept the fast with Ahmed and his men; and he had never been seen prostrating himself toward Mecca at the hour of prayer.

This daring brigand chief had insisted on entertaining his guests on the south veranda. There was only a hastily constructed wall on the side facing the enemy, but Enver showed a majestic indifference to all and sundry bullets that came straying by.

"I don't care to sit out here," said Meudir Effendi, uneasily, as they were treated to a sudden fusilade of bullets which whistled sharply over them.

"Though dangers beset thee on every hand, let not

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fear dwell in thy breast," quoted Enver with an air of utter carelessness.

"Nevertheless, I would like to live a while longer," said Meudir Effendi, "even though you do not seem very particular about it."

"What is to be will be," said Enver in a tone fraught with fatalism, as he followed Meudir Effendi, who was hastily taking his leave.

Later in the afternoon the Turks began shelling the Gregorian school in the city. Meudir Effendi and his wife went to a barricaded window in the upper part of the school building, and through a small opening watched the falling shells explode as they struck.

After a time the Tall One sent a girl with the message, that supper would be served five minutes earlier than usual. Meudir Effendi looked at his watch. It was exactly five minutes to six o'clock. Just as they turned and were hurrying away, a bullet came crashing through the window—through the exact spot where their heads had been a moment or two before. God had saved their lives by calling them five minutes early to supper.

From the pent-up strain of those days, the children found relief in prayer—such prayers as the author has never heard from the lips of children in this peaceful land. Many a melting scene was witnessed in the schoolroom. "I don't know just how God is going to save us from these Turks, but I believe He will," said Asdor, a bright boy, whom the missionaries had secretly named "The Bishop" because of his quiet, fatherly attitude, and the grave concern he manifested for the souls of the other boys. Among the girls, Anna Farajian was a little mother-in-Israel. She and Asdor

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often prayed the heavens down on the other little folks. Another big boy, Haratune, often used all three languages at his command to express his heart's desires.

"Our Father, who lives in Heaven," he prayed with hands carefully folded on his breast, and head thrown back as though he were talking face to face with his Maker, "You gathered us from among the Arabs, and from many far deserts and mountains. You brought us all that long distance and placed us here in this orphanage. We are thanking you again for this. You have given us food, clothes, and a nice home. We have been very thankful. But now, our Father, the fires of trouble are again falling upon our heads. The enemy has closed about us. They are longing to kill us. Some among our number do not know you yet. They are fearing very much every day. They weep, for they do not know their sins forgiven. We, who know you well, are not fearing; we are trusting in you, and that makes us brave. We trust in your great Sword, the Bible, and its promises. That is why we are not afraid."

Then Anna prayed with great fervor, and the little catch of a sob in her voice: "Our beloved Father, we are so glad that we have heard about you. We thank you for your wonderful promises. They comfort our hearts. We are trusting you to take care of us. Make our faith strong. Our old enemies, the Turks, are all about us, and we are pulling much trouble. But you are stronger than they are. We are trusting in your great arm. We thank you for the things that the Turks cannot take away from us: the things in our hearts that they cannot rob us of even if they do kill us."

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Asdor then rose with grave and quiet dignity, and turned his thin, white face to heaven. "Our beloved Lord," he prayed, "we know that you love us, even though we cannot understand why you have let suffering and trouble come once again into our lives. We thank you that you helped us before in times of the most terrible danger. Now we are needing your help again. We thank you for the verse we learned today, 'The Lord is on my side. I will not fear. What can man do unto me?' We are looking to you. We believe that you will protect us."

Many others followed in quick succession. Surely God heard the cry of these little hearts, and answered each prayer in the way He saw best. "Even if we should be killed," remarked Anna with a brave, little smile, "we are better off than the Turks. If we are killed today we will be in heaven tomorrow. The Turks are being killed, too, and they do not go to heaven, for they do not know Jesus. So, after all, we are much happier than the Turks."

CHAPTER XIX

Recaptured

ACOBÉ, the young teacher, was anticipating the final issue with a feeling akin to terror. What would her own fate, and that of her fellow-teachers be? Death was not their greatest enemy. There were worse things than death—ininitely worse things.

"How I wish we were facing only physical death," she said that evening, as she brushed the Married One's hair—and incidentally looked for possible tiny crawlers; for this was a needful operation even in times of peace, and now they were living in the midst of the vermin-infested camps of the Turks. She had asked permission to do this. "It comforts me just to be near you," she had said.

"Always in the background of our minds," she continued, "is the haunting fear that some day we will be carried off by some of the worst of the brigands. I think of Lois, your former room girl, whom you loved so dearly. She was carried off by an Islam gendarme during the exile. He treated her very cruelly; did not even give her enough to eat, and she died of privation and a broken heart. I wish I could throw off this fateful feeling that something like that may happen to us. We teachers have arranged a secret place to hide away in. We have so placed the packing boxes underground that no one would suspect that anyone was behind them."

The falling darkness was a friendly aid to this con-

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fidential communication. "To meet death would be far preferable to this torture—" she stopped with a sob in her voice, and walked away to the window to ease the breaking of her self-restraint.

"How dark it is tonight!" she murmured; "not a star visible anywhere. It makes one feel that something dark and forbidding has closed down its somber shadow over the valley, as though Hadjin is to be the center of some awful tragedy."

This was June—the month of joy and roses in times of peace. It was to have been Acobe's wedding month. But where was her Hagop tonight? She did not even know whether he still lived. She shuddered as she looked into the black night. Even God seemed far away. Could it be that He had forgotten them? She clung pitifully to her faith in Him. Could it be that He was turning His face away from the Armenians? Did He not see their misery, their despair? Did He not care for her personally? Her lip quivered. Surely He knew the overwhelming horror that haunted her daily, and how much her soul recoiled at the thought of such a revolting fate. Surely He knew that, by contrast, death would be a boon indeed! Again she shivered. A sense of evil premonition and foreboding chilled her. She was afraid—horribly afraid—tonight.

In the city the Armenians were suffering the keenest anxiety. They were on the brink of starvation. Yet, if mere physical suffering could be the price of victory, how gladly they would suffer! But if the tragedy of defeat lay ahead—a future without a single ray of hope—they could no longer endure. They felt that they must end the uncertainty: they must make a

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desperate effort to drive away the Turkish hordes, and free themselves.

"How much longer can we endure this life?" Menas Effendi had asked that day, when the search was over. "Oh, to dwell in some vast realm of forgetfulness!" he cried. He was quivering with an inward pain, and the effort it was costing him to appear calm was perceptible in his drawn features.

"Are they not a tragic compound of infinite courage and infinite despair?" asked the Tall One, a great pity for them welling up in her heart.

"Living day by day with those whose sorrows and heartaches have been unfathomably deeper than anything we have known," said the Other One, "makes me wish that they could be all transplanted to America, where they might get to know some of the happiness of that land."

"It makes me wish, equally," said the Married One, wistfully, "that the people of America could get a small glimpse of their own unsuspected advantages. Do you know of a country on the face of the earth where there is as little unhappiness as in our dear Canada and United States? How I wish our homelands could realize how few troubles they have, comparatively, and how much cause for contentment!"

"If only we could take the children to some place of safety, but whither can we turn?" cried the Little Lady, despairingly. "In this the hour of our desperate need, is there not in all the mountains a single place where our household might fly for food, rest, and refuge? Oh, for a friend among the enemy: one who would take us to a place where we could be secure

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from the menace of today and the gathering fears of tomorrow: one whom we could trust to guide these orphans safely away from the death that awaits them here!"

"You cannot trust any of these Turks," said Menas Effendi, with a sorrowful look. "They speak fair words with their lips, but they lie in their hearts." Then remembering the physical and mental strain the missionaries had been under so long. "But why," he asked, passing a hand wearily over the face that was growing white from his long confinement in the cellar, "should you trouble yourselves thus with the wretched tragedy of our lives?"

As for the missionaries, those months of rapidly moving events had become such a series of shocks of diversifying character that they felt they would not be astonished now no matter what happened. The human mind is a strange thing: it is elastic, and recovers its balance with a rapidity that seems almost incredible to those experiencing the shocks. They had reached the stage where nothing seemed to surprise them any more, for living in the presence of the unforeseen surprise grew to be short-lived.

Under cover of the darkness, Ahmed's young son now arrived with a load of provisions for the orphans. But, before Meudir Effendi had been able to get it all in through the little gate in the south wall, the evening attack had begun. The boy drew his animal behind the east wall and lay down beside it, saying that he would wait there until the attack was over.

The teachers, feeling nervous, had locked the door of the missionary home so that, when Meudir Effendi came to the house, he had to knock for admittance.

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Josephine called from her open window, "I will come and open the door."

So closely was the compound watched that the Turks in the Goat Pen Camp heard her voice. Their suspicions were at once aroused, for they believed that she was calling out a message to Hadjin. Unfortunately, just at that moment there came to their ears the noise of loud cheering in the city. This confirmed the Turks in their suspicion that Josephine had signalled encouragement to the Hadjinlees, who would take from this, that the time was opportune for attack.

The Turks came at once pounding on the front gate, calling Meudir Effendi and demanding an explanation. "They are so upset over this," said Meudir Effendi, after he had succeeded in getting rid of them, "that I believe they must be short of ammunition, and unprepared for such an emergency."

Each day, from the beginning of March, had witnessed many deeds of cool daring on the part of the Armenians. Unexpected qualities had revealed themselves at the call of circumstances. They fought with calm courage, heedless of the superior numbers and well-organized attack of the enemy. Time and again the outcome had trembled in the balance, as the Turks strove to gain an entrance at every possible point. There had been times when the enemy had gained possession of a few houses in certain sections of the town; but the Armenians, fighting with the courage of despair, had always driven them back out of the city again.

As time went on it brought the inevitable intensification of their sufferings. Summer had come on, and the heat and unsanitary conditions in their cramped

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quarters were growing unbearable. If the enemy continued to bring strong reinforcements and more powerful cannon, the city would be annihilated.

One hour after midnight they began a desperate attack on the Turks. It was not long afterward when there came a loud knocking on the mission gate. Maritsa Hanum, who slept with the children in the school, close by the clinic building, heard Enver Bey speaking to his servant, "Why should I be here alone in time of danger?" he asked nervously. "Go and call Meudir Effendi: let him come and stay with me."

Never before had Enver asked him to come to the clinic building during an attack. After her husband had been gone half an hour and had not returned, the Married One grew uneasy. Rising, she dressed and started out to rescue her much-imposed-on husband from the hands of the unreasonable chetes. She had reached the front gate when she met him returning. Bullets were singing about in a manner that was somewhat disconcerting as she unbarred the gate to admit him. "Why did Enver call you?" she asked, receiving him with gratitude.

"He said he wished to tell us not to be frightened," he replied, humorously.

"Humph!" exclaimed the Married One, indignantly. "Is it not rather late in the war game to begin telling us that now? I shouldn't wonder but he is a bit frightened himself."

"I believe he is," replied Meudir Effendi, "and I think it is on account of a shortage of ammunition. While I was in there Ahmed came in and begged Enver to give him cartridges for his men. All Enver could give him was ten cartridges. He is drinking

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heavily to steady his nerve. He told me that the Hadjinlees had gone out the Adana road to try to run away, but that the Turks had been able to drive them back."

"That sounds strange," replied the Married One, as they went up the steps to the house; "what do you think has really happened?"

"It is probable that the Hadjinlees are trying to recapture the summer compound," he replied. "Enver tells me that this is not the big attack which they have been planning, but just a little skirmish to amuse the *chete* chiefs who are tiring of the monotony."

"Well," she said, as she prepared to retire again, "that news could have waited till morning. Do they think we live without sleep?"

"Oh, Enver told me," laughed Meudir Effendi, "that I was not to mind being called in the night, 'for in this way,' said he, 'our love for each other will keep steadily growing.' He assured me that this is merely the beginning of a still more wonderful friendship that is to be ours in the future."

"Well," yawned the Married One, wearily, "I think I prefer to have a little less of it by night anyhow."

But they were not to sleep. This was a night that they were to remember with a fearful shudder to their dying day. Their ears, long since trained to distinguish between the various sounds of battle, noted something new and unfamiliar in the directions from which the sounds came tonight. The Turks were pouring volley after volley upon the city. Machine guns tuk-tuked, the cannon made earthquakes, while other deafening explosions were heard incessantly above the rhythmical roar of the rifles.

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With a shrill whoop the Turks took up their war cry, dashing wildly forward in a headlong rush, hoping this reckless onslaught would drive back the Armenians who were steadily advancing, firing their rifles with deadly effect. But the Turks were forced to give way on the west and on the south, for the Armenians, making one desperate onslaught after another, pressed the enemy back so hard that they were forced to retreat, the Armenians gaining possession of the monastery and the barracks on the west, and the summer compound on the south mountain.

On every side of the city men were struggling and yelling. The shrieks of the women and children mingled with the clash of arms, the shouts of the victors, the groans of the vanquished, and the moans of the dying who were being swept into eternity. Many of the brigands who were so ready to plunder and murder, fell under that rain of bullets.

Unheeding the fallen, the Turks, with wild, fiendish yells, made desperate rushes in a frantic endeavor to regain the ground they had lost. But, thus far, the missionaries did not understand the meaning of this terrible battle. They only knew that all hell seemed unchained and let loose on their little world. No former thought of hell had been half so appalling! Death seemed to shriek in that storm of bullets. The world about them seemed in possession of innumerable evil powers that mocked at the thought of peace. Demons were stalking abroad tonight. The teachers crept about the rooms in ghostlike silence. Fear laid chilly fingers on their hearts.

Suddenly it was noted that the noise directly in front of the mission had ceased. So absolutely silent

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were the trenches, so utterly devoid of any sounds of life, where for nearly three months the Turks had been firing day and night. It caused a strange feeling of uneasiness.

"Why this sudden stillness?" asked one of the missionaries. "It is uncanny!"

In the little valley south of them, and from all sides, the shouting and firing grew more intense. What could the Turks be doing? Why was there no answering fire? Feverishly anxious, all awaited the uncertain outcome.

Suddenly a shot sounded directly behind the compound. "Listen!" whispered Meudir Effendi. "There, I heard another. Get away from these back windows, girls! The Turks may be retreating to a position behind us."

No pen can describe the pandemonium of the hour that followed, or the intolerable suspense of the inhabitants of the compound. They were consumed with anxiety; now palpitating with hope; again in the depths of despair. Time is not measured by hours, but by what one experiences, and they felt that during that night they lived years.

The cheering and firing kept coming gradually nearer. The Turks kept shouting to Allah to favor them, while the Armenians continuously cried: "Haradch! Haradch!" (forward, forward!) But in the many fierce encounters and the noisy confusion, it was impossible to tell the exact position of either side. No one could tell what the issue would be.

Suddenly from the direction of the clinic building there came demon-like yells, and the noise of a fierce encounter of those engaged in mortal combat. This

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was soon followed by a deafening assault upon the huge doors that formed the front gate in the wall.

"The Turks are breaking in our front gate," cried Mary, one of the head teachers, a hysterical sob escaping her.

An entrance was soon effected, and a horde of shrieking, menacing troops came pouring in. They surged about the place, covering every moving shadow with their rifles. Human pity was far from them. They were madmen, for the time being, full of raging hate and savagery. "Oh, God," cried one of the missionaries, "we cry with the Psalmist: 'Thou hast caused men to ride over our heads; the terrors of death are fallen: horror hath overwhelmed me.'"

The sight of the war-frenzied mob made their blood run cold. If they turned out to be Armenians, the compound was saved; if not, the long-dreaded moment had come and death was at hand.

"Oh, oh! Is this the end?" sobbed the teachers. "Will we all be killed now?" cried the orphans, clutching at the missionaries in a frenzy of fear.

"No! No!" they replied, with the courage that God gives to one in life's most awful moments; "God will not desert us now. Let us continue to trust Him."

There are moments in life so intense that the whole of life seems concentrated in the passing scene. Now the very earth seemed to be slipping from beneath their feet. Above the din of the firing, yells and cries so like wild animals came from those crazed men of battle that the listeners could not tell whether they were speaking Armenian or Turkish. They swarmed over the buildings and began breaking in the doors.

Then came the first faint lightening of the dawn.

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The missionaries began to recognize an officer here and there. They were Armenians. Thank God! *Oh, thank God!* The relief that they felt at that moment beggars all description.

Presently a yell went up from one group of soldiers. They had caught sight of a man hidden in the woodshed. "Here's one of the evil tribe. Come and get him, boys!" they cried. A roar of animal rage, without intelligent articulation, tore its way from the throats of the crowd as they pressed forward to claim their victim. One clutched him by the collar, jerking him around to get a view of his face. Hands up!" he cried to his prisoner, while the veins on his temple stood out, and the muscles of his clenched jaws writhed. The victim continued deliriously to plead for mercy, but his words fell on ears deaf to any cry for sympathy.

Just then the door of the missionary home swung open and Meudir Effendi appeared. He saw the angry crowd, and as his eyes fell upon their victim he gave a gasp of surprise. "Hold on there, boys," he cried in protest, "you are on the wrong trail this time."

"Shoot him! Hang him! String him up!" they cried savagely. "We know him. He's one of the miserable tribe."

"Wait a moment, boys," pleaded Meudir Effendi, while his eyes singled out their leader. Approaching him and laying his hand on his arm: "Mesrobe Effendi," he said, speaking rapidly, "you know I speak always the truth. This man is not an enemy, but our good friend Vallie, who for weeks has been bringing us food and helping the villagers to smuggle what they brought into the compound."

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"Stand back!" cried Commander Mesrobe to his men, "and listen to what the Amerikolah (American) is saying. We are going to play square, brothers. The Turks do not deserve it; but if this one has been kind to the orphans and missionaries, we are not going to forget it. He shall have fair play at our hands."

The men soon fell back in a changed attitude. "You must spare Vallie's life for our sake," said Meudir Effendi. "He has been a true friend to all in the compound." They promised faithfully to do this, and Vallie, with his hands bound behind his back, was led away captive into the city.

CHAPTER XX

Within the Shadow of Death

GRADUALLY the sounds of battle and the voices of the enemy died away in the distance. The Turks were retiring to round up their scattered forces and retrieve their mistake. The bodies of their dead were left lying on the battlefield.

The missionaries now gazed with interest upon the Armenian volunteers. They looked so clean, neat, and orderly when contrasted with the unkempt hordes of the Kemalists. They had another captive, whom the missionaries discovered was Ahmed's young son. While the Armenians were battling for possession of the compound, the boy had remained to guard his horse and provisions, and had been wounded in the arm. The missionaries pled for him also, and, for the time being, at least, his life was spared. From the description the Armenian soldiers gave of a stout man who lay dead in the clinic building, the missionaries feared it might be Ahmed himself, and they grieved much over this.

Preparations for the flight of the children and workers were now under way, for the Armenian officers had insisted on taking all into the city. The children sobbed and wept, but the missionaries saw that there was nothing else to be done. They knew well that henceforth they could not protect a single child. About half the children had left the compound when the tuk-tuk of a machine gun was heard from

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the heights above. A rain of steel came pouring down into the road over which the children were passing. Those who had already crossed the little bridge fled on into the city, while the others turned back. Among those who returned, Anna Farajian and Keren-hapook were wounded.

A strange day passed. The Armenians were throwing up fortifications in and around the compound. The soldiers were exchanging notes on the experiences of the past months with friends and relatives whom they found among the children and workers; the missionaries were inquiring as to who was dead and who were still alive in the city. They were saddened to learn that Commander Ogoolookian had fallen, shot down by the enemy at the very moment when he was pleading with the men not to make this attack. Hagop, the orphan boy who was hid in the mission during the exile, was still alive and among the Armenian soldiers. He had sought out his fiancé, Acobe, and she had a few moments of happy conversation with him. Bagdascar, one of the oldest orphan boys of the mission, who had married an orphan girl, Sara, sought out the missionaries bringing messages of love from his wife. Joy and sorrow intermingled during the day. When they asked Mehron, the druggist, how his three brothers and their families were faring his face whitened. "The bitterest trial has come to us," he said, his face twitching with emotion. "We have lost our beloved eldest brother, Manoog." He felt responsible for the factory buildings and the bales of cloth that the missionaries had entrusted to his care. His brothers begged him to leave the factory, which was in a dangerous position on the out-

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skirts of the city; but he would not, and, as a result, he gave his life in his efforts to be true to his trust. The missionaries were deeply touched by this demonstration of faithfulness unto death.

When the twilight hour of evening came the remainder of the children and the workers left with thanks, prayers, sobs, tears, and last messages from loving hearts. The missionaries were left alone with the silent rooms and their aching hearts.

Overwhelmed by the result of the Nationalist war on their work, they sat in the darkness. How vividly before their minds came the realization that material things perish! Clothes, houses, possessions—what were they? Surely they were not to be builded upon, for in a moment of time they may crash to ruins at one's feet. If during our lifetime we have laid hold on some eternal possessions, we may keep them forever; but it is only the eternal things that remain.

"Think of the time and money we have spent on their bodies," said the Doctor Lady; "must it all be lost?"

"No," replied the Married One, "all has not been lost. That which was wrought in their minds and in their souls remains. Thank God there are some things which do remain, and, after all, they are the most important things in life! But what a lesson this should be to us—and to all missionaries—not to dare neglect the spiritual side of the work!"

They were now facing death at the hands of the Turks, but how much easier it seemed! The children were safe, for the time being at least, in the city. That crushing weight of responsibility was lifted. They could do nothing for them by going into the city.

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This was the home of the missionaries; it was American property, and they would make their last stand there.

The Turks had turned a machine gun in the direction of the compound, and it was now playing on the roof of the orphanage. It was not surprising that, when the missionaries were about to retire for the night, they found a bullet lying on the Other One's bed. It surely did not seem a safe place to sleep.

Peter, the old station horse, was wounded. Meudir Effendi ventured outside after dark and brought him into the orphans' kitchen, where he and the Doctor Lady could care for his wound. All night long the missionaries were expecting recapture, so they slept little. The Armenians meant to make a resolute stand and save the situation. Yet all knew the desperate chances involved, and the uncertainty of the final outcome. Since the compound was now in the hands of the Armenians, who were making preparations to hold it, if possible, it was only natural to expect that, in the days to come, it would be the scene of many a desperate struggle. The Turks had already mounted one cannon, and now, far away in the distance, a second was heard from. The missionaries hoped that the Turks would not turn the cannon on the compound. At daybreak there was the sound of an invisible body traveling overhead between them and the city, followed by an explosion which shook the ground under them. It was evident that the followers of the Prophet were coming nearer.

"Our bread is about finished," said the Little Lady, as they sat down to a breakfast which the Tall One had prepared under great difficulties. "There is little

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more than enough for this meal." They wondered what they would do for food. The kitchen was on the side facing the enemy, and under fire. Yet something must be done, so the Married One decided to bake bread.

"After all," she said, "it is much easier to be shot than to die of hunger. What was it the prophet Jeremiah said about it? 'They that be slain with the sword are better than they that be slain with hunger.'"

"I'm going with you then," said the Tall One, following her to the missionaries' kitchen. There was only flour enough in the house to make two loaves of bread. When that was finished—well, they did not permit themselves to think of what might happen then. "Sufficient unto the day" was the evil thereof, and many things might happen before then.

The Tall One searched the cupboards for more flour, but found none. The Married One stood by the stove pouring in the warm water. "I have found a little native butter—perhaps two tablespoonsful—would you like to put it in the bread?" asked the Tall One. Instead of handing it to the Married One, as she might easily have done, she placed it on a bench about two feet away from the stove. As the Married One stooped over to reach for the butter, a bullet crashed through the door, and, passing through the exact spot where she had been standing only a moment before, buried itself in the wall behind the stove. The Tall One, who was standing in line with her, had as narrow an escape. The crash was so deafening that the Married One could not hear very well for several hours after.

Once more God had saved their lives, and they

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spoke gratefully of the day's verse: "There shall not an hair of your head be harmed." They hurried out of the kitchen, through the dining-room, and down the long hall to the salaam room, where, kneeling on the floor, the Married One finished mixing the bread, using cold water. As she went downstairs to the children's kitchen, and put it to raise between Peter and the fireplace, she feared it would never be bread. Having no other, she had used native yeast, which is not as light and sweet as that of this country. Yet never bread raised faster than that bread. It filled the dish to overflowing, and made three loaves instead of two.

The problem then was how to get it baked. Meudir Effendi settled this by going to the missionaries' kitchen, hurriedly kindling a fire, and thrusting the bread into the oven. An hour later he ran up again, and returned safely with the baked bread.

Bullets were now entering everywhere, plaster was falling, and the walls and stairs were becoming spattered with blood from the wounded men. During the night the Armenians had carried stones, and, with mud for mortar, had thrown up a rudely-constructed wall in front of the dormitory windows.

As the terrible hours passed, each one knew that he was fighting for his life. The Armenians tried to keep the knowledge of their losses from the missionaries, but they could not always do this. Young Haig Balbasanian, as he stood firing upon the enemy from behind this barricade, suddenly clapped his left hand to his breast. He staggered back a few paces to the head of the stairway, clutched violently at the air, and then pitched headlong down the stairs, striking his head

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upon the Other One's bedroom door. They picked him up, dead.

The Armenians were firing from all the windows and doors; the noise was deafening, and the house shook under the impact. The missionaries went down a flight of stairs and sat in the hall that was near the orphans' kitchen. They were now on the ground floor. A man came down with a limp arm. A slow trickle of blood was running down his hand, while a tell-tale streak showed on his sleeve.

"You're hit!" cried the Doctor Lady.

"Yes," he replied, calmly; "my arm is broken, but it is a relief to know that it is my left arm. Fix it up quick, for I am going back on duty."

The Doctor Lady, with Meudir Effendi's assistance, set the broken arm, and, though he suffered much, he refused to go into the city, but sat on guard at one of the doors, his left arm in a sling, and his right holding his rifle: a pathetic picture, but a sample of the grit and courage of the Armenians.

By noon the bullets of the enemy began to penetrate even to the hall on the ground floor where the missionaries were, coming through the roof and the two upper floors. This showed that the Turks, on the mountains above them, were drawing still nearer. Nothing remained for the missionaries but to find a more sheltered spot. The orphanage was built on the mountainside, so that while they were on the ground floor of the main building there was still another stairs running down to the children's dining-room, which had been built on below. The dining-room, in turn, was connected by a covered passageway with

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the top story of the school building, which was still farther down the mountainside.

This stairs was the only safe spot in the orphanage that they could think of at the moment. Yet only a small section of it was safe, as the lower steps faced the dining-room windows below, and the upper part faced a window above, through which a bullet had already crashed. They sat down in the middle section of the stairs. The seat was not a particularly comfortable one, for the stairs were covered with wheat grains, which had spilled when the Armenians carried all the wheat that remained into the city.

"Our food problem is growing acute," said the Little Lady; "if the worst comes to the worst, we may be glad to eat these wheat grains yet."

After a few hours, life in this cramped-up space became intolerable. They thought of a dark cellar directly under these stairs. They placed two mattresses, obtained by a hasty and risky trip upstairs, on the cellar floor, and lay down to rest in turns. The Married One had just got nicely settled when a mouse dropped from the ceiling into a large kettle that stood at her head.

"I hope one will not fall on me," said the Doctor Lady, who occupied the other mattress, "for I am so nervous I shall surely scream."

Their meager water supply had been exhausted that morning, and they were all very thirsty. They also felt the need of some hot, nourishing food. But neither was obtainable. "At dusk," suggested the Little Lady, "we may be able to dash out and get a supply of water from the cistern that is in the yard."

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It was a trying day for the Armenians, who were sometimes confident of success, and again utterly despairing of the issue. The danger lay in the superior numbers of the enemy, who, doubtless by this time, had their supplies of ammunition replenished. The Armenians grew more depressed as the day wore on. Vigilant, they waited the uncertain outcome with feverish anxiety.

The missionaries, though they expected plenty of rifle and machine-gun fire, still secretly cherished the hope that the Turks would not use cannon in their attack on the compound. Surely they would remember the kindness of the missionaries and not destroy the American compound! But at dusk of the second night the shriek of an approaching shell cut all such hope. The Turks had turned the cannon on them.

They held their breath, expecting it to crash through the roof, but it passed over the house, bursting in the little ravine just below them. They heard the sound of the cannon as it was fired off a second time, and then the whistling of the shell as it passed through the air. An eternity of silence dragged by while they waited motionless, scarcely daring to breathe, wondering whether this shell, more accurately aimed, would put an end to everything.

But whether the Turks failed to get an accurate approximation of the range, or whether this was meant as a preliminary warning for the Armenians to surrender, the missionaries did not know. Two more shells whistled over them. The moments seemed ages until they saw the red flash and the white smoke puff just beyond them. Once more God had verified His promise, "I have covered thee in the shadow of mine hand."

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There were many drawbacks to living underground. It was not the regular cellar, but a small and dark hole. It was damp and musty. The men tramped about overhead in the most nerve-racking fashion. Yet it was not until night came that they began to realize its real discomforts. They could not all lie down at once.

Fortunately their appetites, under the circumstances, were not very keen. The Tall One had brought down some nuts and some tea which she had still in the pantry, and the Doctor Lady produced an alcohol stove. They thought of the fatted calf that Dogan Bey had given them, Meudir Effendi had had it killed and dressed, only a few hours before the Armenians had captured the compound, and, reserving only a small piece for themselves, they had sent it all in to the hungry people in the city along with Dogan's other presents: the large cheese and the cow's stomach full of butter. How it would have chafed the Turkish general if he had known that the Armenians ate his generous gift!

The missionaries felt that water was their greatest problem: for themselves, for Peter in the kitchen, and for the animals in the stables. At dusk and at day-break of each day two of them would make a wild dash for the cistern, which was sheltered by some overhanging branches. Though the taste of this water did not exactly fill them with enthusiasm, still it was water, and, under cover of the darkness, the animals likewise received their share.

With the missionaries were two Turk girls, Aiyesha and Jennett, whom they had not permitted to go into the city with the other children. Aiyesha was a young

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woman, and was religiously keeping the fast of Ramadan. She refused to eat or drink during the day, and had to be awakened before daybreak to get her breakfast. It was very dark in the hole, and hard for the missionaries to hit the time exactly. The next morning Aiyesha refused to eat her share of the rations.

"Do eat something, Aiyesha, or you will be ill," they urged.

"No! No! I cannot. It is too late," she murmured.

"Aiyesha," said the Little Lady, persuasively, "come and stand with me on the stairs. I will hold up a black thread and a white thread. If you cannot distinguish between them, your religion gives you permission to eat, does it not?"

Aiyesha looked doubtfully upon this performance.

"Well, can you tell the difference?" asked the Little Lady, convincingly.

"No," admitted the girl, reluctantly, "but who knows? If I were upstairs, perhaps I could."

Poor darkened mind, trying vainly, in her ignorance, to gain salvation by works. Each day by the dim candle light she read a portion from the Koran, and said prayers to Allah. She worried a great deal about her parents, who were in the city.

"You must keep on praying for them, Aiyesha," said the Married One.

"Oh, I do pray," she responded in an utterly discouraged tone; "but who knows whether God hears or not?" Poor followers of Mohammed! Vain repetitions five times a day, but never an answer! Only the empty and unsatisfying echo: "Who knows whether God hears or not?"

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The Armenians had sent out messenger after messenger, secretly, through the lines of the enemy by night, and during the first days their spirits had been stimulated by the anticipation that, within a day or two at most, the long-looked-for French force would appear. But now suspense was in the air, and the situation had reached a point too poignant to be long endured. Even the last messenger should have returned with help before that time, and the Armenians were growing hopeless and depressed.

Now and then the distant click, which announced the firing of the cannon, was heard, followed by the horrible whine which grew to a shriek in the air overhead; then the bursting of the shell nearby. The Turks kept up this desultory shelling during the day, amid the terrific roar of the rifle fire. The Armenians were tired and underfed, but brave—always brave.

Swept by the deluge of flying pieces of rock and steel, the wounded men who came down to the cellar stairs for treatment presented a ghastly and bloody appearance: face, hands, and body literally peppered with wounds. The Tall One and the Little Lady were kept busy tearing and rolling bandages, while Meudir Effendi, the Other One, and the Married One assisted the Doctor Lady with the wounded, many of whom insisted on going back to their posts after their wounds were stitched up.

Early in the afternoon sounds came from above, which convinced those in the cellar that the Armenians were panic-stricken at last, and seeking a way of escape. The angry followers of the Prophet lashed and hurled their rain of steel upon the compound, driving all life from the open, and the Armen-

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ians saw that they could not continue to hold the compound without too great a loss of men and ammunition. As the Turks drew nearer, and at last surrounded the wall of the compound, the Armenians were frantically discussing every alternative of escape.

For some reason, unknown to the missionaries, the Armenians could not find their leader, who seemed to have disappeared. Up and down, up and down the three long flights of stairs they ran, calling "Aram Chowish;" then out across the covered passageway into the school building, seeking a way of escape. It nearly drove the missionaries frantic with grief for their sad plight, for with bitterest soul anguish the men kept crying: "We have become a sacrifice; we have become a sacrifice." The torturing moments seemed an eternity of frightfulness.

Suddenly the war-storm ceased to lash the compound. Silence reigned. What could it mean? Why had the triumphant Turks withdrawn in the very moment of victory? Surely it was inexplicable!

The missionaries learned later that the Turks had orders from headquarters to burn the compound as soon as they succeeded in capturing it. And Allah had again smiled in their faces. He had given success to the Faithful, who mix their war and their worship together. Allah-illa-Allah had been their unceasing battlecry. They had faithfully pursued their devotions at the prayer hour, crying aloud the greatness of Allah and the greatness of his Prophet. They had been full of contempt for all who looked not toward Mecca, nor regarded Allah and Mohammed, his prophet. They had striven with one accord against

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the enemies of the Faith, knowing that their traditions said that true believers who died for the salvation of their land would receive a bounteous reward in jennett (heaven). For this they believed that Allah had smiled upon them and given them success.

But God, who had so often helped the missionaries over their danger zones, now intervened. The Turks surrounding the walls of the compound had in their hands balls of inflammable material, and just at the moment when they were about to throw them into the buildings, an order came from Enver Bey. "Do not burn the buildings," he said; "let us wait a short time. It may be that the Americans are still in the buildings. Let us wait twenty-four hours and see whether they will make any sign." Thus God used Enver Bey to interpose and save the missionaries from a horrible death. If He had not, they would have been burned alive.

Encouraged, the Armenians had found a new leader, and had come back to their barricade in the dormitory. Soon the wounded began coming down to the cellar once more. Worn with the agitation of the past three days, the missionaries were bearing up under a strange excitement which only the prospect of approaching death could have produced. They felt that they were fast reaching the limit of physical endurance. To dress a wound while one is waiting the near approach of death is anything but a desirable experience. The situation was horrible, and they felt that they had no further reserve strength with which to meet it. Yet once again they were enabled to lay hold on the promise, "Thy God hath commanded thy strength."

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Meudir Effendi sat on the cellar stairs, bathing wounds with bits of absorbent cotton moistened with antiseptic solution, and supporting weak patients. The Doctor Lady's trembling but skillful fingers sewed up wounds, while the Other One and the Married One assisted her, holding the candle, preparing antiseptic solutions, giving aromatic spirits of ammonia to the faint, and handing the required instruments.

Just at dusk, when the Armenians who had planned a retreat were leaving, a soldier came down with a wounded wrist. Wide open, the severed artery was spouting a stream of bright red blood. The Doctor Lady and her assistants started mechanically forward, each fearful that her nerve might give way and cause her to shake uncontrollably from head to foot. That moment, as never before, they became appallingly conscious of the vast insanity of the whole horrible business of war. Truly war was hell!

The man was rapidly bleeding to death. The Doctor Lady, fortunately, was able to produce a pair of artery clamps, and with these she deftly caught the ends of the artery. The Married One held these for her while she tied the artery with a piece of gut string. Unfortunately it was not fine enough for this delicate operation, and as soon as the clamps were removed the artery burst forth afresh. The man had already lost a great quantity of blood, and his face was growing whiter every moment. The Doctor Lady tied the artery the second time with the same result. The blood spurted over her and her assistants, and the cellar steps had become so slippery they could scarcely stand on them.

A feeling of imminent disaster hung over them.

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Meudir Effendi spoke a few encouraging words to the Doctor Lady, who was growing panicky. Once more this brave woman took up the clamps and endeavored to catch the bleeding ends of the artery, when, just at that moment, a bullet came crashing through the wall beside them. It missed them by a very narrow margin, passing only a few inches above their heads and knocking the plaster into their faces.

This seemed like the last straw, and with the Psalmist, from a hitherto unknown depth of sorrow and mental anguish, they cried: "Why standest Thou afar off, O Lord? Why hidest Thou Thyself in times of trouble? How long wilt Thou forget me, O Lord? Forever? How long wilt Thou hide Thy face from me? My heart is wounded within me. I am gone like the shadow when it declineth. My knees are weak through fasting. Help me, O Lord, my God!"

The artery was tied for the third time. "It is best to leave the clamps on this time," said Meudir Effendi, "for if the artery bursts forth again, the man cannot possibly survive." The wrist was bandaged, leaving the clamps on, and the man made his escape, finally, into the city.

The missionaries sank back limply into the hole. They felt that they had come to the end of themselves. But there was no rest yet for them. Two more wounded men begged admittance. The Doctor Lady was on the verge of collapse, and the Married One had to go in the hole and dash cold water over her face a few times before she could go out again and carry on. Then, at last, to their unspeakable relief, the wounds of the last man were dressed; the Armenians were all gone, and they were left alone in the compound.

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The delicate organism of the nervous system shrinks from daily contact with the hideous and revolting aspects of war. Tired brains demanded relief from the continual racket of the past three months. Aching limbs demanded bodily comfort. How they longed for even a slight diminution of the oppressive weight that had been so long upon their minds! The thought of the probable fate of Hadjin and their own orphans and native workers was like touching an exposed nerve. Why had they not been allowed to take them all away from this intolerable situation to a place of safety? Surely God never intended human beings to live in this manner! Sometimes they felt that even death would be a sweet release.

A reign of silence had settled down upon the house, and the compound was shrouded in darkness. The Turks, too, became strangely silent, and no more firing was heard. Yet, strange to relate, the missionaries found this horrible stillness worse than the former racket; for, though silent, they knew that the Turks were not far away: even now they might be creeping down upon them: even now they might be behind any of the closed doors above.

"Hark!" whispered the Doctor Lady, "what was that?" A sound like the noise of rushing feet above came to them, followed by pulsing silence.

"It will probably be Gizik Douran with his wild followers, or some equally lawless band," said the Tall One. "If only some of the Turk leaders whom we know would come in first!" But there was little hope of that. Jevan and Enver kept always in the rear of the battle. Tensely they waited and watched for the end. Ah! It was only the clatter of Peter's hoofs on

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the stone floor of the children's kitchen. This was repeated at intervals during the death-like stillness of the long night. Each time they listened, bodies rigid and ears strained to distinguish the sounds. Was it Peter, or was it the Turks?

"Why does he jump about so nervously?" asked the Little Lady, her tone expressing the perturbation that all were experiencing. "Do you think he hears reconnoitering parties outside, or sees a head thrust in at the window?"

"Can he never be still?" groaned the Doctor Lady. "That horse will drive us wild yet."

"The Turks will probably spring in throwing bombs right and left," said the Other One, presently. "If one is thrown in the passageway, or on the stairs, we are doomed."

"How horrible!" murmured the Tall One. "Yet no! If we must die, then how much easier by shell or rifle shot!"

"Yes, responded the Married One, "how easy Hohannes died! He was smiling happily one moment as he rode the donkey to water; the next moment all was over. No such prolonged agony as we have endured. Have we not already died a hundred deaths?"

"We can say with the Psalmist," said the Little Lady, "'My soul is continually in my hand.'"

"And with Paul, 'For Thy sake we are killed all the day long,'" added Meudir Effendi.

"They may spare us yet," said the Tall One, "but I have many grave doubts about it. They were ever quick to suspect us, and, when the Armenians captured the compound, doubtless suspicion fastened upon us at once. If they do not spare us," she added,

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thinking what it would mean to be carried off by one of the desperadoes, "then I hope they will shoot me at once."

Death, and perhaps something worse than death, was staring them in the face. They were fast reaching the end of their strength. "Oh, God," they cried, "have mercy! If we must die, then let death come soon, while we still have strength of body, mind, and soul to meet it bravely." Their nerves were ready to snap under the awful and prolonged tension. Memory conjured up scenes of Turkish cruelty. All the suspense, the dread, the horror of a death by massacre, or slow torture, were concentrated into the agony of that long, dark night.

Surely no power but God's could avert the blow now! Yet it seemed as though He had forgotten them. He seemed to have hidden His face from them. "Oh God," prayed the Married One, "fail us not in this our blackest hour of darkness. Veil not Thy face from us. Why do the heavens seem brass? Oh, my God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken us? Our soul is full of troubles, and our life draweth nigh unto the grave. Thou hast laid us in the lowest pit, in darkness, in the deeps. We are shut up, and we cannot go forth. Oh God, be not far from us. Deliver our souls from the sword. Nevertheless, if thou dost see that death is best for us then let 'not my will but Thine be done.'"

For comfort in this their hour of deepest soul anguish, Meudir Effendi opened his Bible, and read by the dim candle light from Revelation, of the "golden vials full of odors which are the prayers of the saints," and of the angel who offers "the prayers of the saints upon the golden altar" which is before

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God's throne. Their thoughts went out to their homeland. Was it possible that someone might be praying for them right at that moment? Had God impressed their need upon the hearts of some of His saints? If so, then someone, perhaps, was engaged at that moment in real, agonizing prayer in behalf of their desperate situation. There were some, they knew, who prayed for them every day. This thought comforted their hearts greatly, and they were conscious of an uplift of spirit for which there was no outward valid reason. The long, sleepless night passed at last, and then came the dawn for which they had waited so anxiously.

It appeared that the enemy had fled, but it was impossible to tell. Tired of the foul air of the hole, they ventured out on the stairs. No sound came from above. They crept noiselessly up to the hall on the ground floor. All was still. After a whispered consultation, it was decided that Meudir Effendi and the Little Lady go up through the house cautiously, and, if they found the building unoccupied, hang out an American flag and a white flag from one of the dormitory windows. This would let the Turks know that they were still in the compound and wished to open negotiations with them.

As they left, bearing the two flags, those who remained below waited anxiously, listening to the loud beating of their hearts. No shot had been fired since daybreak. Now they were alarmed to hear several following each other in quick succession. Directly after, they heard Meudir Effendi and the Little Lady running swiftly down the two flights of stairs, and they hastened to meet them.

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"Are you hurt?" they cried in chorus, seeing their white and drawn faces.

"No," answered the Little Lady, breathlessly, "but the rooms above—they are a gruesome sight! Our hearts grew sick within us as we gazed upon the loathsome evidences of the terrible battle of the past three days. But we threaded our way up through the debris until we reached the northeast dormitory window. Then, as we were hanging out the two flags, the Turks opened fire on us. It is evident that they intend to show us no mercy."

The thought was a disquieting one. And there was nothing to do but wait. How the long minutes dragged, while they watched in silence for something to happen! The forenoon wore away. Nothing happened. The afternoon passed. They began to wonder if the Turks had gone. "But that seems improbable," said the Other One. "It is more likely that they are gathering reinforcements," for they were, as yet, unaware of Enver's decision to delay the burning of the compound.

"We need fresh medical and surgical supplies," said the Doctor Lady to the Married One. "Let us seize this opportunity to go up to my office on the third floor and get some."

Only those who have seen some of the devastation of war know the feelings they experienced as they passed up through the orphanage. The building lay in a ruined condition. The walls were full of great gaping holes. The floors were strewn with plaster and fragments of broken glass. The flower-pots had been blown from the windows half way across the rooms. Books from the shelves, pictures from the walls, and the

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many little treasures that make home dear, which the missionaries had been collecting for many years, had been hurled from their places, and lay in mangled heaps on the floors. And everywhere was the loathsome, sickening smell of blood.

"It will be necessary to burn this building," said the Little Lady when they returned with the medicine, "for it is ruined beyond repair. With these hideous memories I do not feel that I could ever live in it again."

Life on the stairs was so much better than life in the hole, that they became bolder and decided to sleep that night on the floor of the orphans' dining-room below. They divided the night into three watches. Meudir Effendi and the Married One had the first watch. Having little food and little sleep was proving a severe test to their powers of endurance. The watch was scarcely more than half over when the Married One said to her husband, "I feel a strange, numb sensation in my brain." He urged her to go and lie down, but she refused. "You are as much worn as I am," she replied, trying to put fresh energy into her wearied limbs, but in vain. The will was still there, but her powers of endurance seemed paralyzed. She tried to fight off this creeping feeling of unconsciousness by telling herself that the Turks would probably spring in at any moment and massacre them, but it failed to have any effect. Death by starvation, death by bullet, bomb, or sword, it was all one to her now, as she passed into a death-like stupor. Yet, strange to say, so great is the force of the subconscious will that in less than half an hour it reasserted itself, and she came on guard again. "I'm

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sorry," she murmured with a twing of conscience at having had to desert her post of duty, "but I'm going to see it through this time." Again her husband begged her to rest. Again she refused, knowing how difficult it was for one to keep watch alone in the darkness. Fifteen minutes later she felt very humiliated to find herself again passing into this strange coma. When she regained consciousness this time their watch was just over, and the Other One came on guard with the Doctor Lady.

There were sounds of many reconnoitering parties about during the night, and considerable firing. Several times they heard them pass the compound, circling about it. Just before daybreak a man, bending low, ran across under the dining-room windows. Not knowing whether he was friend or foe, they scarcely breathed until they heard him pass beyond the building. Then catching up a pillow and a blanket each, they fled back up to the hole under the stairs.

When morning came all felt that another effort must be made to save the starving animals in the stables. Water was brought from the cistern, and, though the risk was great, the Tall One helped Meudir Effendi carry it to the stables. Some of the animals had been wounded during the battle, and one had been killed. Its swollen body lay in the yard. This was a menace to their health, but they could think of no way of disposing of the body. The thought of Peter in the children's kitchen also troubled them. They wished to take him over to the stable during this lull; but if the fighting should be resumed after they did so, his wound would be neglected. On the other hand, if they left him in the kitchen, there was

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the probability that he might die of his wound. What, then, would they do with the body?

They thought of trying to clean up one of the living-rooms and make it habitable again, but the task seemed hopeless. The heat and swarms of flies about everywhere intensified their feelings of apprehension. It seemed impossible to cope longer with their sanitary conditions. To say nothing of the horrible stench within the orphanage, there was still the dead body within the clinic building—and who knew how many more in the places where they had not dared as yet to look? Life was becoming too much for them. How were they to go on living in the midst of a Turkish battlefield, with its appalling unsanitary conditions?

CHAPTER XXI

Robbed and Rescued by the Brigands

THESE thoughts were troubling their minds when they heard a faint call in the distance. They called back at intervals for half an hour or more, but could not distinguish any intelligible words. As the Turks came nearer, the missionaries began to understand that they were asking them to come out to meet them with a white flag.

Meudir Effendi and the Little Lady took the two flags that were flying from a window in the dormitory, and went out into the ravine behind the compound. The Nationalists, reassured by finding that they were encountering no armed resistance, came pouring down the mountainsides. They were a promiscuous crowd: wild hordes of Turks, Kurds, Circassians, with swarthy skin and sullen faces. But among these ragged savage creatures there seemed to be no one in authority with whom to negotiate, so the missionaries returned to the compound.

A few of the simple villagers came in with them, engaging them in friendly conversation, and for a brief space their hopes rose. But not for long. Presently some of the worst outlaws in the country, with their wicked bands, broke in on this friendly scene. One of them, Arab Ali (the Turks called him Arab because of his very dark complexion), took command. He strode into the yard with a dark and lowering counte-

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nance, shot a withering glance of scorn at the friendly villagers, and sat down on a chair which was at hand. Passing an arm over his steaming forehead, he looked about him with a hostile eye.

"Water!" he commanded sharply. The Married One brought some rain-water and offered him a cupful. But Arab Ali was not pleased to drink—not from her hand at least. He seemed to find this simple act of kindness decidedly irritating. To accept it from her hand would have meant friendship with the Americans.

"I will accept nothing from the hand of a Christian," he cried, glaring at her with his cruel eyes. There was a moment of strained, uncomfortable silence. Taken utterly by surprise, the Married One stood nonplussed, holding the cup.

"But I will," cried Yowis Ali, throwing her a kind smile in which lurked an apology; "give it to me. I will drink it."

A flash of anger blazed from Arab Ali's dark eyes as Yowis Ali took the cup. He turned on the missionaries, his face twitching with repressed fury. "You have betrayed us to our enemies," he cried.

"You are entirely mistaken," they replied, quietly. "We have been strictly neutral in this war from the very beginning." His motive was to provoke a quarrel which would end in a wild riot, in which no one could be held responsible for what happened. The missionaries were just as anxious to avoid this.

"You did betray us," he repeated, angrily, catching up his automatic rifle and giving it a vicious pull. The storm was about to burst in fury upon their heads. Escape seemed impossible. "Our trust in you is done with and ended," he continued savagely. "We have

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driven the French out of our country, and we do not want the Americans either."

For some seconds the only sound was the tense, irregular breathing of the brigands. Arab Ali gave an order to some of them who began setting up the automatic gun in the yard. Surely the worst fears of the missionaries were about to be realized. But the God, who never failed them in their moments of supremest danger, came once more to their rescue. At this point Enver Bey came dashing round the corner, his face red from running. He was wildly excited, fearing that he had come too late.

"Are you hurt?" he cried. "Are you all here, and alive?" The missionaries had saved his life when he lay at death's door, and he felt it his duty to save theirs now in return, for, as a rule, a Turk never forgets a kindness of this sort. Enver saw that their predicament required drastic action, and, touching Arab Ali on the arm, he motioned him into a room nearby.

What hold this one wicked chief had over the other, or what he said to him, may never be known. But, in some way, Enver averted the storm for the time being. He was the only desperado who could have controlled the situation at this crisis. God knew this, and so arranged, beforehand, that the missionaries could win him for a friend. They preferred Jevan Bey, and wished that it might have been Jevan, who was living in the clinic building, instead of Enver Bey. Now they understood why God had disappointed them in their wish and given them Enver Bey instead, for Jevan Bey had not enough of the desperado in him to bring a situation of this kind to a successful issue.

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Arab Ali's men disappeared into the orphanage, eager to loot the place, but another crowd filled the yard, pressing about the missionaries. Enver Bey now returned and stood magnificently imperious in their humble midst. "To the trenches!" was his curt command, for the Armenians were opening fire on them from Hadjin. Officers flung commands at their men, striking them unmercifully with their rifles and riding whips, and the crowd soon scattered right and left.

"You must leave at once," said Enver, tensely, to the missionaries. "There is not a moment to lose, and may Allah grant that I have not come too late."

The missionaries accepted the desperate situation, and faced the difficulties of it in the same spirit that they had manifested in previous emergencies; though they had not the least desire to accompany the brigands, and, up to this moment, had hoped that they would be permitted to remain in their own home. They had lived in the buildings with the Armenian soldiers, but the thought of staying there with the brigands in occupation was not to be entertained for a moment. They must leave at once, and look to the Lord to guide them safely through the war zone.

They could only take what they could carry in the saddlebags with them. Hurrying to their rooms, they found them already in possession of the thieving mob, who were helping themselves to everything in furious haste. The missionaries saw that if they were to get anything at all they, too, must grab, and grab quickly. A sense of humor overpowered the Married One even in this calamitous situation, forcing a laugh from her lips. It seemed so tragically ludicrous to be one of a

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band of thieving brigands, grabbing in haste like each of them, stealing her own things.

Enver Bey now entered the missionary home, and, taking Meudir Effendi and his wife each by an elbow, urged them from the room. "This compound will be burned," he said, impelling them onward. "This house is on fire now." And, even as he spoke, there came to their nostrils the odor of burning wood. When they had reached the bottom of the stairs, Enver having gone on ahead, the Married One remembered that she had no wrap of any kind. She squeezed her way back through the armed mob, getting several scratches from their numerous weapons, and went on up the stairs. She noticed that a busy bandit had laid his bag of plunder across the railing, and, calmly opening it while his back was turned, she took out a coat for herself and a blue serge suit for her husband.

On her return below she found Yowis Ali bending over two open boxes. "What is this thing?" he asked, holding up a rubberized case.

"Oh, thank you very much," she replied in an innocent tone; "that is a case containing my rubber raincoat and cap." Taking them from him she stuffed them into the saddlebags on her arm. But the last laugh was on her, for she never saw her raincoat and cap again. Yowis Ali, in some way, managed to regain possession of them without her knowledge.

Enver Bey had spoken the truth. The missionary home was on fire, and clouds of smoke were pouring out from the basement as Meudir Effendi and his wife hurried out. Seeing this, the Hadjin people feared for the lives of the missionaries, and started

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out to the rescue. "The Armenians are coming," cried Enver, as the attack from the city began. "You must get away from here instantly."

They went directly to the stables to take stock of the animals—the living, the wounded, and the dead. The Married One stood on guard over the saddles and saddlebags, while Meudir Effendi began the seemingly hopeless task of getting some of the animals ready to ride. One after another, he turned them out, gaunt, crippled, and lame. Only two horses and one donkey were uninjured. Meudir Effendi asked the Married One to hold his horse, which was dancing about, chafing to be off, while he saddled the second horse and tied it close by.

Just then Arab Ali came along, darted under the halter of this horse, and struck up at him. The animal reared and plunged about. Arab Ali turned and continued to strike savagely at the horse's head. "What a cruel man," thought the Married One, not suspecting his purpose. Soon the bridle slipped from his head, and the horse was off. Arab Ali wanted that fine horse for himself, and knew that once loose on the battlefield, the missionaries could not catch him, but some of his own men would, and he would obtain him later on. Meudir Effendi now came out with "Haiastan" (Armenia), the Tall One's horse. But gaunt from hunger, and badly wounded, this horse could only be left behind.

Enver Bey, who had gone into the orphanage to hurry out the ladies, now appeared with them, and the party started off Indian file. In front of them, to their right, a calf lay dying. Just beyond was a large pool of human blood, from which the body had been

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removed. Meudir Effendi was carrying a suitcase, and leading a wounded donkey, which stopped every few steps, refusing to go on. Owing to the lack of animals to ride, they felt compelled to bring the old white station horse, Peter, and this second donkey.

All was war and tumult about them. They called in vain to one another. No one could hear in that hellish din. The horse that had got loose, maddened by the noise of battle and the proximity of the firing mob, dashed in wild recklessness back and forth across their pathway. They passed the burning building on their left, where, out from the rolling clouds of smoke, long tongues of fire were leaping, and pressed on across the small vineyard, and up to the Marash gate at the northwest corner of the compound. The Married One strove to quiet her horse, coaxing him on up toward the gate in the wall.

There a gruesome sight awaited them. Only one door in the wall would open, and directly across it lay a dead body, already putrified in the hot sun. The thought of climbing over this loathsome thing was nauseating. Meudir Effendi and the wounded donkey passed over. Then the Married One climbed over the body, fearing that her horse would utterly refuse to come. But, after shying a bit, he jumped over. All the rest of the party got through the wall safely, except the Little Lady. She had old Peter. He was feeble with age, and weak from his recent wound. He attempted to make the grade, but failed, falling down upon the dead body. He could not rise, and had to be helped up.

Now they were out on the battlefield. An indescribable din roared about them. Bullets whizzed and

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whistled round them. A rain of crackling noises enveloped them, as the war tempest raged and rolled in sullen echoes round the encircling mountains. Enver hurried them upward. The road grew rougher and steeper as they ascended. Now and then the loathsome smell of blood and decaying bodies was wafted to their nostrils. Those who were in front paused a moment, to cast strained glances backward and downward to see if all were coming. They beheld with renewed apprehension the Little Lady's horse rolling down a steep bank, dragging her after him.

"It is of no use," she cried, despairingly. "Peter cannot go on." This time the old horse made no attempt to rise, and soon expired.

"If I am shot," called the Tall One, "I want the rest of you to go right on. Do not stop a moment on my account."

They climbed over rocks, crossed the narrow stream back and forth, passing now along a narrow gully that led upward. As they went up one steep incline after another, Meudir Effendi was compelled to throw away his suitcase, and the Other One left the bag of clothing, that she was carrying, on the road behind her. Higher and higher they climbed, gasping for breath. They began to wonder whether any of them would have strength enough to reach the mountain-top. Pausing a moment for breath, they cast a glance downward toward the desolate city far below. A sense of the immensity of the sorrows of the Armenian nation overwhelmed them. Oh for one gleam to break through the clouds now so heavy with the martyr nation's pain!

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But they were not yet out of range of bullets, and each time they attempted to stop and rest Enver hurried them onward. Sweating and panting, the horse and donkey thrust themselves up the steeps. The clothing of the missionaries was soaked in perspiration. The Doctor Lady seemed to be having a harder struggle for breath than the others, and, in spite of their mutual misery and discomfort, they laughed when they got a good look at her and discovered the reason. Fearing that all she might carry with her would be stolen from her, the Doctor Lady had donned several suits of clothing, and under the weight of them all was laboriously threading her way up the heights. They could not ride, for the way was too steep, and they had only the two animals now, for the wounded donkey had soon become exhausted, and was left behind.

But in spite of the heat, whenever they passed a dead body a sudden chill! seized them. Dulled as they had become to the horrible side of war, yet those silent grotesque figures made the blood begin to freeze in their veins. One was strapped to a stretcher, and his wounds had been bandaged. Why had he been left here? Had he died on the way, or were his companions compelled to desert him and flee in haste for their lives? Only a day or two before each dead body had been a thing of life. Through their veins had coursed the warm, red blood of manhood. No doubt they had loved ones at home waiting their return: perhaps little ones of their own. Now they lay sprawled on the earth, a ghastly and unsightly jumble of arms and legs—mute, motionless, dead. How cruel and merciless the great war-machine!

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Many bandits passed the missionaries, some on their way down to the battle front, and others wending their way upward, carrying bags of plunder whose bulging contents seemed strangely familiar. "There goes my summer suit," exclaimed Meudir Effendi. "See the trousers hanging from the mouth of that fat bag!"

"It was kind of that brigand to carry your leather bag for you," said the Married One to the Tall One, as the top was reached and they paused for breath.

"Oh, it is mine no longer," was the enlightening reply. "He carried that up for himself."

The view from this point was beautiful, the outlook boundless. On every side rose the barren mountain peaks, but below them the tops of the forests of pines were touched with silver. The rolling sea of timber lay in the soft noonday haze, flanked here and there by steep, gray walls of granite, on which a few straggling clumps of trees struggled for existence above the timber line. Above them was the deep blue canopy of heaven; below them deep green ravines separating the piled-up mountains which stretched far away into the blue of the distant horizon. What a sight it was for war-weary eyes and distracted brains! The touch of the cool winds was on their heated brows; the pine trees below creaked and whistled in the breeze; mountain torrents roared, boiled, and eddied beneath the sun's rays—Nature's voices, laughter, and enchanting choruses. Truly God's earth was very beautiful, but man had made it a vile place.

Here on the bleak and barren mountain-top was the headquarters of the two leaders, Enver and Jevan.

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Three walls of stone, with a black cover of sackcloth, formed the sheltered nook they called home, and into which Enver now invited the missionaries. Their jaded bodies were crying for rest and food, yet they felt reluctant about lingering among the crowd of robbers who were already greedily eyeing their saddlebags. However, Enver insisted on their sitting down long enough to drink *iran* (sour milk mixed with plenty of water). While they were drinking, Enver fussed with the telephone, which was not in working order at the moment. He wished to send word to the Commanding Officer, that he had rescued the Americans.

The missionaries were taking a peep into their saddlebags, and the Married One now discovered that her husband's blue serge suit, which she had taken from the bag at the head of the stairs, had disappeared. Their minds had not had time to work out this puzzle when Enver turned to them with the first smile he had given them. "Bey Effendi," he said, addressing Meudir Effendi with this respectful title; "I want that new saddle of yours. I had intended to take that fine, black horse of yours, but since there is only one horse left to your party, my heart has softened within me. I can pick up another good horse, but not an American saddle like this one."

Without awaiting any reply, Enver gave orders for the transfer of Meudir Effendi's saddle to his own horse. While Meudir Effendi was endeavoring to feel sufficiently grateful for having received a present of his own horse, he glanced down and noticed that Enver was pulling on a pair of new shoes, which his servant had just handed to him.

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"Those shoes seem to be rather small for you," he remarked.

"Yes, they are a bit small," agreed Enver, regretfully. "I think they must be yours."

"Yes, I believe they are," replied Meudir Effendi, dryly. But Enver calmly continued to lace up the new shoes, as pleased over them as a child.

A thought was greatly troubling the Married One. She had in her possession a diary, in which she had written notes, day by day, during the siege. Not being able to post any letters to loved ones in the homeland, she had taken this way of keeping a brief account of the happenings of every day, which she hoped to send to them when the way opened. Now the unforeseen had happened, and it looked as though the book might come into the possession of the brigands, if their saddlebags should be searched for private papers. In that case, it might endanger all their lives.

The Tall One had kept a more detailed account of events; but having a few moments alone to herself before she left her room, she had destroyed the closely typewritten sheets. But the Married One had never been alone for a moment. She had hoped to throw the book in the stove and set fire to it before she left, but she could not do this in the presence of the brigands. If she left the book in her room it would be discovered, so she placed it in the bottom of her saddlebags, hoping to have an opportunity to destroy it on the way. While climbing the mountain she had told Meudir Effendi of her intention, but he replied: "If you drop it here among the shrubs, some of the brigands will be sure to discover it, and that will only cause more trouble. Your best way is to keep it, trusting that

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we will not be searched." This proved to be good advice, for the diary which she was so anxious to get rid of was to be of invaluable assistance later in the writing of this volume.

They now started out across the plateau which ran along behind this mountain, after which a long descent had to be made to the river below. Though they found it easier than climbing, yet they were so worn that the journey was a difficult one. Half way down, the younger Turk girl, Jennett, declared that she could go no farther. "My legs simply will not go any more," she said, a pathetic smile on her little white face. This dear little girl was not enjoying the war any more than the missionaries. They all sat down to rest awhile on a brow of the mountain that overlooked the military encampment by the river below.

"Now thanks be to Allah," said Enver Bey, sitting down beside Meudir Effendi, and throwing an arm about his shoulders, "that he hath enabled me to save your precious lives. I was much afraid that you might be shot before I could get you up the mountain-side. I did not tell you before, but that was why I had to hurry you so. There was danger for me also, for a certain reason, but thanks be to Allah who hath guarded us safely on the way."

"My mind is not at rest," he confided a moment later, a bit of uneasiness in his tone, "for I had to shoot two men in order to intimidate the rest. I regret such a necessity, for it may cause me much trouble."

"Oh," cried the Married One, horrified, "do you suppose he really shot those men so that we could escape?"

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"Perhaps he shot them to scare the thieving crowd into the trenches," replied Meudir Effendi in English, for he was unwilling to believe, though it seemed that Enver was speaking the truth.

"Well, the will of Allah be done," murmured Enver, resignedly, casting his regrets to the winds of heaven. "They were useless dogs anyhow." Then noting the pained expression on the Married One's face.. "Oh, do not worry, Hanum Effendi (Mr. Lady)," he said; "they will not die. They are only slightly wounded, and both will recover." Thus he lied to comfort her, knowing full well that both of the men were already dead.

The rest of the party, who had been resting a short distance away, now joined them, and all resumed their journey down the mountain. It was an hour or more past noon when they reached the river below. They were now homeless, and entirely at the mercy of the Turks. If it had not been for their trust in God, and in His ability to care for them, the outlook would have been very black indeed. They had had no breakfast, and they did not know whether the Turks would offer them any food or not. So they felt very grateful when Suleman, a young officer whom they knew and liked, came to greet them, and asked them to rest awhile in his tent. Fortunately he was in charge of the stores of provisions, and ordered a servant to prepare a dinner for them, which was served to them about three o'clock under the shade of a huge walnut tree by the sparkling stream. Enver Bey ate with them, while Suleman sat by conversing with them in the most friendly manner. Thus God raised them up another friend in time of need.

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Word came then from Yashar Bey, who had entire charge of affairs during the absence of Dogan Bey, who had gone a few days before to occupy Sis after the French retreat, that the Americans were to be brought up to headquarters on the top of another mountain six miles away. The weary missionaries did not relish the thought of another journey that day, but Suleman kindly offered to see that animals were provided for them to ride. While they were waiting for these, they began to take stock of their earthly possessions, now so few.

"I wish I had thought to bring a towel," said the Other One.

"Has anyone a piece of soap?" asked Meudir Efendi. Nobody had.

"During that last awful week I carried my comb with me," said the Married One, taking it from her pocket.

"How fortunate!" remarked the Tall One. "We shall at least be able to comb our hair. I did not think of mine."

Some had one handkerchief; others had none. Most of them had not even a change of underclothing. "I am sadly in need of a pin or two," said the Little Lady. "Is it not strange how invaluable such a small thing may become?"

"I know the Married One is short of hairpins," said the Doctor Lady, "for I borrowed one from her to use as an instrument while in the hole."

Their experiences had again been coincident with the Psalmist's, and they could say with him: "The bands of the wicked have robbed me. They part my garments among them. Many a time have they

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afflicted me, yet have they not prevailed against me. If it had not been the Lord who was on our side, when men rose up against us, then had they swallowed us up quick, when their wrath was kindled against us. Blessed be the Lord who hath not given us as a prey to their teeth."

Providentially, the Turks had not yet discovered that Meudir Effendi and his wife were Canadians. As the animals were being brought up and saddled, Suleman got out his notebook and insisted that the missionaries write down their addresses, so that he might write to them when they reached America. Meudir Effendi thought rapidly. "I will give you the address of my father: he lives in Detroit," he said. Suleman seemed quite satisfied with that, and all breathed easier when they found that he made no objection.

Mounting the horses, with their uncomfortable native saddles, the missionaries spent the balance of the afternoon in climbing to the top of the highest mountain northwest of Hadjin. Enver Bey accompanied them. The sun hung low on the western rim when they had reached the highest point, and dropped out of sight, flinging its last brilliant banners into the twilight sky, as they followed the road which dipped down into a hollow several hundred feet below, where lay the main military encampment. Across the sea of piled-up mountains which lay before them, sifted a lavender and gold mist. This deepened to purple as night crept upon them out of the immense distances.

As they approached Dogan Bey's tent, Yashar Bey came out to meet them. He was a short man of un-

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usually large proportions. He had a harsh, discordant voice, and a face in which brutality was strongly marked. He was the sort of man whom one instinctively avoids. Whatever may have been his thoughts, he concealed them with the craftiness of the Oriental, and invited them to share his tent with him. He had them served with a light supper, but refused to eat with them. Enver Bey disappeared for the night, going, no doubt, back to his machine guns.

Yashar Bey gave up his bed, which pretty well covered one half of the floor space, to the five ladies and the two Turk girls, while he and Meudir Effendi occupied the other half of the tent, sleeping on the floor. "How fortunate," said one of the ladies, as she arranged her saddlebags to serve as a pillow, "that we are too exhausted to think much about the minor comforts of life. When we once get ourselves settled into this narrow, crowded space there will doubtless be no room left for the tiny creeping things Yashar Bey warned us about."

They were now directly behind the largest cannon the Turks had, and ere they slept its loud boom crashed and roared among the peaks. A brigand thrust his head inside the tent door. "The Commander ordered that the cannon be fired off in honor of our distinguished guests," he announced, expecting them to be pleased.

"Let us tell him," they replied with a shudder at the incongruity of the situation, "that we do not wish to have any of the Hadjin people killed in our honor."

Fighting continued during the night. Yashar Bey rose frequently to receive reports from the different points that the Turks were holding on the mountains

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round about the city. From his replies the missionaries gathered that the Turks were getting the worst of it on all sides. The mountains were convulsed with a deafening roar of sound. The noise of the firing indicated that an attacking party of Armenians was making its way up the ravine that led to this north-west mountain. It gave them an apprehensive feeling of insecurity. Were they to be subjected to the additional strain of a fourth capture? The Armenians would show no mercy whatever to the Commander's tent, for they could not possibly know that the Americans were in it. A horrible fate might yet overtake them. These grimly apprehensive thoughts filled their minds with the most intense anxiety. The horror of the past week was still upon them, and they determined, if they lived to witness the sunrise, to strain every nerve to get away from this position of peril. Then, towards morning, from sheer exhaustion, they fell asleep.

A Turk will promise anything. He rejoices in the fact that it relieves the threatening atmosphere, and puts everyone in good humor. Yet, very often, he has no intention whatever of fulfilling his promises. Yashar Bey had promised to let the missionaries go next day, yet, when they rose, they saw at once that no preparations were being made for any such journey. Each time they urgently voiced their desire he said: "Are you not comfortable? There is no hurry. In this land we are never in a hurry like you Americans. We move slowly and save our energy and our nerves. What possible difference does it make to you whether you reach Talas a few days sooner or later?"

By the middle of the forenoon they saw that he

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had no intention of letting them go. Unaware of what his hidden design might be, there was nothing to do but to wait until time revealed it. Yet they could not help viewing their situation with feelings of mingled alarm and dread. They dare not express to any of the Turks their distrust and apprehension, but this hidden, lurking danger jarred on their nerves as the long day passed.

Enver Bey was still their friend. He had returned in the morning and said that he would remain to protect and entertain them. He expressed also a desire to comfort them in their loss of home and all their possessions. One moment he was exulting in the number of stolen things that had fallen to his share, while the next moment he was expressing his deep sympathy for them in their loss of the same.

"Now praise be to Allah that you have escaped the clutches of those ignorant dogs," he said, referring to their escape of the day before. "By to-morrow, if Allah showeth us favor, you shall be far away from this noisy battlefield. You have lost all your earthly possessions, but do not worry. Be thankful that your souls are still alive. These material things will come again. Allah is just. Allah is merciful. He will restore it all to you in due time."

His voice fell on their ears in the soft musical Turkish of the upper classes. Speaking tenderly: "My dear friends," he said, bestowing on them his charming, enigmatical smile; "do not, I beg of you, look so sad and depressed. It is not the part of wisdom to worry. It may cause you to become ill. There is no reason whatever for dejection. America is rich. Whatever you have lost, America will restore to you

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again. Cheer up, my friends! Come along with me and I will show you the workings of our most powerful cannon. You shall look upon some of the wonderful inventions of our German friends, and forget, for the time being, your sorrows."

"In spite of everything," murmured the Married One to her husband, "there is something likable about the Turk. They are so childlike and simple. The joy they evidenced in getting possession of our nice American things took much of the sharp edge off our loss. This Enver is a rascal; there's no doubt about that, and yet one must admit that he is a charming rascal."

"Yes," replied Meudir Effendi, "Enver is a strange mixture of warm friendliness and polite villainy. Jevan Bey was more of the friend and less of the villain. Yet, even he, with all his friendship, could not altogether hide his Moslem prejudice. Something was always cropping up which caused him to express his contempt for all Christian nations. The religious prejudices of the Turk are very strong and over-rule his friendship at times; and we must bear in mind that for these children of Islam revenge is no crime, but a virtue."

They set out to visit the largest cannon, following Enver as he led them through the streets of this mushroom town. The scene before them was fascinating for it held for them the curiosities of military life in the interior. Hundreds of men squatted lazily in the sun outside the many huts of stone that rambled over the mountainside. Others moved about at various kinds of work. These ruffians of the East, with their lean, bronzed faces, their patched rags of clothing,

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and their piercing dark eyes, were the men who had vowed to show no quarter to their enemies, and not to rest content until Hadjin was in their hands. As the Americans looked upon their swarthy faces and hairy arms, a sort of terror mingled with the extraordinary attraction of the mystic atmosphere of the scene, for they knew that these ferocious creatures would play the war game mercilessly.

The shrubs on the mountain were covered with the discolored rags of the Faithful, which were drying in the sun. A short walk brought them to the brow of the mountain overlooking the city far below. Here stood the cannon, and, at Enver's suggestion, they crouched low, out of sight, while he explained to them its workings.

"I will now proceed to show you another wonder," he announced proudly, leading them to another large machine that had been erected not far from the cannon. "This machine has such large and powerful glasses that, when swung upon any part of the city, it brings that part close up to our eyes. For that reason we can detect the slightest movement there."

Through the powerful lenses of this machine the missionaries looked for the last time upon the city of Hadjin, and upon the ruins of the summer compound just beyond. Not a human being was in sight in the city. The housetops had ever been the most pleasant spots in their homes. Here the people worked, drying wheat, cherries, mulberries, and tomatoes. Now they lay silent and deserted. How could these people, accustomed as they were to life on the roof and in the open, live indoors in crowded rooms in this terrible, hot weather? Conditions there must be unthinkable!

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What tragedies must lie behind those silent walls: what shattered hopes. The iron of hopelessness was, no doubt, boring deep into their souls by this time, and what awful mental suffering follows an eclipse of hope! If the secrets which lay behind those closed walls could be revealed, they would form a startling volume. Such were the thoughts passing through the minds of the missionaries as they turned back.

"Did you notice," asked Meudir Effendi, speaking in English, "that there were only thirteen shells for that cannon? The Turks must be short of ammunition. That would account for the successes of the Armenians during the past week."

"I also noticed," answered one of the others, "the German writing on the outside of the ammunition boxes."

Enver now asked for, and secured, a paper from them, stating that he had saved their lives. "If I should be brought to trial, as I fear," he explained, "I shall need this. Besides," he continued, ever ready to turn every incident to his own advantage, "if I live through this campaign, and our Nationalist cause is unsuccessful in the final issue, I shall escape to America, if at all possible, and this paper might help me to gain admittance to your country."

Enver then went to converse with some of the other officers, and the missionaries were left alone for a time. "I should like to read Acobe's letter," said the Married One. "Up to the present time I have had no opportunity to do so." Meudir Effendi drew from his inside coat pocket the letter which Acobe, the young teacher, had written after the orphans were taken into the city. She had sent the letter to them by a

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young Armenian soldier while they were living in the cellar. It ran as follows:

"My Dear Meudir Effendi and Dear Married One:—

"I am very glad for the opportunity to send a letter to you. I am living in upper Hadjin with my relatives, but it seems impossible for me to settle down here. It is very hard for me to live without seeing you always.

"I am continually thinking about you, and I miss you very much. *Oh, when shall we meet again?* Always your precious words are coming to my ear, and I wonder if we shall ever be happy again as in the dear old days at the summer compound.

"I cannot be glad here. I am very sorry, and sad, for a few cannon shells have come in through our roof, and I am afraid sometimes. Last night, after eleven o'clock, a shell came in through the wall of the room where we were sleeping, and wakened us suddenly. None of us were injured, but all were very much frightened, and they took me down underground for the rest of the night, but I could not sleep any more.

"The days seem so very long. I miss the orphans and workers so much. They are with Menas Effendi and Josphine in another part of the city. Josephine (another teacher) was wounded in the arm.

"I hope you are well. I am praying for you that God may take care of you. Leah is with me here. She also grieves with me that things are in this sad condition. We send salaams to all of you. We are waiting with faith for the day when these clouds will pass over. We are trusting in God.

"Sincerely yours,

"Acobe Arikian."

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Feeling that there was nothing more that they could do for Hadjin, the missionaries were anxious to get away, hoping that if they could get word out to Constantinople of the perilous condition of the people in this interior city, something would be done to save them. Surely the Allies would not allow a whole city to be massacred without making some effort to prevent such a catastrophe!

CHAPTER XXII

Back to Civilization

THAT evening Dogan Bey arrived from Sis. He stated that the French had withdrawn as far as the coast, and meant to leave Cilicia. The missionaries had reason to doubt this, for, when they asked him to let them go southeast to Adana, he refused, saying that there was no road open for them that way. He required of them a lengthy statement of the Hadjin siege from their viewpoint, and did not seem at all pleased when he read what they had written.

Yashar Bey ordered their supper sent in to them, but persistently refused to eat with them. This was not a sign of friendliness, and they were far from feeling the confidence in these Nationalist leaders that they assumed before them. Their hearts went up in silent prayer for deliverance. The fact that Jevan Bey studiously avoided them after their escape troubled them. Enver seemed to be their only friend, and he now bade them an affectionate farewell, after warning Meudir Effendi not to attempt to travel in the interior without wearing the Nationalist pin they had given him on the front of his hat.

The second night spent in this military camp was even a more nerve-racking one than the first, for the attacking Armenians came nearer, and at times it seemed as though they were almost upon them. Yashar Bey grew terribly excited, arose, armed himself to the teeth and went forth to battle. Dark, chill

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shadows of impending evil enshrouded them while they shivered at the thought of what might happen.

Hours passed. Yashar Bey did not return. Most of the men from the camp had gone out to check the advance of the Armenians. Apparently the missionaries were alone, yet they felt the vague, creepy sensation of unseen presences about in the darkness outside. Their brief snatches of sleep were fitfully broken by harrassing dreams, and the noise of running feet close to the tent, mingled with the shouting and firing in front of them. It was a great relief when the brightening eastern sky announced the dawn.

Dogan Bey gave his consent to their suggestion that they be allowed to go to Talas, a town about seventy-five miles to the northwest, and after breakfast they started out. They were escorted by three brigands: Hairatin Effendi, the Ex-Governor of Hadjin; a common soldier, and Shukre Bey (the Thankful Prince), who was a younger brother of Yashar Bey. Most of the brigand leaders went under assumed names. Enver Bey, for instance, called himself Abbas. Why Shukre Bey, in selecting a name for himself, had chosen to be so thankful, the missionaries did not know, unless it was because he and Yashar Bey had secured their wealth and their present positions through the unlawful acquisition of much Armenian property during the deportations. Previous to that time they had been poor and unknown.

Yashar Bey, in spite of their protests, compelled the party to take a lower and more difficult road, that was under fire from Hadjin in certain stretches. Nevertheless, they made the steep and dangerous descent in safety, and presently reached the encamp-

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ment that was by the riverside. The friendly young officer, Suleman, came out and presented them with some lumps of sugar and a bag of roasted peas for the journey. The missionaries had asked Yashar Bey to permit this young man to accompany them, but he had refused.

Following the Shar road, they soon entered a district that was infested with robbers. Their guards carried their rifles ready for immediate use. They were passing through a narrow valley when, suddenly, a shot rang out on the still morning air.

The Ex-Governor clapped his spurs to his horse's sides and galloped ahead, while Shukre Bey hurriedly dismounted and sought the cover of a great rock nearby. The Americans were comparatively in the open, and the situation looked serious. They did not know yet what orders their guards had concerning them. It was quite possible that they had been instructed to hold them as prisoners in some isolated region; or some brigands might have been sent on ahead to intercept them in some lonely place like this.

No more shots were fired, and, as the silence continued, they wended their way around the next bend in the road. Here they saw before them a party of men, who seemed to be waiting their approach with even more apprehension than they themselves were experiencing. It turned out that a Turk soldier, who had run away from the Hadjin front, had been met by this party of villagers. After proudly exhibiting his up-to-date rifle to them, he had foolishly fired it off. The Ex-Governor beat him until he was tired. Then he and Shukre Bey bound their victim and sent him back a prisoner to Hadjin.

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By noon they had reached Roomloo, formerly a Greek village, but now occupied exclusively by Turks. As they entered, an old man came to meet them. It proved to be their old friend Ahmed Chowish—but what a changed Ahmed! He had lost his ruddy cheeks and his sunny smile, and was now an old man mourning the death of his only son. He came all the way from his own village, to which he had fled on the night of their defeat, to meet the missionaries at Roomloo, hoping to hear from them some details of his son's death. They could only tell him that the boy, though wounded, had not been killed, and that the Armenians had promised to spare his life. This cheered Ahmed somewhat, though he still entertained many fears for the future.

For the first day's journey, the brigands had supplied the missionaries with army mules, which Turkey had secured from Germany during the Great War. They made excellent time with these in crossing the great plateau, and early in the afternoon began winding their way through the foothills that led to the mountain-pass of Gaz Bel.

Sunset was gilding the western sky when they reached the crest of the Pass. Just below them lay a Kurd village at which they expected to pass the night.

"Praise be to Allah," murmured the Thankful Prince; "we shall reach there before dark." The Ex-Governor now rode forward.

"In this village," he explained, "there are two rival chiefs. It is not wisdom that we offend either. If we honor the elder by taking our entire company to his home, the younger chief will be very much hurt. God forbid that we should do him this wrong. Let us di-

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vide our party, so that the heart of each chief may rejoice." The Thankful Prince accompanied the Tall One, the Little Lady, and the Doctor Lady to the home of the elder Sheykh, Doursoon Effendi, while Meudir Effendi, his wife, and the Other One were chosen to accompany the Ex-Governor to the home of the younger Sheykh. As the latter party approached a Kurd came forward with the lowest of salaams and ushered them presently into the presence of the young chief. He was a man of perhaps thirty-five summers, large and fat, with a long, black beard, and clothed in a long, dark gown. He rose courteously at their approach, moving slowly with care for his dignity, and saluted them gravely.

"Peace be upon this house, the mercy of Allah, and his blessings," murmured the Ex-Governor.

"May the blessings of Allah also be extended to thee," responded the Sheykh, seating them upon cushioned divans. "You are most welcome. My house is your house. Make yourselves comfortable."

"May all thy possessions be preserved unto thee, and may Allah increase thy wealth," replied the Ex-Governor, thanking him.

The Sheykh now shouted an order for coffee to be served at once, and, turning to his guests: "Condescend to wait a little," he said, and my servants shall slay a lamb." Then, turning to the servants who stood by: "*Hiday!* prepare food quickly for the Effendilar," he commanded in a lofty tone. One ran for the lamb, another for water, while a third made the table ready. All was hustle and bustle for the next half hour, the Sheykh raising his voice, between times, in counsel and direction.

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When the preparations for the meal were well advanced the Sheyhk squatted down upon his heels upon the divan. If he had been visiting the Americans, and the occasion required, he could have sat stiffly and uncomfortably upon a chair for a considerable length of time without manifesting any symptoms of the discomfort he felt, but he preferred the divan. He now sat upon his bare feet, having kicked off his slippers, and disposed himself for a chat.

"You are indeed welcome," he again assured them, the tassel on his high, Kurdish fez bobbing about as he bowed pleasantly to each guest. "Everything that I have is at your disposal. Is there anything more that your souls desire? If you have any wish still ungranted, feel free to express it, and my servants shall haste to obey."

"May Allah bounteously increase thy possessions," returned the Ex-Governor piously, while the others murmured their gratitude.

"What news?" cried the Sheyhk, eager for the latest report from Hadjin.

"War, war," they replied; "the Nationalists have burned our mission compounds, and stolen all we possessed."

"May their eyes be blind," said the Sheyhk wrathfully. "May he cut short the lives of those who did it, and confine them to Jehenna (hell) forever. May thy Prophet give thee consolation, and may Allah restore thy goods to thee again," he added piously.

The chief now offered them whiskey, which they declined. Hot milk, with a little coffee in it, was then brought in, and, while they drank of it, they again, as was fitting, exchanged numerous compliments in

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the Oriental way. Their attention was then directed to the writing upon the walls of the room. "In no home in the interior," said the Ex-Governor, "will you find the name of Allah written in so many different ways: 'Allah, the Merciful; Allah, the Just; Allah, the Faithful; Allah, the All-Wise.' Our host must be a very pious man."

In less than an hour a meal of broiled lamb, cress, unleavened bread, and sour milk was served. After supper, men from the village gathered in for the evening, and whiskey was served. After they departed, the Sheyhk and the Ex-Governor continued to drink, praising Allah, and cursing their enemies between times over their glasses. Liquor loosened their tongues, and, utterly unconscious of the presence of the missionaries, they vied with each other in pouring a perfect storm of abuse upon the world at large, and Christian nations in particular.

"We do not want the foreigners in our country," said the Ex-Governor. "True, we need them to teach us how to develop our resources, and we must invite some of them to be our instructors. We shall have to endure their presence for four or five years, but after that they must go." The Ex-Governor straightened his back, and stroked his moustache with soldierly fierceness.

"We will drive out everyone of them: drive them out without mercy," agreed the Sheyhk. "May Allah increase the zeal of the Faithful, and may all the unbelievers perish utterly from off the face of the earth. Oh day of disaster, oh evil day," he moaned, "when the foreigners entered and gained possession of our land."

"Yes," sighed the Ex-Governor, drunkenly, "the

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world has already seen enough of the work of the unbelieving infidels (Christians), and I hope to Allah we will not be compelled to see any more of it." The Americans were the unwilling witnesses of their drunken revel until the night was far advanced, and it was not the easiest thing for them to retire to rest in the same room with these drunken men.

Next morning they rose at daybreak for an early start, but the Ex-Governor was ill. He feared he would not be able to accompany them. This gave them cause for uneasiness, for they did not trust Shukre Bey, and felt the need of the Ex-Governor's presence with them. Whiskey, the cause of his trouble, was now advised, and urged, as a remedy by the Kurd chief, and to the consternation of the missionaries, the Ex-Governor poured quantities of it down his throat at frequent intervals. After a time he left the room, and the Sheyhk drew near for a confidential chat.

"You heard me speak highly of the Turks last night," he began, no doubt wondering just how much he had said while drunk. "But I was laughing in my beard the while, for it is well known that I hate them, root and branch. That Dogan Bey," he continued, "is a cunning devil. I visited him one day at his headquarters, on the Haddin front. Being greatly concerned for your welfare, I asked him why he had not already removed the Americans to a place of safety. To this he replied that the time had not yet come. He said he meant to use the Americans to surrender the city into his hands."

"But Allah is just, Allah is merciful," he concluded. "He hath delivered you. Praise to Him."

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After some delay, horses were secured, and they started out on the second day's journey. As they bade the chief farewell he invoked earnest blessings from Allah upon them. "May Allah go with you," he cried. "May he give you peace on the way, and protect you through the mountains and over the plains, where dangers and death may be lurking."

After an hour, or more, they reached the Turkish village of Sarajik. The Thankful Prince commanded them to dismount here and await the arrival of the Ex-Governor. From certain hints they had received, it seemed that the Ex-Governor, who had been forced into service for the brigand cause, intended to try to escape from Talas toward Constantinople. Doubtless, the Thankful Prince had been cautioned to keep an eye on him. The fact that the Americans had begged Yashar Bey to allow their old friend, the Ex-Governor, to accompany them, had, perhaps, aroused suspicion. The Americans were pleased to wait. It suited their purpose equally as well as Shukre Bey's. God, who knows the thought and intent of each evil heart, used these men to work out His own plans on this journey.

The missionaries decided to rest under the shade of a large tree just beyond the village, in order to avoid coming in personal contact with the too-inquisitive natives. This was a vain hope, for in a short time they were surrounded by men, women, and children who gazed on them in open-eyed wonder, and asked a great many embarrassing questions. It was a relief when the Ex-Governor rode up and they were able to resume their journey.

Leaving the mountains behind, they emerged upon

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a great plain, whose plateau-like surface occasionally wrinkled into slopes and valleys, but which on the whole was decidedly monotonous, owing to the lack of life and verdure. They asked one man, whom they met on the way, to tell them how far it was to the next village. "Two hours, two hours and a half, or perhaps four hours," he replied in the Oriental way; "God knows."

It was late noon when they reached this village. They went at once to the guest-room for travelers, which was in the home of the head man. The natives swarmed into the room; swarthy, fierce-eyed fellows, whose weather-beaten fezes (red caps) had lost their tassels, old women in shawlvars (voluminous trousers), and younger women with babies in their arms. Presently, seeing how they pressed upon them, allowing them no rest, Shukre Bey seized his riding whip, and plying it about him drove them like cattle from the room. For a few minutes there was peace. Then, one by one, the old women began stealing into the room. Just to gaze upon the strangers, and to finger their peculiar dress, was worth to these poor souls the price of a few lashes of the whip.

Sounds of a whispered conversation outside the door came to them. The crowd standing at the door parted, and a man limped into the room. He greeted them warmly, his face beaming his pleasure. It was the Kurd whom the missionaries had named the "Snarling Kurd" when he came for treatment at Had-jin, but who had now merited the title of "Smiling Kurd." This was his native village. "I did exactly as you told me," he said, unrolling the bandages and displaying his wounded foot, which was now almost

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well. "You can see for yourselves how clean I have kept it." The transformation in this man, and his changed attitude toward them, made them long to be able to do something for the other poor wretched creatures of this village, who seemed more like wild animals than human beings. So needy in mind and soul were they, and passing each year to an unknown goal.

The Thankful Prince had commanded that fresh horses be made ready for the afternoon journey and, after they had eaten, he was impatient at the non-appearance of the same. "There are but two horses in all the village," one man cried in protest.

"Lies! all lies!" yelled the Ex-Governor. "May Allah strike you dead for your impudence to an officer of the great Mustafa Kemal, and may your entrails be burned." In spite of the wrath of these officers, the villagers persistently refused to give their horses. This called forth a further storm of abuse from the Ex-Governor, who continued to curse them, invoking Allah to blast and utterly destroy their homes and offspring, and to pollute the graves of their ancestors.

Seeing the distress of the missionaries over this scene, one of the villagers drew near them. "These brigands have stripped the villages of horses and mules," he said in a confidential undertone. "Curses be upon them. Nothing remains in the country that they have not eaten up." Others muttered curses, calling down every ill they could think of upon the Nationalists. Groups of these Moslems whispered in corners, and hoped to Allah that no news of the whereabouts of their animals would reach the ears of the officers.

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It is well known," protested one, "that I am a poor man by the will of Allah. I possess no animals."

"Nor I!" "Nor I!" "Nor I!" they cried one after another. This was surely overdoing it, and the Ex-Governor's anger burst forth afresh like a raging torrent.

"Liars! Liars! You are all liars," he cried angrily. "There is no truth in you. As Allah is the most High, and, by our Holy Koran, I will make an example of one of you. When we have gone you will have time to repent at leisure." In his savage rage he singled out a well-to-do man, and ordered that his entire flock of two hundred sheep and goats be taken from him and sent as provisions to the Hadjin front.

When they saw this flock being sent away, the poor villagers gave up in despair, and offered to furnish all the horses needed, if only the flock be spared. This was exactly what the Ex-Governor had foreseen would happen, and, after vigorously pounding a few of the men, he agreed to let them keep the flock in exchange for the use of the horses.

It was with a feeling of intense relief that the Americans mounted the horses provided, and left that village behind. They lifted their hearts in thankfulness to Him who had once more delivered them from the hands of evil men.

Twilight was closing swiftly into night when they reached the village of Boekka. Numerous dogs arose at the clatter of their horse's hoofs, and came snarling into the roadway. While their owners called them off, the travelers rode up to the best house in the place. A man, whose bearing seemed superior to the rest, approached, and courteously invited them to spend the night in his home.

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"May the peace of Allah rest upon thee," said the Thankful Prince, politely, as they entered to partake of this Oriental hospitality.

"And upon thee peace in these tumultuous times," replied their host. Two women now entered and straightened up the guest-room, making up several beds on the floor for the convenience of the guests. This done, they stood quietly with folded hands and bowed heads, like good beasts of burden ready to go at the slightest word from their lord and master.

Coffee, sweet and thick, was served in tiny cups which held not more than two tablespoonsful each. Soon after, a servant entered bearing refreshments. "Deign to draw near and eat, Effendilar," said their host invitingly. A simple meal was set forth on a large tray of brass. This was placed on a low stool around which the guests all sat on the floor. A large pan in the center, brimmed with sour, thick milk. Unleavened bread was there in many thin, paper-like layers. They tore off small pieces, folded them in spoonlike fashion, and, dipping these into the pan, scooped up a spoonful of sour milk, eating spoon and all each time.

The missionaries retired to rest, and soon after the Ex-Governor came in and occupied his bed. Time passed. Shukre Bey did not appear. Midnight passed, and still he had not come. They grew very uneasy as to what he might be planning in that long secret conference with some men outside. At two o'clock in the morning they heard him enter, and when, presently, they heard him snoring, they dropped asleep also.

While the eastern sky was brightening to the dawn,

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they arose next morning and resumed their journey. Again a lonely road lay before them. As they rode on, hour after hour, over the monotonous, dreary stretches, they felt the influence of the wilderness stealing over them. Cut off, entirely, from all civilization, in a strange and unfriendly land, they could not but be strongly affected by the wild and barbarous life about them. The exhibitions of the passions of men, as seen in the bosom of the Turkish wilds, brought home to them their isolation, their helplessness, and their entire dependence upon their Creator.

By noon they reached Tomardza. Here they saw, with their own eyes, the destruction of the Armenian section of the town. Heaps of ruin everywhere told their own pitiful tale of devastation and tragedy. The day had been a trying one; especially for the Tall One and the Doctor Lady, who had just finished their first year in the country. They had spent most of their nights sitting bolt upright, fairly distracted by the numerous crawling insects. Sleep and rest during previous weeks had been scanty. All had been under a terrific nervous strain, and felt that they could not endure the tension much longer.

They were about to start out after dinner, when Shukre Bey brought the disquieting news that, instead of going to Talas that evening, they were to start out for another place many hours distant, and in the wrong direction. At this news the Tall One utterly collapsed, and lay for a short time in a swoon. The fears and apprehensions, that at some stage in the journey the brigands might carry them off, now seemed realized. The Little Lady, who hastened to minister unto the Tall One, was seized with a violent

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trembling spell. All found it difficult just then to collectedly face the harrowing uncertainty of the situation.

But God's methods of working are far beyond man's comprehension. The fainting condition of the two Americans, which was causing them all such distress, turned out to be a blessing in disguise. They called Shukre Bey and the Ex-Governor. They told them to see for themselves that these two ladies were on the brink of utter exhaustion and collapse. "By all means," said Meudir Effendi, "it is necessary that we reach Talas tonight to place these two ladies in the hospital there. Otherwise you will have two sick Americans on your hands, and we will hold you responsible for the consequences."

After all, there is some chivalry in a Turk, if it can be touched. No doubt they remembered many former kindnesses received at the hands of the missionaries. They both looked ashamed of themselves, and declared their perfect readiness to proceed at once, with all possible speed, to Talas. Thus God helped the travelers over one more crisis. Fresh hope gave renewed strength, and presently all were able to mount their horses, and proceed on the last lap of this never-to-be-forgotten journey.

By the middle of the afternoon they had reached the village where fresh horses had to be secured for the remainder of the trip. How they had learned to dread this ordeal! The villagers, who had accompanied the horses, now took charge of them and started back home. The missionaries crossed the flowing stream, and sat down on its bank just outside the village. Men came out in groups to look at them, and

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were friendly enough until they saw that fresh horses would be required.

"There is not a horse in the village: they are all out at pasture," they began to declare at once. The brigands sent a man for the horses. Time went on. The man did not return. Another man was sent. He also failed to return. The brigands sent out a third man. When he likewise failed to return, the villagers began to declare that the pasture lands were so far away that it was impossible for any of the men to return that night. The Ex-Governor found this very exasperating.

"Pig!" he cried angrily, rushing on one man and gripping him by the throat. His audience quaked with fear while he shook the man roughly with the suggestion of much worse things to follow. "You pigs!" he cried, turning on the rest; "the great Pasha (General), Mustafa Kemal, has need of your animals. These Americans are traveling at the order of His Excellency—may Allah preserve his life—and the horses are yours no longer: they belong to the Pasha." The thought that he was a high officer in the grand and victorious army of Mustafa Kemal upheld the Ex-Governor during this trying scene. It gave him strength to upbraid them fiercely off and on for over an hour. The hearts of the Americans sickened within them while they listened.

The poor villagers huddled together like sheep half dead with fright, yet stubbornly refusing to yield to the demands of the brigands.

"You may count yourselves happy," said the Ex-Governor finally, "if I send you not to prison. As it is, I shall burn the roofs over your heads. For your

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rank disobedience to an officer of Mustafa Kemal, I shall burn your entire village." Suiting his action to the word, the Ex-Governor entered a house, set fire to some beds inside, and, as the smoke issued from the building, a panic-stricken murmur swept through the group of men outside. Anger blazed from their eyes, but fear sealed their lips. They saw that they were beaten, and they were now ready to kiss the ground beneath this great man's feet, if only they could get rid of him. In a paroxysm of humility and despair they entreated him to spare their village. They called on Allah to witness that they would have the horses ready in half an hour's time. For a while the great man was unrelenting. Then, realizing how pressed they were for time, he finally gave in.

In the meantime a servant had brought food and placed it before them, but no one seemed inclined to eat. "I could not swallow a single mouthful after such a scene," said the Tall One, "it would choke me." The Little Lady and the Doctor Lady felt likewise. Yet some of them must eat. To refuse their hospitality would have been a fresh insult. Meudir Efendi, his wife, and the Other One sat down with the Thankful Prince to eat, though it looked neither clean, nor tempting. Then each member of the party was provided with a scrubby animal, and they started off again.

"Now praise be to Allah who hath delivered us from the hands of those ignorant dogs," said the Ex-Governor, riding up behind them. He wiped the perspiration from his steaming forehead with a gesture of relief, and proceeded to call down every ill upon

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the humble inhabitants of this village who had, according to him, worn his nerves to a frazzle.

All were now indescribably weary. Their limbs ached cruelly. The pull and drag upon muscles of back, arms, and legs was fast leaving them numb to all sensation. Yet, somehow, they managed to maintain their position in the saddle, wringing the last ounce of strength from their spent bodies, and, just as darkness was falling, they reached the American compound at Talas. Only those acquainted with the difficulties of travel in Turkey, and political conditions at this time, can realize the feeling of relief with which they entered to find shelter, food, cleanliness, rest, and peace.

Yet, strange to say, they found that the Americans of the mission there had heard absolutely nothing of the siege at Hadjin. The sound of their light talk and laughter grated harshly upon the nerves of the newcomers. Their hearts had been wrung with grief for so long that they felt completely out of tune with that cheerful atmosphere. They felt that they could not yet endure the sound of laughter. They had faced death for months; had looked on things never intended for human vision, and their hearts were sore with the weight of unforgettable things. Long months passed before wincing memory allowed them to adjust themselves to light and laughter once more.

"I do not want to discourage you," said the Director of the Relief Unit next morning, "but I do not see any prospect of you getting away from here for a long time to come." They saw that they could not get back to Hadjin from this side, and hoped to go to

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Constantinople, take a steamer to Mersine, and get back to Hadjin with relief by way of Adana. They hoped the war would be over by that time, not knowing that it was to continue for a long time to come. There were no trains running, and, in their weakened physical condition, it seemed impossible to think of taking the long trip across the interior, to the Black Sea, on horseback.

But God was once more planning for them. Two days later, three young American soldiers, who six months previous to this had come from France to do relief work in Turkey, were making their escape in a motor-truck, and called at Talas on the way. They offered to take the travelers along. After spending one night there, Shukre Bey and the Ex-Governor had bidden them a friendly good-bye, and returned to Hadjin. The Little Lady, being much worn, decided to remain for a time here, but the rest of the party went on to Constantinople.

A few weeks after he had bidden farewell to the missionaries, Enver Bey wrote a letter, and managed to get it through to Meudir Effendi, in Constantinople. In it he reveals his true friendship for the Americans, as well as a real Bolshevik longing to share more of their nice American clothes. The reader will, no doubt, find this letter interesting and amusing. The translation from the Turkish is as follows:

“Hadjin, June 26th, 1920.

“My Dear Meudir Effendi:

“How are you? I hope you arrived safely in Talas. I succeeded in getting a bit of information that you were comfortable on the way, and I was very glad to

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hear it. I am constantly keeping you in mind. I should like a picture of yourself and the ladies as a souvenir.

"My dear Meudir Effendi, it was very fortunate that you got away from here when you did, because your compound and its neighborhood is entirely changed. Everything is burned and razed to the ground.

"After this let us not fail to correspond with one another. I promise to write to you. You knew that my favorite servant Osman, whom I loved much, was captured by the Armenians. May God do what is best for us all. May we never see such days as those again!

"You know with what difficulty I got you out of the compound, and rescued you that day. I had to shoot two men. They afterwards died. When my case came up for trial, and examination was made, it was found that I was not to blame, because I had such precious guests to save. I also, as you know, would have given up my own life, if necessary, to protect your lives.

"Now please have a suit of clothes made for me, and also a civilian overcoat. The clothes that fell to my share from your possessions have been taken by the enemy. Have these new clothes made in the American style, according to the latest fashion. Have them made just like your own clothes. I want these clothes without fail!

"A general attack against Hadjin will be made soon. The people of Hadjin are now attacking us every day. You know, Meudir Effendi, that, during the months we lived together, I confided in you many

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things. Now everything I told you is com-
But let us not recollect the troubles of pa
Give my salaams to your wife and the other la,

"Impatiently awaiting your reply,

"Yours sincerely,

"Abbas (his assumed name).

"P. S.—Jevan Bey sends you greetings. Please do not forget the clothes. I am anxiously expecting them. Address me, 'Abbas Bey, Commander of the Nationalist Machine Guns of Cilicia, Hadjin Front.'

"If you send the clothes by post, they will surely reach me."

Though it seems incredible, the brave defenders of Hadjin held out until October, over seven long months of siege. They managed to make raids on the surrounding villages and captured enough live stock to eke out a miserable existence during that time.

The Turks then brought more cannon, and reinforcements enough to overwhelm the Armenians and turn the tide in their favor. Entering the city, they closed with the brave defenders in a terrible death struggle, and a most revolting massacre ensued. The entire city was mercilessly swept with fire and sword, only a small section near the government buildings being spared.

The carnage was terrible. Why repeat it in all its horrible and revolting details? Four hundred armed men, and a very few women, made their escape to Adana. They begged Menas Effendi to flee with them and save his life. This brave man refused. "It is my duty to remain here and do what I can to pro-

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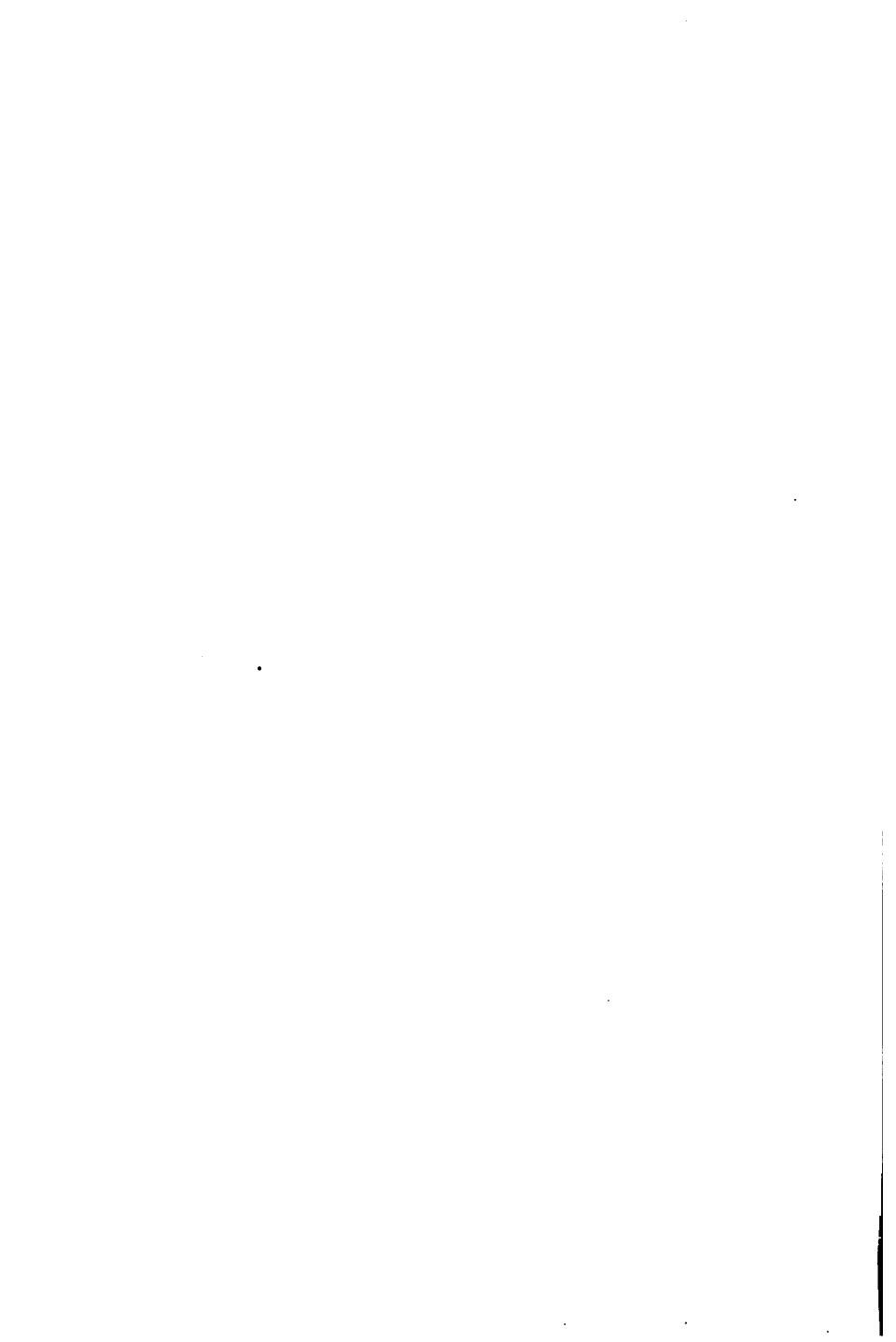
orphan girls. If they die, I shall die with
he said. True to the very end, this noble
...ained at his post of duty. Whether he, with
the orphan children and native workers, escaped is
not yet known. But God, whether He took them to
himself or whether He found some friendly Moslem
to protect them in that final crisis, did whatever He
in His All-wise providence, saw best.

Many things happen which often seem contrary to
the best, and it is hard for us to reconcile them to
God's will. Yet His ways are past tracing out. His
plans and purposes are deep and hidden, and are often
not revealed to us for a long time. Yet afterward we
find that "all things are working together for good,"
for God never fails to do that which is best for His
own.

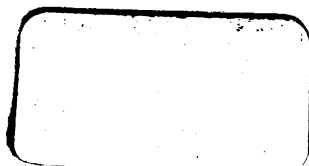
THE END.

"a few a R d to hand" 2 R





JUN 26 1963



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